Dec. 14, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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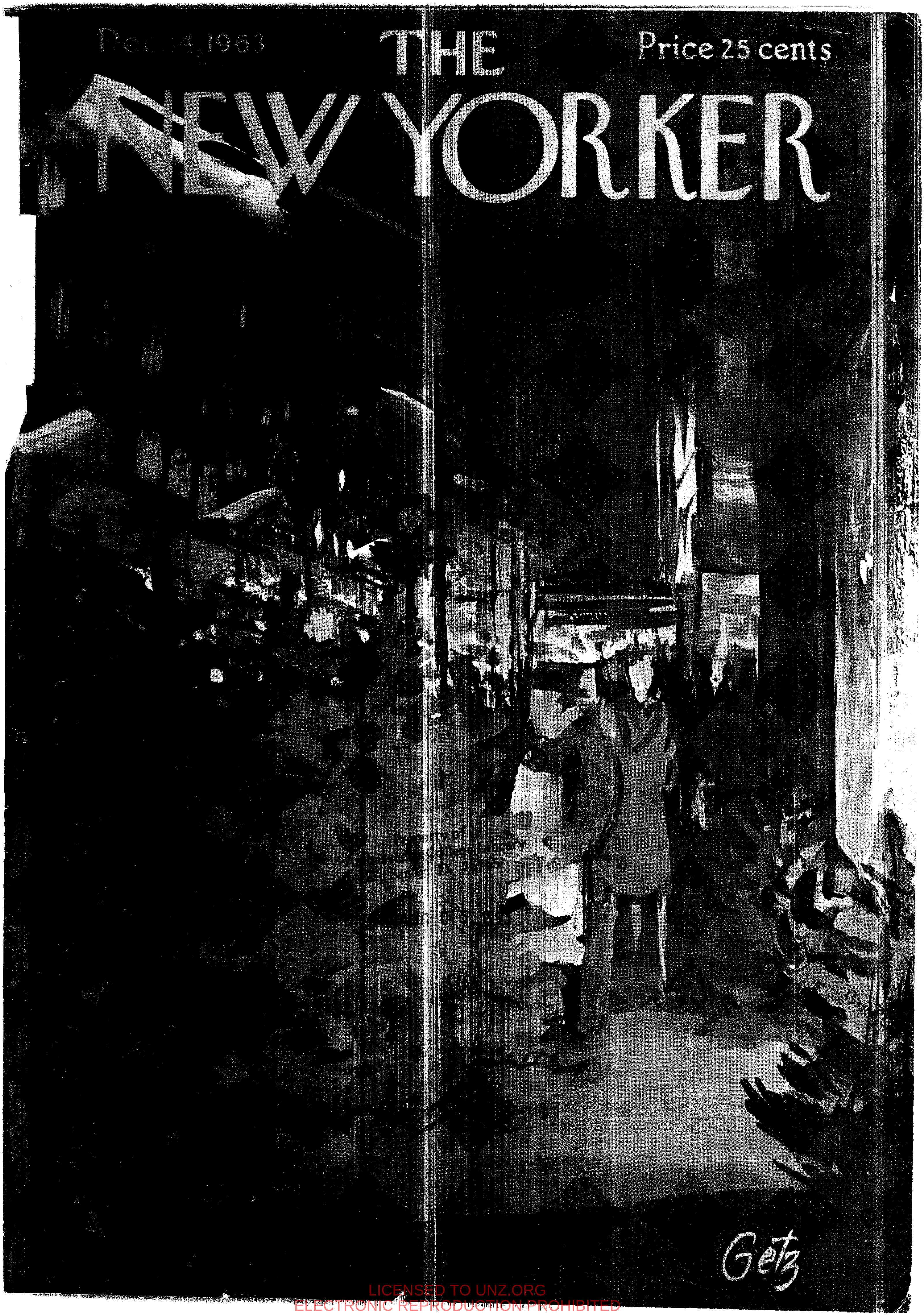

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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				12	13	14
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Moaning in the gloaming in the Faulkner country or thereabouts. As adapted by Edward Albee from a novelette by Carson McCullers, the play has its moments of sinister fascination, although it never makes much sense. Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio, and Michael Dunn are noteworthy as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but pleasant little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walkup apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 15.)

Chips with Everything—A drama about an R.A.F. encampment where there is very little happiness. The play, written by Arnold Wesker, is rather shapeless, but it does have its dramatic passages. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—Claudette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard prancing about in an English comedy that is long on eccentricity and short on wit. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 2:45.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. Albert Finney turns in a memorable performance as Luther, and the others in the cast, directed by Tony Richardson, are noteworthy, too. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Man and Boy—Charles Boyer wasting his time in Terence Rattigan's slow-moving play having to do with a Rumanian entrepreneur, more or less like the late Swedish match king Ivar Kreuger, who talks too much for his own and the drama's good. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Kirk Douglas and his associates are all very active in this story of a lunatic asylum rocked by inmates who have been inspired to revolt against discipline, but the play, by Dale Wasserman, doesn't make for sound entertainment. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Private Ear and The Public Eye—Two one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, one a rather ordinary business about a young man's being taught to chase the girls, and the other—a big improvement—a farce about a far-out detective who is so effective in shadowing a lady that she presently finds it hard to get along without him. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's exploration of life among some new-day aristocrats. The drama takes its time about getting under way, but it includes some fine scenes and deft performances. Outstanding among those present is Alan Badel, who plays a rueful alcoholic. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoon River—A first-rate dramatic interpretation of Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated masterwork, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who also adapted it). All of them are superb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** A diversion in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **ENTER LAUGHING:** Alan Arkin plays a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor. Also with Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MARY, MARY:** Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jennie—Mary Martin adrift in an ocean of ennui that depicts the early life of Laurette Taylor. Arnold Schulman wrote the book, and Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz provided the music and the lyrics. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs and the dances may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Joel Grey. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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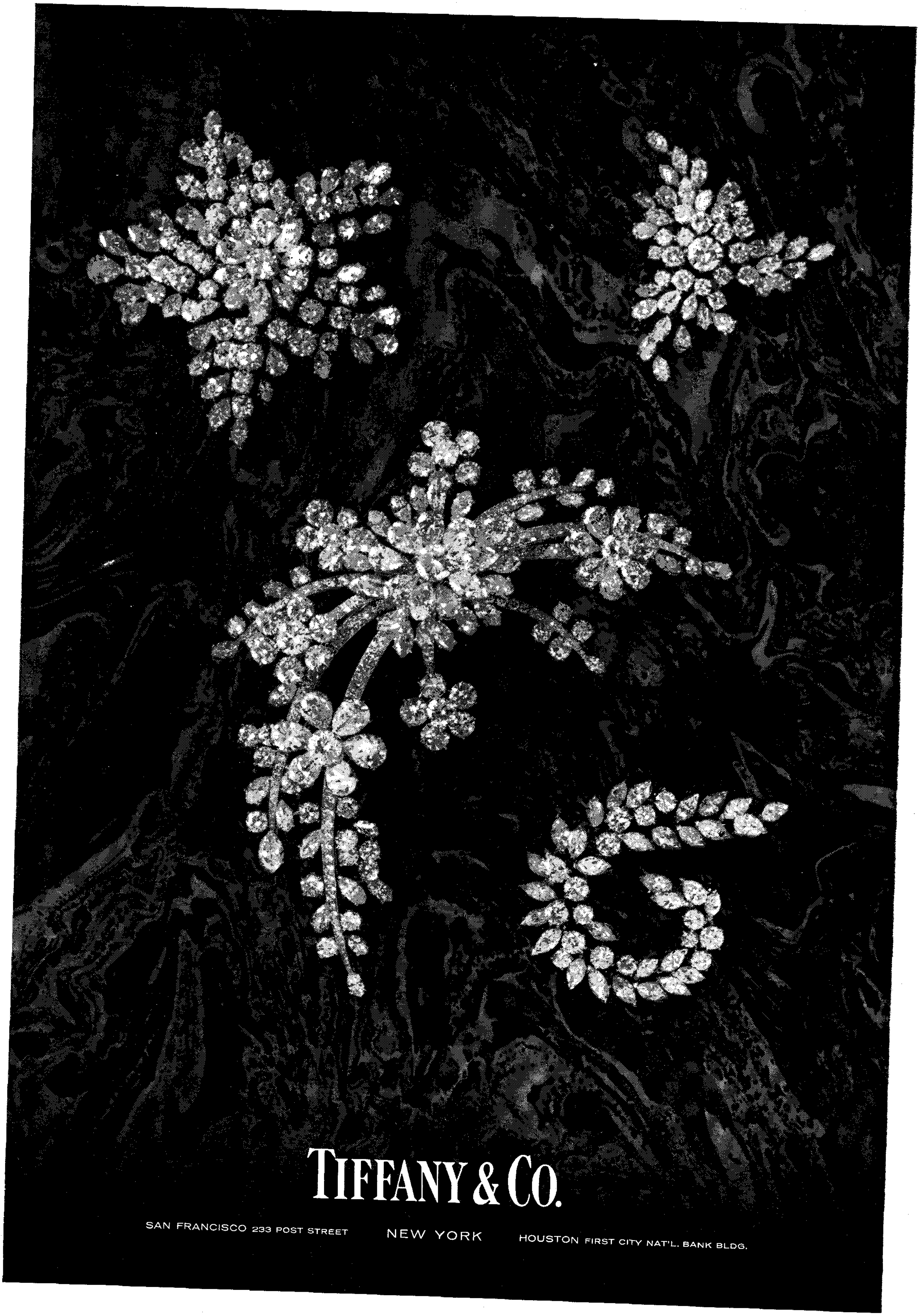

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Girl Who Came to Supper—José Ferrer and Florence Henderson in Noël Coward's new musical (based on Terence Rattigan's play "The Sleeping Prince"), with a book by Harry Kurnitz. Presented by Herman Levin and directed by Joe Layton. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Love and Kisses—A comedy by Anita Rowe Block, with Larry Parks and Mary Fickett. Produced and directed by Dore Schary. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 18. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston in a comedy by Ronald Alexander. The director is Gene Saks, and the producers are Philip Rose and Elliot Martin. Opens Thursday, Dec. 19. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Ballad for Bimshire—Ossie Davis turns a minor role into a major one in this cheerful, slapdash musical about Barbados. Talley Beatty's dances are lively, and Irving Burgie's songs rate B-plus for music, C-minus for words. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Burning—A group of conniving nobles and priests combine to destroy a colony of lepers in order to seize their land, in this rather sombre and distant work that has its lively moments all the same. The setting is medieval France. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A philosophical whodunit by the late Italian dramatist Ugo Betti, in which a government official investigates the judicial authorities of "a foreign city" to find out which one of them has been dealing with the underworld. The first act is good; the second and third acts tend to get a little high-flown and stagy. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Crime and Crime—August Strindberg's play, translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 15.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Ginger Man—J. P. Donleavy has turned his exhilarating novel about a rambunctious American in Dublin into a good comedy. It is only fairly well done, though. With Patrick O'Neal, Margaret Phillips, and Marian Seldes. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Maids—A revival, which should have been far less monotonous than it is, of Jean Genet's strange play about two malignant servants and the silly woman they work for. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Next Time I'll Sing to You—The wearisome tricks of the cultists of the Absurd are on display in James Saunders' English play, whose self-announced theme is "the exploration and acceptance of man's inescapable solitude." (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 15.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

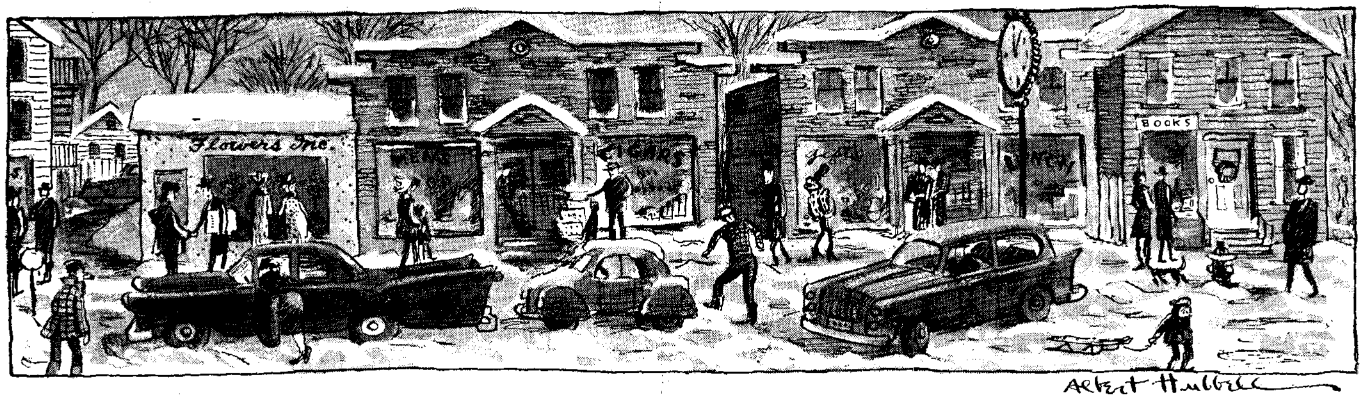
Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a



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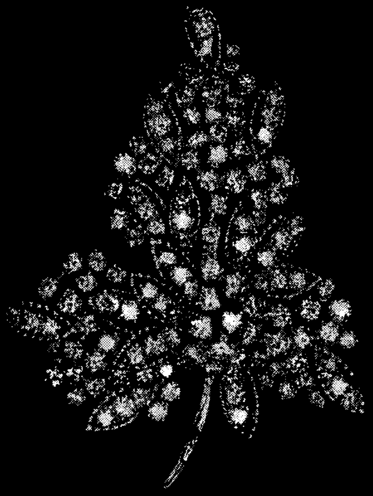

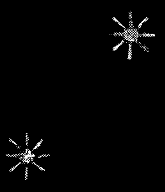

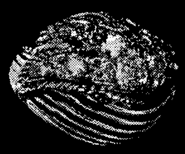

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Worlds of Shakespeare—Selections from the plays done by Earle Hyman, who is an experienced Shakespearean performer, and Vinie Burrows, who is not. The acting ranges from quite good to quite bad. (Carnegie Recital Hall. LT 1-7862. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: "Con Amore," "Arcade," "Square Dance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ "The Nutcracker": Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 15, at 12:30 and 5:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 17-19, at 5:30; Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Mata and Hari—Satiric dancers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Four performances of a program that consists of "Party Mix" (première), "Scudorama" (New York première), and "Aureole." (Little Theatre, 238 W. 44th St. LA 4-0728. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 3 and 8:40; and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 8:40.

Shanta Rao—With her company of dancers and musicians of South India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA Program—Two one-act plays ("In a Cold Hotel" and "The Ram's Horn") by Ben Maddow, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the fourth in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4563.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Patachou, becomingly gowned in an ice-blue robe of worldliness, sings of peculiarly French and indubitably international pastimes, does a Sinatra ballad just about as well as he does, and throws in a bit of acute comedy, too. The Royal Box, her scene at dinner and supper, is a large expanse for her special art, but no matter. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The Old Order changes, but only into its dinner jackets. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Renato Rossini, an unfailing romanticist when he takes guitar in hand, graces the Café Pierre every night but Monday, and a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest musicmakers do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kaye Ballard, who shows up a couple of times a night in the Persian Room, is full of dizzy ballads that do absolutely nothing to support mental health. She ends her rampage on Tuesday, Dec. 17. Next evening's arrival is Leslie Uggams, a pop singer of note who has finally climbed down off the airwaves and decided to show up in person. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling orchestra and Mark Monte's small, bouncy one will be kept on to turn out the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin and his trio into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

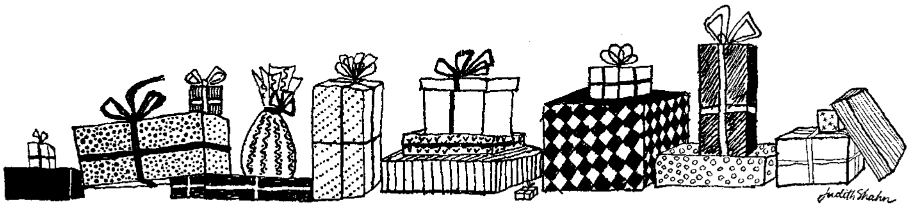
Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Janet Blair is looking great in the Empire Room, where she's warbling to her (and our) heart's content. She's there at dinner and supper. There's dance music from a Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz. Saturday, Dec. 14, is closing night for Miss Blair and the Empire Room, too. The hibernation will last into the new year. . . . ¶ On Monday, Dec. 16, dancing, from eight to one, will be revived in Peacock Alley, where a quartet will be on hand every night but Sunday. Desultory piano, from five to eight, is already available, except on Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini,* Puccini, and *vini.* Aldo Bruschi is impresario, pianist, basso profundo, and (from Thursday through



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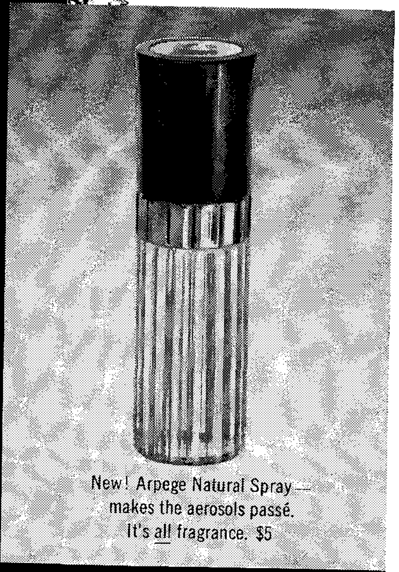

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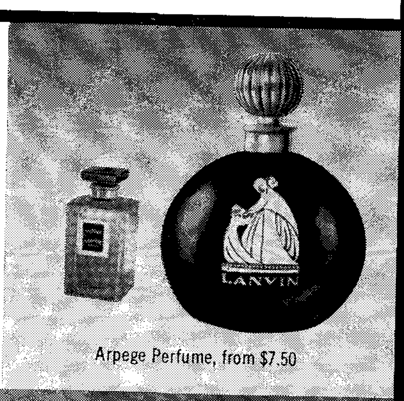

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LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday each week) dance master in charge of a trio. Three or four all-out singers assist his opera-house maneuvers. Closed Mondays. . . . **EMBASSY CLUB**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Bobby Short's newest *pied-à-terre* is a *pied-à-souterre*, since it's belowstairs. It's also big, and full (after ten) of Mr. Short, his sidemen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan), and his playtime ballads. Otis Clements's cricket-on-the-hearth piano begins at seven and goes on until midnight, at least. Mondays bring dead silence. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Venetian-glass piano is part of the seven-to-ten dinner hour every night but Sunday. . . . **ARCHIE'S**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): The Downeys, of the renowned Eighth Avenue greenroom of the same name, are engaged in a smaller East Side counterpart, where Hugh Shannon, repatriated from Stresa, deals out piano constructed of bonhomie and barroom bounce, and lyrics full of the quip that cheers. Michael Burr is his bassist; ten to four is the daily-except-Sunday stint. . . . **GOGI'S**, 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): In the inner sanctum, which is to the rear of the latest dignified domicile devised by Gogi, once the seigneur of the little paradise called Larue, there's piano by Tony Gorody, recently of the Caribbean escapist set. The sound runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays, when Forrest Perrin does the honors. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, there's well-modulated piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajolled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranchhouse in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five-thirty to seven and again from eleven to three—there is organ music of a serenity quite appropriate to the setting. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by George Feyer's helter-skelter piano. Sundays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody, from busboy to chef, wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's night-lifers, who are at table until ten-thirty and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this miniature Alhambra. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State of grace is the mood, and three hours at dinner is par for the courses, which can run to six or seven. Jules Kuti, whose piano knows its way around our town and the European capitals, is in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, Joan Bishop plays dulcet piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A hitherto undiscovered fairy tale, "Diamond Fair," is inclined toward aesthetics and not toward the pointing of a moral. The princes do handstands, carom off trampolines, and produce doves out of thin air; the princesses are gowned for an apocalyptic coming-out party. It has been grandiloquently staged by Alec Shanks, of London, and blithely choreographed by our own Donald Saddler. The Kim Sisters, Korean song-and-prance princesses, are the ringleaders. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): This enterprise opens and reopens as rapidly as the bedroom doors in a French farce. Its immediate way of life seems to be like this: it recommences on Friday, Dec. 13, with Duke Ellington's band, and shuts down Saturday, Dec. 14; it re-recommences on Thursday, Dec. 19, with Count Basie's marauders and the owlishly amusing songs of Keely Smith. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): It's a fast track, and an inside one, when Myron Cohen begins telling the jokes, so bring a special frame of reference along in the family limousine. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): George White has always had an eye for the ladies, and the current edition of his "Scandals" is confirmation of that, but the conversation and the comedy that go with his new assemblage of girls come under the heading of Grim Tidings. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A year later, Julius Monk's revue, "Dime a Dozen," still finds the whole world a theatre of the absurd and, better yet, proves its findings. Gerry Matthews remains as dean of the faculty, and among the more recent members of the larricking cast are Fredricka Weber, Carol Morley, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson; a quietly skillful and other-world young lady, Barbara Cason, has just been added. The or-

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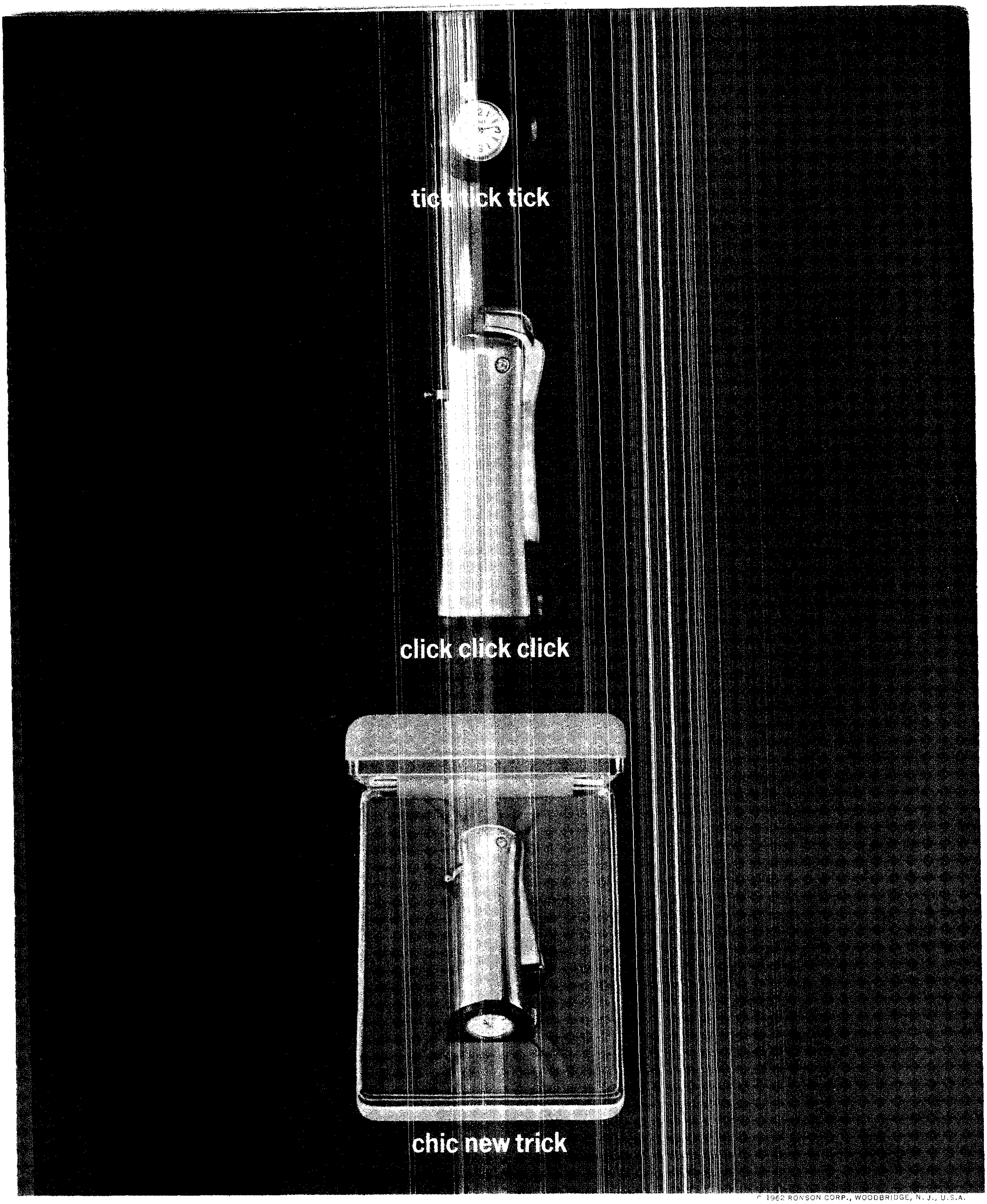

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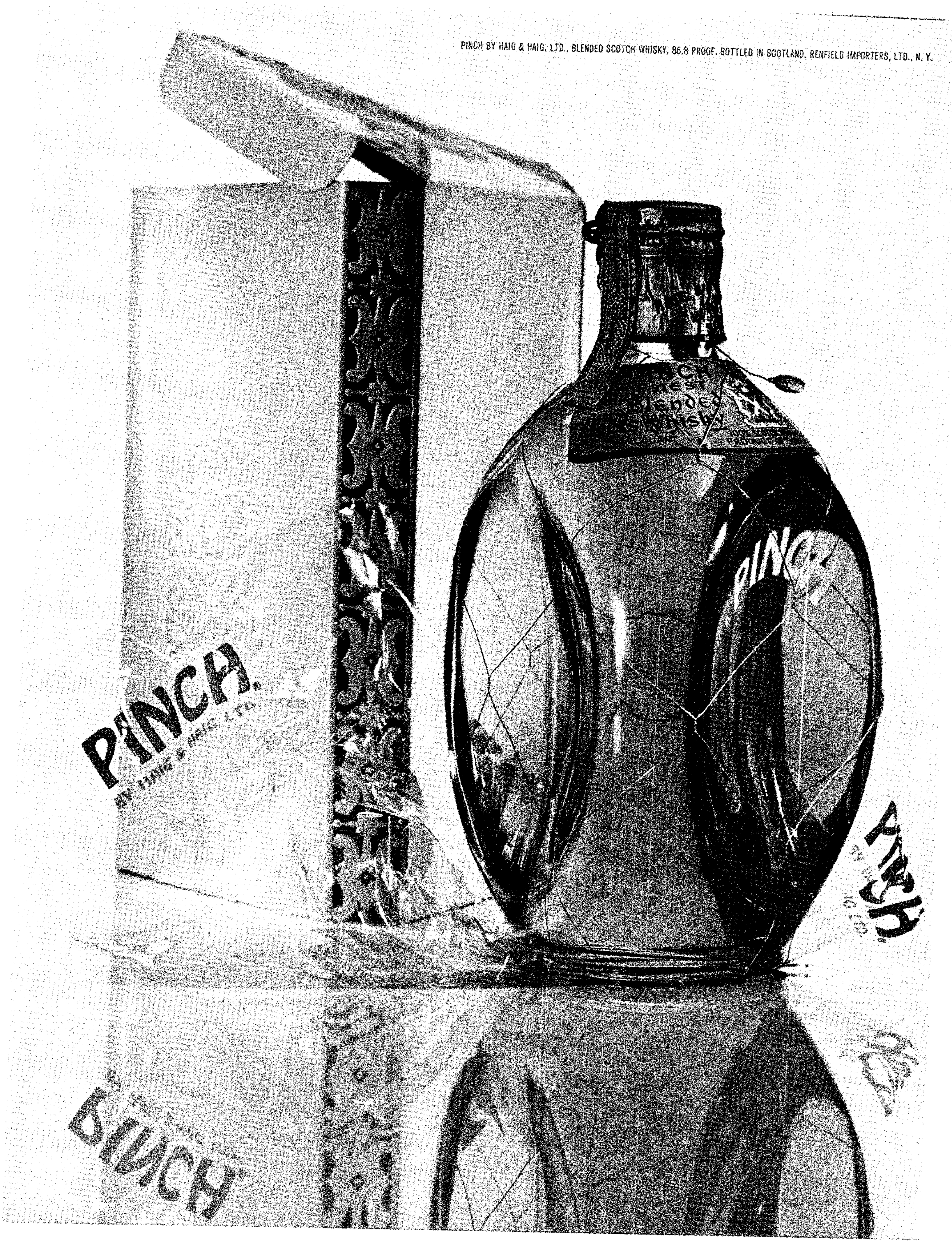
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pastoral are the sleight of hand exerted by Reneaux, a magician who makes eight doves grow where none grew before; the out-of-the-way folk lyrics of Brooks Jones and Lydia Wood, who are young, dedicated, and decorative, and the little tempests of Yvonne Constant, a bilingual and blossomy French soubrette. Broadway are the trumpetings of Dave Astor, a jokesmith with a shotgun delivery, wild ideas, and a few anecdotes that are borderline cases. All this happens right after dinner and during supper. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square (AL 4-0480): The exploding universe in which the Second City troupers lead their talented lives steadily encompasses new ideas and improves old ones, wherefore their current revue, like the others, is full of resounding glee. The cast is detachable on short notice, but Severn Darden, a cast in himself even without saying a word, is present now, and so are Barbara Harris and Bob Dishy. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's only an eight-thirty showing). Mondays, darkness prevails. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe" *réclame*, views the world through morose-colored glasses as he thinks up the conversation indulged in by Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and Carole Simpson, who are the wholly admirable cast of the third edition of a revue stemming from London's Establishment. The lyrics that Miss Simpson declaims are the work of Stephen Vinaver. Teddy Wilson's exulting jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; Sundays at four and eight; Mondays not at all. The Wilson trio plays in the bar after the second show. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): David Shepherd, offshoot of the Compass Players, is working out a small revue-with-music that, instead of standing on ceremony, treads on the toes of urban, suburban, and exurban folkways. Not everything comes out even as yet, but a lot of it is bumptiously funny, and the participants—Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, MacIntyre Dixon, Jane Alexander, and Richard Libertini—are just right. "Twice Over Nightly" is the name; nine-fifteen and midnight are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, there are Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art, and Sam Hamilton, by hereditary right her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The invincible Chavales de España, assisted in their parades and fanfares by a brace of flamenco dancers, are doing not only drill work but dance music in the back room of this Spanish *fonda* twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at nine-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as Domingo Alvarado, whose voice eloquently decries the waywardness of Spanish love life. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): The diet, aural and internal, is Austrian, sometimes with a heavy accent, but Vicky Autier, pianist and singer, is international, not to mention ingratiating and impish. All quiet Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The cloak in which Anita Sheer, an earnest child, completely wraps herself up is her work—voice-and-guitar duets in Spanish, French, Appalachian, and whatnot, all very neat. Stanley Myron Handelman speaks a delightful Flatbush, which enriches whatever he has to say when he keeps away from locker-room wit. In between there's sentimental piano by Johnny DeMaio and Dick Hankinson. Miss Sheer's and Mr. Handelman's night off is Sunday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Herbie Mann, a ceaseless flautist, has an eleven-man squad of semi-progressives at his command. There's always an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Modern Folk Quartet and Roland Kirk's foursome, which is just as modern, receive the order of their going on Sunday, Dec. 15, but Leon Bibb, a richly ornamented folk singer, stays on. On Tuesday, Dec. 17, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, who are up-the-rebels Irish folksters, and Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, who do birdsong of a strange and wonderful feather, will be added as a really truly Christmas bonus. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. The Serendipity Singers, whose rampant arias come from America's rocks and rills and templed hills, are the mainstay. They're off duty Tuesdays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Life on the Mississippi, as narrated in brassbound style by Wilbur de Paris and his band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Life in a frontier town, an odd locale for Joe Mooney, who, seated at night at the organ, finds quite a few lost chords with which to ornament his tricky jazz ballads. Carol Sloane's voice is tricky, too, in a wild-goose way. They both stay home Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them are what confront the listeners here. Twist is the music early in the evening; later, Red Allen, that Roman candle, opens up with his quartet, and Cozy Cole's quintet replies in kind. On Monday, Dec. 16, Gene Krupa's trip hammers will replace the Coles. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, who would like the new-school music to be a pleasurable pastime and not a solemn occasion, is high priest of a quintet; Terry Gibbs runs a hyperthyroid foursome. On Thursday, Dec. 19, they'll be succeeded by, among others, the stress-and-strain band of Maynard Ferguson. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. The quintet owned by Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer has something to say, and in polysyllabic phrasing. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): That's-more-like-it is the situation here, now that Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buck Clayton, and Morey Feld have landed to plant the banner of tradition. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project. Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is on the job with a handful of acolytes, and Roland Hanna's trio takes every second stanza. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six (Larry Rivers, better known as an exhibitor in our art galleries, is on saxophone) play, but only after a fashion, for listening and dancing. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones, not a man to take crowd noises lying down, is selling his horn solos as dearly as possible and running a quartet, too. On Monday, Dec. 16, Tyree Glenn's quartet succeeds the Jones boys. The cast always takes Sundays off, and then Louis Metcalf's foursome fills in. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, who contributes quite a bit of facility and fancy to contemporary music, plays piano for the threesome inside

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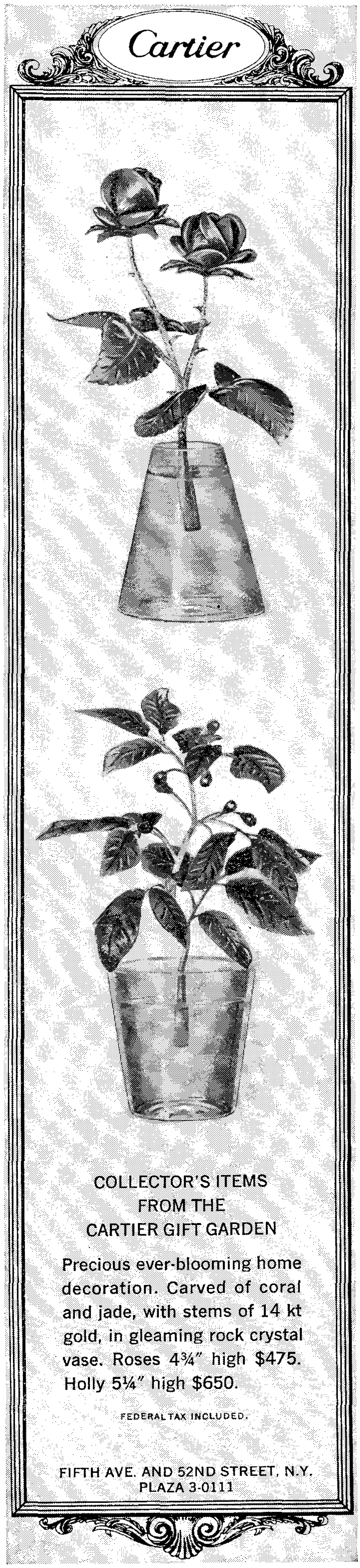

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the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend lectures, with vividly tinted slides, on how the music used to be. On Saturday, Dec. 14, the faculty should be J. C. Higginbotham, George Wettling, Danny Barker, and Louis Metcalf's quartet. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's period-piece piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coëducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists who, from nine to three or four every night but Monday and Tuesday, give the classics of two generations ago a good sound nasal twang.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-American artist; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St.)

BALTHUS—Drawings, including portraits, landscapes, and a series of illustrations (circa 1933) for "Wuthering Heights," by this French romantic-realist; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS (1898-1962)—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—Bronze sculptures, drawings, and collages; through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

FEDERICO CASTELLON—Paintings and prints executed on a sojourn in Spain and France; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—Self-portraits by the German artist; through Jan. 4. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—Assemblage "boxes" and collages; through Wednesday, Dec. 18. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 to 7; Sundays, noon to 7.)

SALVADOR DALI—Recent paintings; through Dec. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY DELEVANTE—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of sand and oil; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS (1884-1958)—Paintings from his younger years (1913-33); through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MICHEL ELIA—Marble sculptures; through Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOHNNY FRIEDLAENDER—Water colors and etchings by a Paris artist; through Jan. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ GUERRERO—Abstract Expressionist oils by a Spanish-born American artist; through Dec. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON HEBALD—Bronze sculptures and lithographs; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EUGENE HIGGINS (1874-1958)—Realistic paintings and drawings; through Jan. 4. (Braverman, 23 E. 67th St.)

FRANZ KLINE—A memorial exhibition of Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Dec. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN KOCH—An exhibition of drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of the City of New York; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LEONID—Paintings of marsh and sea in the Orient and elsewhere; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

JACK LEVINE—Figurative drawings, etchings, and aquatints; through Dec. 28. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

MONETTE MARROW—Impressionistic paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St.)

EDVARD MUNCH (1863-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Jan. 4. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Drawings, etchings, and early sculptures, shown for the first time; through Dec. 31. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5.)

JERRY OKIMOTO—Mobile paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Semi-abstract landscapes of Greece and upper New York State; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

NAT RAMER—Abstract and semi-abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Selected Artists; 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

WILLIAM RONALD—Paintings by the contemporary Canadian-born abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY SIMON—Sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Jan. 2. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

HEDDA STERNE—Non-objective landscapes, mainly on seaside motifs; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ART OF TUSCANY—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Jan. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

ARTIST AND MAECENAS: A TRIBUTE TO CURT VALENTIN—The inaugural exhibition at the new Marlborough-Gerson Gallery (41 E. 57th St.) is dedicated to the memory of Mr. Valentin and includes many paintings and sculptures (by such artists as David Smith, Henry Moore, Braque, and Picasso) that he sold to private collectors and museums; through Saturday, Dec. 21.

NEW YORK SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The thirty-ninth annual of works in various mediums by fifty professional artists, most of whom are residents of New York State; through Dec. 22. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and water colors by Eastman Johnson, Childe Hassam, Marsden Hartley, and others; through Jan. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group of contemporaries, among them, Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Adolf Dehn; through Jan. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **OSBORNE,** 965A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Milton Avery, Jane Freilicher, Jane Wilson, and Hyde Solomon are four of the artists represented in a showing of landscape paintings; through Jan. 4.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A Christmas show of small pictures and drawings (from $100) by Rosa Bonheur, Marie Laurencin, Courbet, Degas, and others; through Dec. 31. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Afro, Max Beckmann, and Joseph Glasco; through Dec. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including Gris, Kandinsky, and Utrillo; through Dec. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Pointillist paintings by Signac, Seurat, Pissarro, and others less well known; through Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . **LOEB,** 12 E. 57th St.: The gallery's fifth-anniversary exhibit, consisting of contemporary paintings and sculptures by Jean Arp, Max Ernst, Nicolas de Staël, and Vieira da Silva (to mention a few); through Dec. 31. . . . **NIVEAU,** 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Van Dongen, Rouault, Segonzac, Appel, and other French artists; through Dec. 31. . . . **SLATKIN,** 115 E. 92nd St.: Master drawings by, among others, Watteau, Fragonard, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Matisse; through Dec. 31.

LATIN AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—A Christmas show of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures ($5 to $500) by thirty-five artists from fifteen countries; through Dec. 31. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including examples from every century since the fifteenth by such artists as Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Albrecht Altdorfer's "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (circa 1518-20) on loan for the Christmas season from the West Berlin Stadtliche Galerie; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER UNION MUSEUM, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A selection of fifty-three drawings and prints (Dürer to Picasso) from the Museum's collections; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Venetian paintings of the sixteenth century, by, among others, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by the British painter Francis Bacon; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ A loan showing of master drawings of this century by such artists as Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Tobey; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A retrospective of paintings (interior scenes and portraits) by John Koch; through Jan. 1. A good complement to this exhibition is the Koch showing at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . ¶ "Favorite Toys of Christmas Past, 1850 to 1910," featuring seven costumed figures of children surrounded by old-fashioned toys, ranging from china dolls and a mechanical bank to a cast-iron stove; through Dec. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen of the Eastern States," a regional survey of work by American designer-craftsmen; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Toys and Amusements," a display of items from the early nineteenth century—large circus and carrousel animals, circus posters, paintings, handmade articles, and manufactured toys; through Feb. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, containing silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by a dozen contemporary American artists, including Patricia Passlof, Seymour Franks, and Herbert Kallem; through Dec. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1963 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, comprising a painting apiece by a hundred and forty-five artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Hans Hofmann, and Andrew Wyeth; through Feb. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Jean Fenn, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Theodor Uppman, Morley Meredith, and Jack Gilford. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Jolanda Meneguzzer, Joann Grillo, Barry Morell, Anselmo Colzani, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Mary Curtis-Verna, Mignon Dunn, Hans Hopf, Norman Mittelmann, Ernst Wiemann, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Janis Martin, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Russell Christopher. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 16, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Anna Moffo, Gianna d'Angelo, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, and Kenneth Smith. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Rita Gorr, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Paul Schöffler. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Blanche Thebom, Karl Liebl, Otto Edelmann, Ernst Wiemann, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ingrid Bjoner, Lucine Amara, Jeanette Scovotti, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: "Manon," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Faust," with Nicoletta Panni, Mildred Miller, Barry Morell, Jerome Hines, and Norman Mittelmann.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—George Szell conducting on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 13, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3 (all with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano). . . . ¶ Robert La Marchina conducting on Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 20, at 2:15 (both with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin). . . . ¶ Amerigo Marino conducting on Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3 (both with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin).

MOSCOW CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Rudolf Barshai conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:30: With Erica Morini, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30: With Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

NEW YORK ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Joseph Eger conducting, with Wanda Maxmillian, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with

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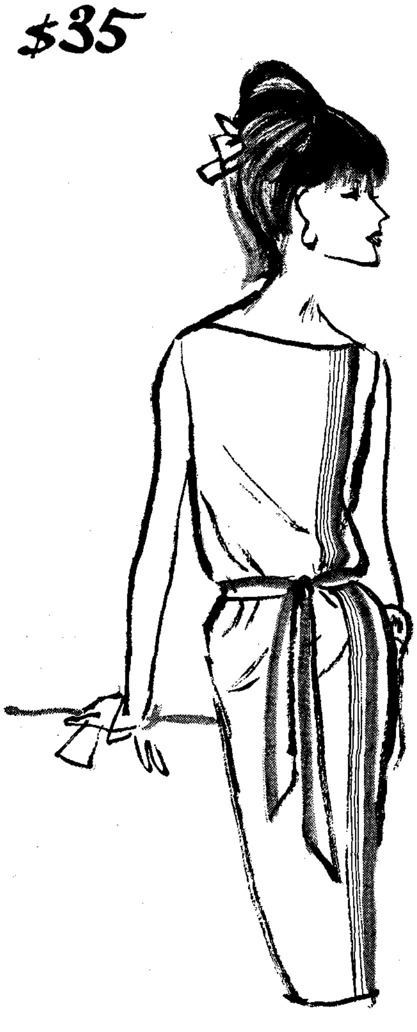

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Martial Singher, baritone; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Choral Art Society. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

SCHOLA CANTORUM OF NEW YORK—Stephen Simon directing Mozart's Great Mass in C, plus works by Haydn and Scarlatti, with Maria Stader, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass; and the Symphony of the Air. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIRS—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY AND COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CHORUSES—A joint concert, with Alvin Lucier and Peter Flanders directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

TEXAS BOYS CHOIR—George Bragg directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Messiah," with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; André Montal, tenor; John West, bass; Louis Bagger, harpsichord; and Michael May, organ. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Messiah," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; Walter Carringer, tenor; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHRISTMAS MUSIC FESTIVAL—Opening performances in a series of nine concerts—Thomas Dunn directing the Festival Orchestra and Chorus in four different versions of Handel's oratorio "Messiah," all with Sara Endich, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. The Dublin Version, 1742, also with Yvonne Ciannella, soprano, and John Ferrante, countertenor. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ King's Theatre Version, 1745. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 3.) . . . ¶ Covent Garden Version, 1750, also with Kevin Kelly, treble, and John Ferrante, countertenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3.) . . . ¶ London Foundling Hospital Version, 1754. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

HAMILTON COLLEGE AND WELLS COLLEGE CHOIRS—A joint concert, with John L. Baldwin, Jr., and Crawford Thoburn directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:40. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

SESTETTO ITALIANO LUCA MARENZIO—Madrigal singers, in a program of Renaissance music. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

LEV OBORIN—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the fourth in a series of six all-Mozart programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The Amadeus Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

AMADEUS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

DAVID AND IGOR OISTRAKH AND THE MOSCOW CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—The violinists in a joint concert with the orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Barshai. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

ADELE ADDISON—Soprano, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

ABBEY SIMON—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

FREDELL LACK—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

DANIEL POLLACK—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

BELA SZILAGI—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

JOSÉ KAHAN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 6:30: Boston vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

BOXING—Juan (Rocky) Rivero vs. Florentino Fernandez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, postponed from Dec. 1. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:05.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 15, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 15. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at 11. Women admitted only after noon. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: An abbreviated version of "Cinderella," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:30.) . . . **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**: The third in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Beethoven, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY**: A performance of "Hansel and Gretel," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30.)

CHRISTMAS CIRCUS—Aerialists, acrobats, jugglers, clowns, and lots of animal acts. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. JU 2-3877. Saturday, Dec. 21, through Tuesday, Dec. 31. Daily at noon, 2:15, 4:30, and 7:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **EXPLORE, INC.**: "Androcles and the Lion." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. OX 7-5853. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3, and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 17-20, at 3:30.) . . . **GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7738. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS**: "Young Tom Jefferson." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS**: "Rapunzel." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 14-15, at 2 and 3:30.)

. . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio" (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Heidi." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturdays and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Paul Bunyan" and four other plays. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2.) . . . . **ELAINE W. REYNOLDS PRODUCTIONS:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **TOM TICHENOR'S PUPPET PEOPLE:** "The Gingerbread Man." (Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St. CI 6-6840. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 11 and 1.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

DANCE RECITAL—Marta Becket presenting "A Turkish Fairy Tale." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is scheduled to adjourn on Tuesday, Dec. 17), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren reading from their own poetry. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 18, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 1:45: French, English, and other furniture; Chinese and other decorative porcelains; glassware; silver, linens, and laces; paintings; and Oriental and other rugs. From the estate of Anna Deere Wiman and from other sources. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, Dec. 12, from 10 to 5.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 1:45: Books, manuscripts, drawings, maps, and an oil painting by D. H. Lawrence; from various owners. (Exhibition hours: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 12-14, from 10 to 5.)

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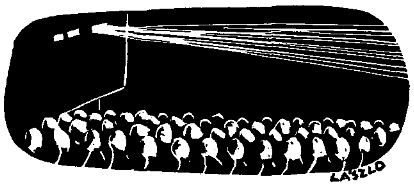
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—An exceptionally attractive short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago and here brought to ghostly life. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; *through Dec. 15.*)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly comic farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Dr. No—A depraved Chinese, resident of an island off Jamaica, plans to take over the whole world, but James Bond isn't having any of it. An auspicious beginning to what will probably be a long series of thrillers, based on the Ian Fleming originals. Sean Connery makes a perfect Bond, and there are lots of pretty, collapsible girls all around him. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; Dec. 15-17.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 18, tentative.)

High and Low—A remarkably good thriller from Japan about a kidnapping and its consequences. Starring Toshiro Mifune and directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

Hud—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, *which seems not unlike Long Island.* (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 15.)

Lawrence of Arabia—Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Dec. 16.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—The reason you have to be sure to see this is that there's this dreadful Canadian who has murdered ten perfectly innocent people and is just about to murder an eleventh when along comes . . . In the huge cast, some recognizable and some not, are Kirk Douglas, George C. Scott, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, Gladys Cooper, Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster. John Huston directed. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; starting Dec. 18.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 13-14.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This brutal, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 17.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The V.I.P.s—A batch of big shots are waiting for the fog to lift at London Airport; by the time it does so, their lives have all been radically altered. A witty piece of nonsense by Terence Rattigan, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Orson Welles. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Winter Light—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak little tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With the usual marvellous Bergman repertory group. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 13-14.)

REVIVALS

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 18.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 13-16.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 18.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's famous triumph. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 12, at 6:15 and 9:30.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 12.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 12.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 12, last showing at 1:35.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Dec. 13.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 13-16.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 12, last showing at 3:35. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 15-17.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 12.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 14.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel concerning underworld doings in Europe. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; starting Dec. 18.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 15.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 13-14.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 18.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 17.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Dec. 12.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 17, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Charles, Ave. B. at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 18, evening performances only.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 14.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 15-17.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 17.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Dec. 13.)

The Third Key (1957)—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard gumshoe plodding along after a murderous safecracker. An English film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Dec. 12.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 17, tentative.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 16.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 17: "Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart.
Dec. 18: Theatre closed.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 15: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian).
From Dec. 16: "Love on a Pillow," Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Dec. 13: **8½** (in Italian).
From Dec. 14: "Not Tonight, Henry," Hank Henry.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Who's Minding the Store?," Jerry Lewis.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
8½ (in Italian).

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Dec. 17: **SHADOWS,** revival; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
From Dec. 18: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 14: **TWO WOMEN,** revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
Dec. 15-17: **DR. NO;** and "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
From Dec. 18: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 17: **THIS SPORTING LIFE.**
From Dec. 18: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 17 (tentative): **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Dec. 18 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier; and **ATGET.**

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Dec. 12: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
From Dec. 13: **A TASTE OF HONEY,** revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER,** revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 18: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
HUD.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 17: **TWO WOMEN,** revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Dec. 18: "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Dec. 15: "Clear Skies" (in Russian).
From Dec. 16: "Love on a Pillow" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Ladies Who Do," Robert Morley.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through Dec. 15: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
From Dec. 16: "Billy Liar," Tom Courtenay.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 14: **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN,** revival.
Dec. 15-17: "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais; and "Seven Thieves," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Rod Steiger. (On Sunday, Dec. 15, afternoon performances only.)
From Dec. 18: **THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS,** revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec: 15: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish).
From Dec. 16: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 16: **WEST SIDE STORY,** revival.
From Dec. 17: "The Sound of Laughter," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Bob Hope, Buster Keaton, and such.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 17: **TWO WOMEN,** revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Dec. 18: "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 17: "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick; and "Jet Storm," Richard Attenborough.
From Dec. 18: "The Three Stooges Go Around the World in a Daze;" and "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," revival.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 12: "Kanal" and "Ashes and Diamonds" (both in Polish and both revivals).
Dec. 13-16: "The Army Game" (in French), Christian de Tilière; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese). revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Dec. 17: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain; and "Street of Shame" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Dec. 12: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and "Carmen Jones," revival, Harry Belafonte.
Dec. 13-14: **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish); and **SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**
Dec. 15-17: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE,** revival; and **I AM A CAMERA,** revival.
From Dec. 18: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (both in Italian and both revivals).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 17: **THIS SPORTING LIFE.**
From Dec. 18: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Dec. 12: **THE THIRD KEY,** revival; and "The Curse of the Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith.
Dec. 13-15: "Arsène Lupin," revival, John Barrymore; and "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England," revival, Aldo Ray.
From Dec. 16: "Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 17: "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick; and "Jet Storm," Richard Attenborough.
From Dec. 18: "The Three Stooges Go Around the World in a Daze;" and "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 17: "Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal; and "The Seducers," Mark Saegers.
From Dec. 18: **8½** (in Italian); and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 17: **TWO WOMEN,** revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From Dec. 18: "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Lives of Thomasina," Patrick McGoohan.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 17: "Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal; and "The Seducers," Mark Saegers.
From Dec. 18: To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian); and "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE V.I.P.S.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Dec. 17: "Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret.
From Dec. 18: "The War of the Buttons" (in French), with a cast of children.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Dec. 12: "Soldier in the Rain," Jackie Gleason.
Dec. 13-14: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 15, at 8: "America America," Stathis Giallelis. (Closed benefit performances Dec. 16-18.)

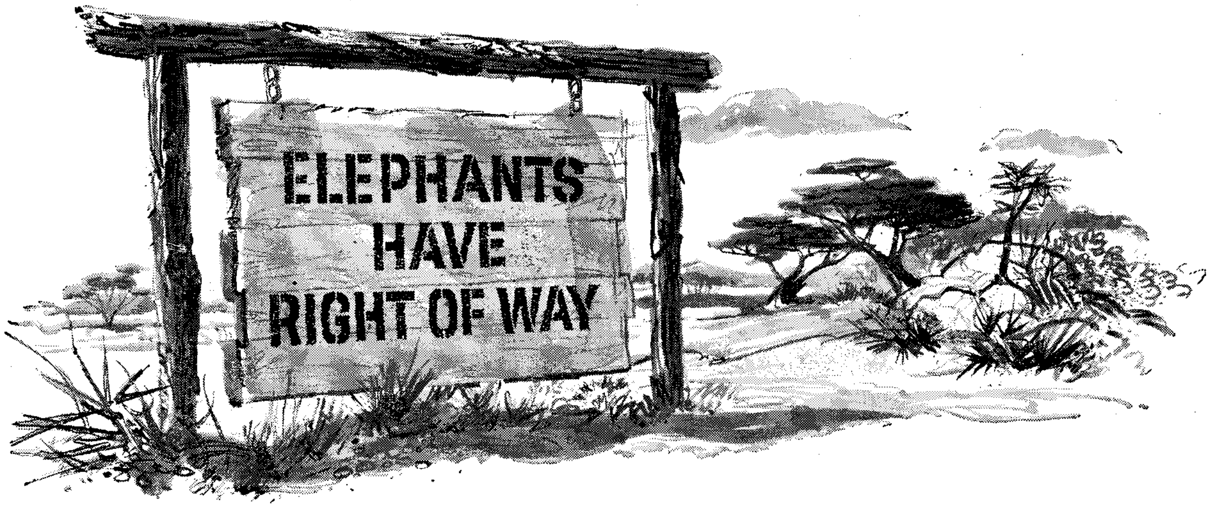
LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 17: "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick; and "Jet Storm," Richard Attenborough.
From Dec. 18: "The Three Stooges Go Around the World in a Daze;" and "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," revival.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 12 (last showing at 1:35): **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA,** revival.
Dec. 12, at 6:15 and 9:30: **THE BIRTH OF A NATION** (silent).
Dec. 13-14: **PATHS OF GLORY,** revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Dec. 15: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "Night and Day," revival, Cary Grant.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 17: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
From Dec. 18: "Barabbas," revival, Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano; and "The Best of Enemies," revival, David Niven.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 12: **THE INFORMER,** revival; and **CITIZEN KANE,** revival.
Dec. 13-16: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 17: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 17: "Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal; and "The Seducers," Mark Saegers.
From Dec. 18: **8½** (in Italian).

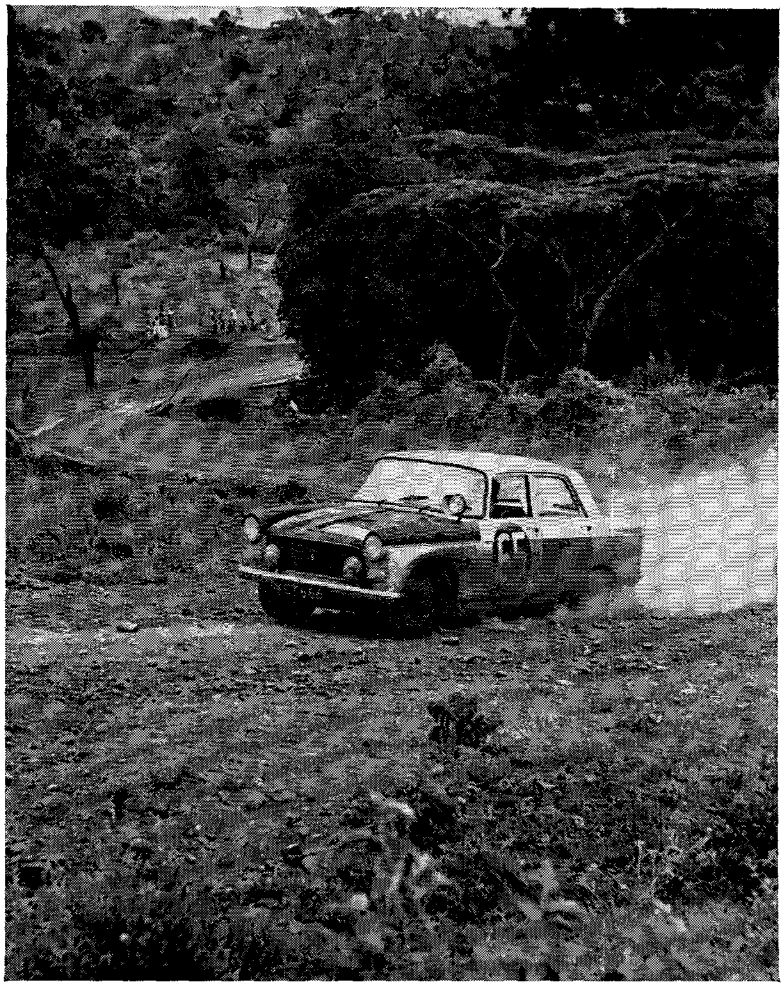


Peugeot encountered many extraordinary signs—and difficulties—in winning the recent East African Safari. Lions, giant anteaters, hub-deep mud, stampedes, cloudbursts and hairpin turns were a few of the joys of the annual event some auto manufacturers shun like the plague. LIFE calls it: "The most punishing ordeal on earth for drivers and stock cars." TIME says: "If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari."

The 1963 version of hell on wheels was the most fantastic in history. 84 cars began. Exactly 7 finished. *3 of the seven were Peugeots, the winning Peugeot finishing an hour and fifteen minutes ahead of its nearest competitor!*

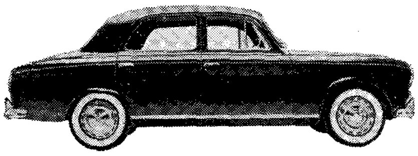
As the rally got underway, torrential rains had washed out many of the trails that are laughingly called roads, and cars bogged down right and left. Rocks slashed the gas tanks and tires of other cars. Once the front-running Peugeot, blocked by two stalled cars, had to swing off the road and smash through a tropical forest in order to continue the course. The Peugeot entries completed every tortuous inch of the 3130-mile course taking first, fifth and sixth places in overall rankings and first and second in their class.

What does all this prove, since none of us will ever face similar driving conditions? It proves that Peugeot is built with integrity. Body steel is heavier. Bumpers and trim are stainless steel, not chrome. Every single Peugeot is test-driven. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is scrutinized. Peugeot has earned a nickname we're proud of. The Indestructible. This car combines extraordinary performance with amazing durability. Test drive a Peugeot and you'll see what we mean.

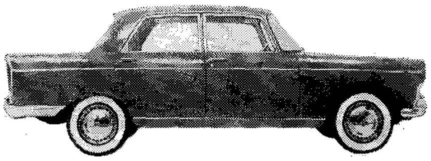


PEUGEOT

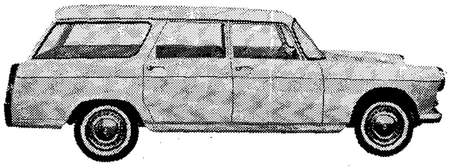
(Say Pooj-oh)



PEUGEOT 403: $2295 East Coast POE, $2387 West Coast POE.
Called one of the seven best made cars in the world by John Bond, publisher of Road & Track.



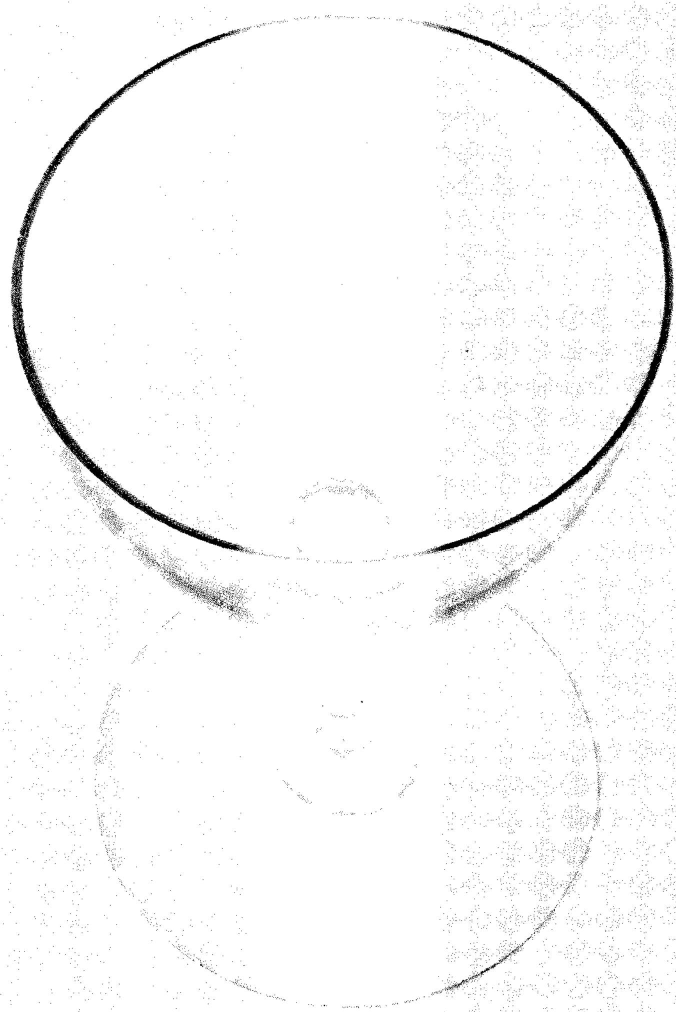
PEUGEOT 404: $2645 East Coast POE, $2736 West Coast POE.
Designed to be even better than the 403.



PEUGEOT STATION WAGON: $2795 East Coast POE, $2875 West Coast POE.

For brochure write: Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York.
For overseas delivery write: Cars Overseas, Inc., 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. or see your local dealer.

VERY
VERY
PALE



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So pale that new Noilly Prat French Vermouth is virtually invisible in your gin or vodka. Extra pale and extra dry for today's correct Martinis.

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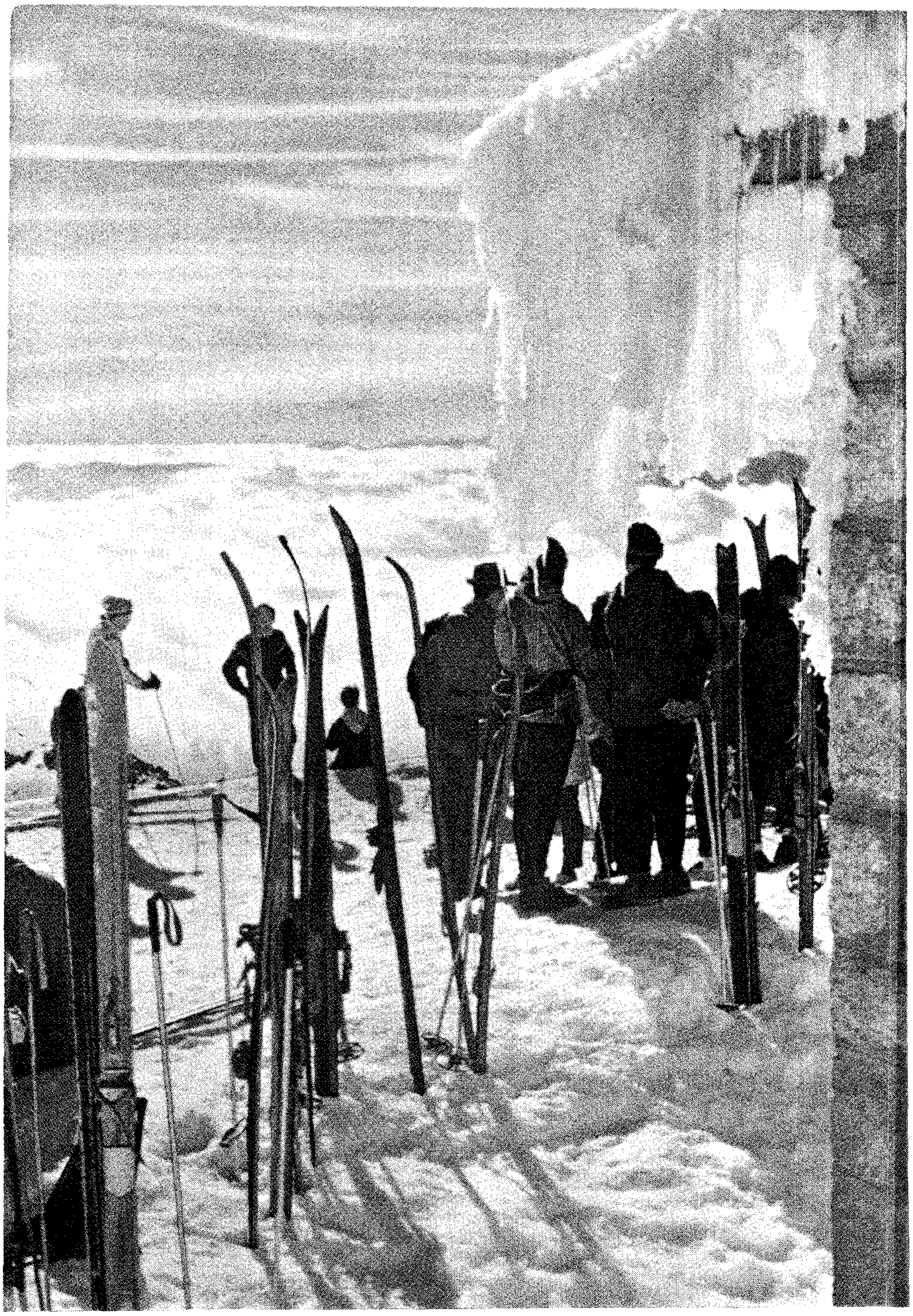


The popular and well-equipped ski resort of Puerto de Navacerrada is located within an hour's drive of Madrid.

Fall in love with Spain.

MODERN air travel by Iberia DC-8 jets makes it easy for you to enjoy the remarkable beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequaled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snowcapped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort cities of Santander and San Sebastian.

You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

Hotel accommodations are good throughout Spain. In the cities, you have a wide choice of first class and de luxe hotels. In the country, Spain has a unique chain of government-operated *paradores* (guest houses). Many are converted castles and palaces. Rates are exceptionally low.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include Gazpacho (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). Cochinillo asado (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

Iberia is the way to get there

Iberia Air Lines of Spain will give you a 6½-hour head start in enjoying Spanish food. During your flight from New York you are served delicious meals and wines by gracious, multilingual stewardesses.

Iberia has the most modern DC-8 jets. They are meticulously maintained. The cabins are tastefully decorated, spacious and comfortable. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. One-way fare to Madrid is $285.

There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

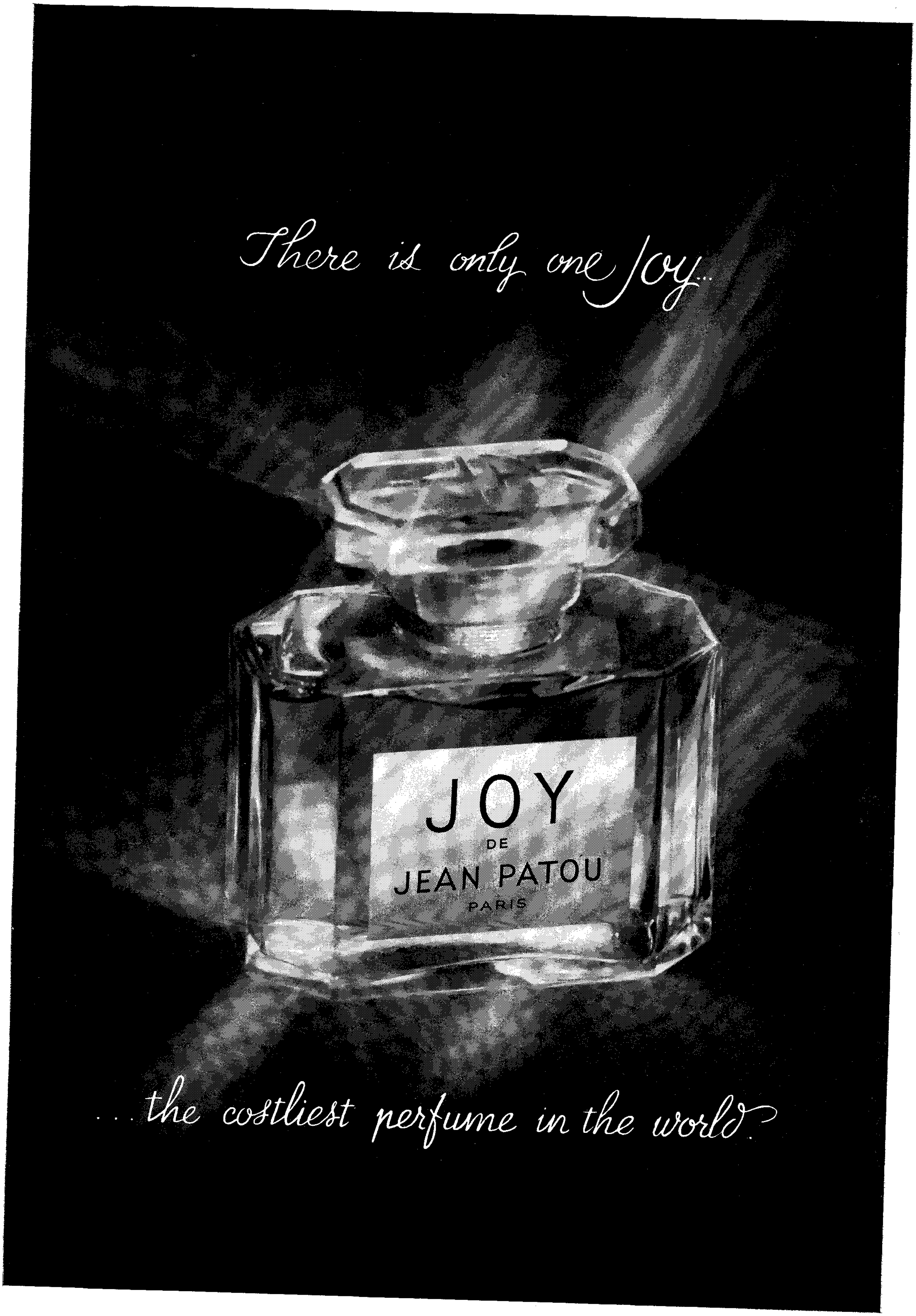
The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the finest art collections in the world. Admission charge is 10 pesetas (16 cents).

Bargain hunters will enjoy shopping in Spain. The best values are jewelry, Toledo ware, linen, and lace and leather goods. Spanish perfume is also excellent.

Spain is fast becoming *the* place to go. Make the decision. Iberia Air Lines will fly you to Madrid, the new gateway to Europe, in 6½ hours. Your travel agent will take care of all the details.

Fall in love with Spain.

©1963, SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST DEPARTMENT
Offices at 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., 1418 Commerce Street, Dallas 1, Texas, 23 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois, and 453 Post Street, San Francisco 2, California.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JOY
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JEAN PATOU
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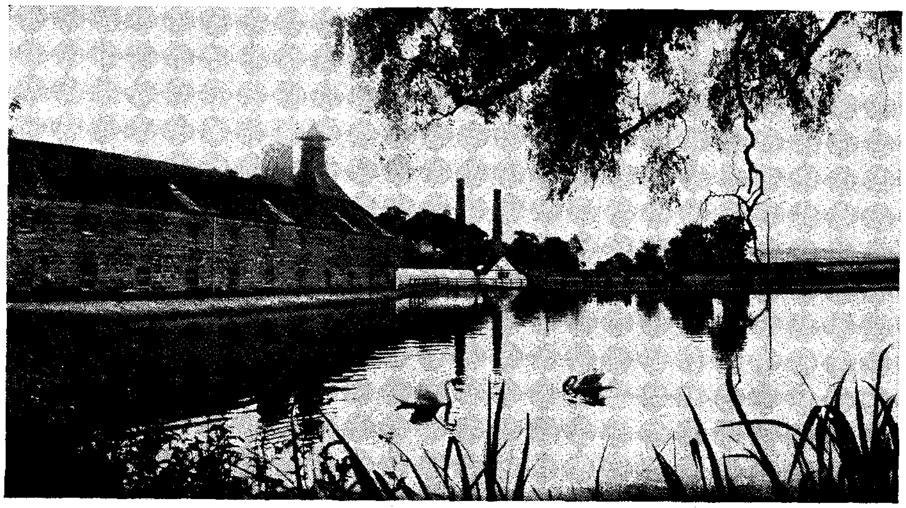
...the costliest perfume in the world.



At our distillery by Elgin in Morayshire, we have long made a spirit of a singular mellow softness; *the unique heart whisky of Chequers Scotch.*

Chequers is now being despatched to America in restricted amount. In all of Scotland, we feel there is not another quite like it. Herewith certain detail of its making and enjoyable nature.

* * *

We Scots are fond of saying it is no accident this race discovered Scotch whisky. Our ancestors, who centuries ago did not have it, no doubt sensed the lack and set about to remedy it.

To speak of ourselves at McEwan: earlier generations of our distillers came by a certain individual process which made an unusual whisky, unlike any other. We have kept what they gave us, departing not a whit from the old ways. As to whether this is a virtue in us, you must seek the answer, if you will, in our product.

The way of our whisky

Ask us where our whisky starts its individual course. Our maltman may take you to the steeps or barley floors; our brewer to the wooden washbacks; our stillman to the spirit safe. But you must come to Mannoch Hill, a few miles from our premises, within sight of the North Sea, to find the earthy beginnings of Chequers Scotch.

Peter Young, maltman, carries live coals to ignite peat in the malt kilns.

Here the strange waters rise from granite, flow wine-coloured over peat mosses, and mark our first flavouring. They find their way downward to Millbuies Loch and Whitewreath Spring and go into our heart whisky.

Here also, on the high moors, we cut our special dark peat. Dried and seasoned, it smolders in our malt kiln and its fragrant reek dries the barley above.

A legacy of greatness

The distillery itself is a very old work. Although certain improvements have been made to its facilities (the latest of consequence being in 1873) these have never been permitted to disturb the way of the whisky. We are not sentimentalists about these things, but sensible men who forbear to tamper with a legacy which has brought us nothing but good.

Look in on the malting floors, as an example. When our maltmen fling the barley into the air to control germination, they still use the flat wooden shovels of olden time so the tender grains will not be bruised.

The heart whisky of Chequers

Distillery Manager MacKenzie will tell you the crucial point is distillation.

Underneath our old copper stills are hand-fed fires. When we are "on spirits," our stillman is on his mettle. The heat of his fire regulates the speed at which the pure spirit turns to vapour, condenses in the copper worm, and gushes into the spirit safe.

Extra hours of pains and patience allow the whisky to come over only very slowly, so impurities are left behind. This is an especial art at the McEwan distillery. What emerges is a most unusual whisky, well worth the effort and time. It is destined to be the heart whisky of Chequers.

A singular mellow softness

In the casks at our warehouse, it waits out the quiet years, perfecting itself to a spirit of a singular mellow softness. Then, called forward at maturity, it brings its unique character, through blending and marrying with other mature great whiskies of Scotland, to stand as the golden heart of our final product.

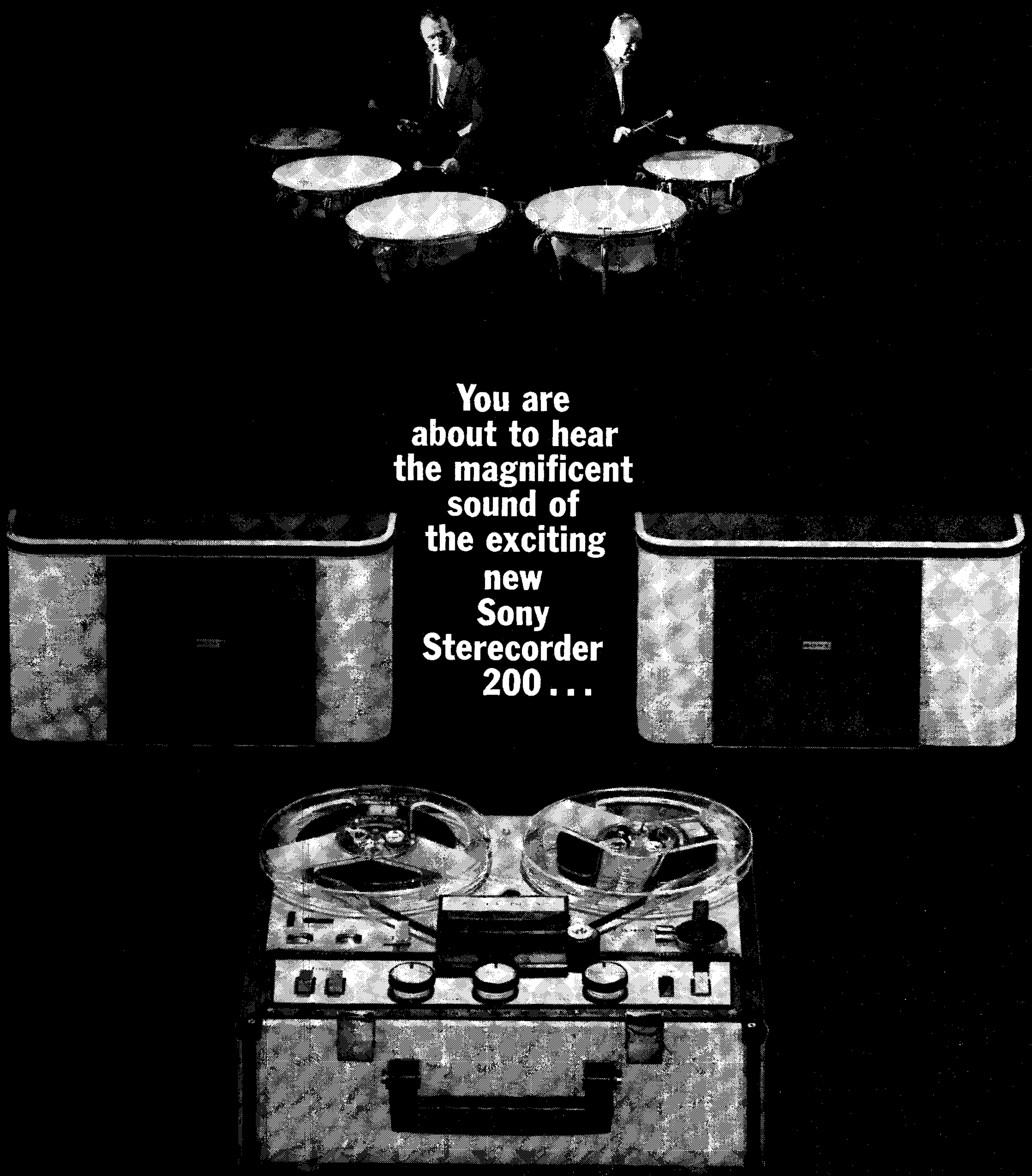
Roderick MacKenzie, distillery manager, holds a bottle of our product, Chequers.

The output of Chequers is necessarily small. Yet this whisky holds, we may say, a not insignificant position amongst favoured Scotches.

In America, availability of Chequers may be determined from your barman or whisky dealer. Or you may write to us if you desire.

JOHN McEWAN & Co. LTD.
By Elgin in Morayshire, Scotland
PROPRIETORS OF THE BRAND
CHEQUERS

Custom Import House, Ltd., New York, Are Appointed The Exclusive Distributors For Chequers In The United States • 86.8 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY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sound of
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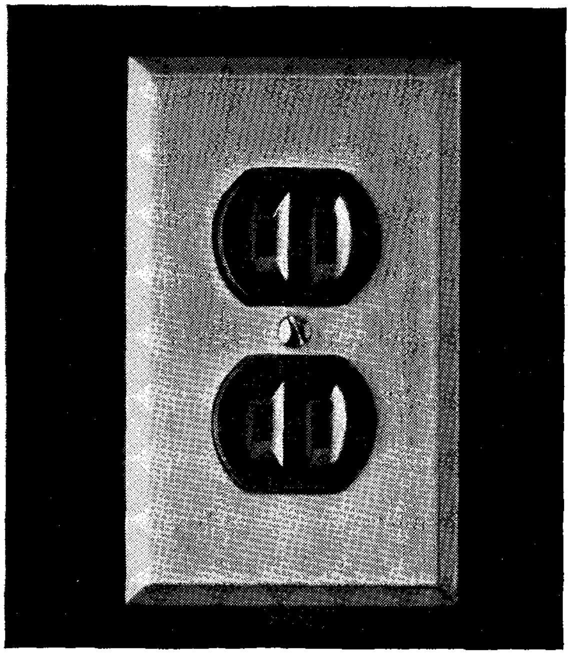
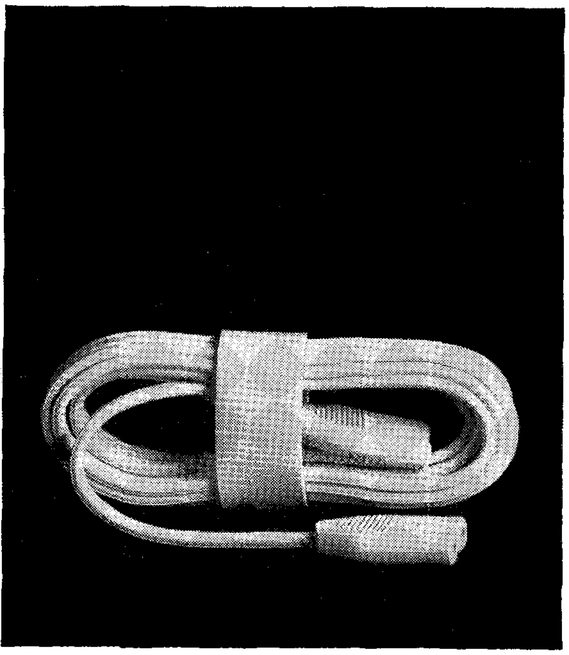
. . . at your dealer's today. Less than $239.50, complete with two dynamic microphones and the revolutionary Sony lid-integrating high fidelity speakers. For literature, or name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope Inc., Sun Valley, California. ■ All Sony Sterecorders are multiplex ready. In New York visit the Sony Salon, 585 Fifth Avenue.

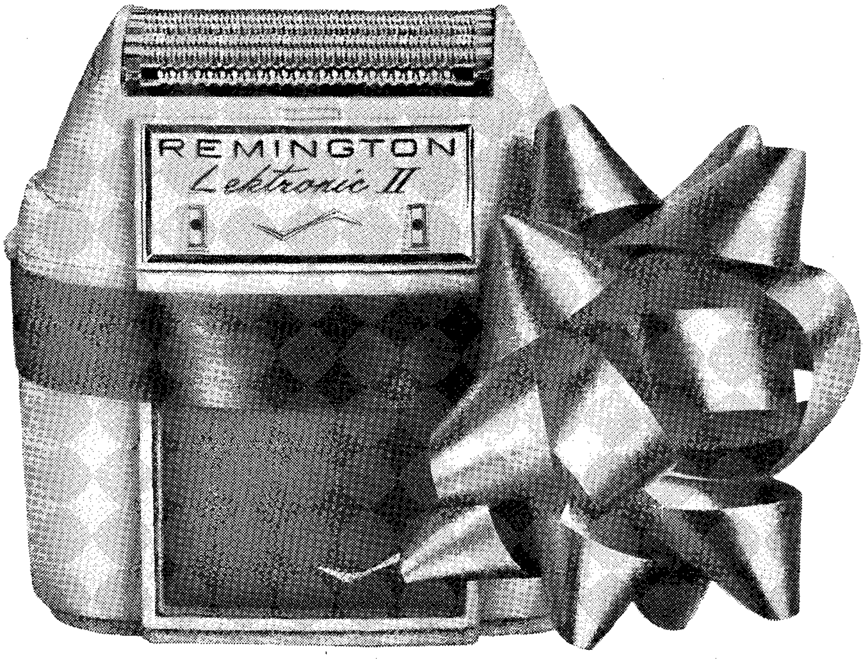
SONY SUPERSCOPE ® *The Tapeway to Stereo*

He won't need this... or this to shave





if you give him the REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II for Christmas.



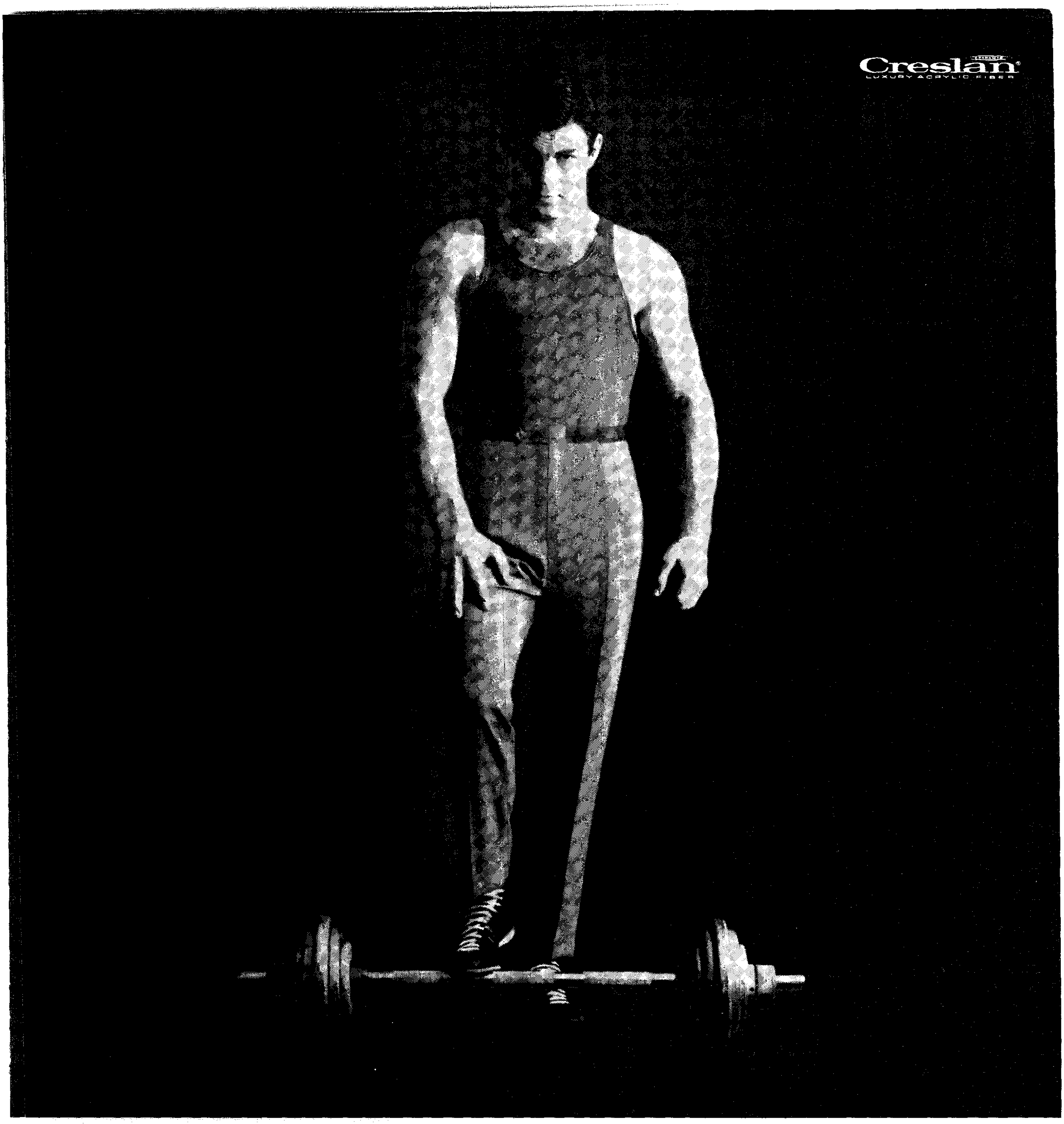
Let's face it, a man needs a certain amount of freedom. This shaver has it, no strings attached. It's cordless. Sealed in rechargeable energy cells let him shave in the garden, on the golf course, in the middle of Times Square. Here's how it works.

The REMINGTON LEKTRONIC II Shaver has 348 whisker cutting edges. Made of surgical high-carbon steel, they're harder, stay sharper longer than stainless steel. It has a big head. 756 slots feed more whiskers to the cutters faster. Adjustable Roller Combs on shaver head push skin down, pop whiskers up for close, comfortable shaves.

If he forgets to recharge, there's a cord. Plug in, he can shave where he's standing. Extra touch. The LEKTRONIC II comes specially gift-wrapped in its own colorful package. Very convenient.

Yes, you may find 18 shavers that cost less than a REMINGTON LEKTRONIC II . . . but is Christmas the time to give anything less than the best?

LEKTRONIC: Trademark, Sperry Rand Corporation. REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.



SANSABELT...Strong Man in Slacks

Strong ideas attract strong men. Knowing this, we largely address Sansabelt® Slacks to the movers and shakers, the decision-makers, the men with minds of their own.

For who else has the imagination to grasp the significance of a slack that eliminates belts, buckles and bulges around the waist? Who else has the mental equipment to appreciate a revolution in men's wear when he sees it? And Sansabelt Slacks with Creslan luxury acrylic fiber are soft, warm without weight, wrinkle resistant and easy to-care-for.

The secret of Sansabelt is a new patented 4" elastic waistband designed in France. Sansabelt perpetually readjusts itself as you stoop, bend, walk or sit. Follows your body—never fights it. Flattens and flatters your tummy.

You can join the "Sansabelters" Club at the finest men's store near you—a store that cares . . . that sells men's slacks made by people who care. Jaymar Sansabelt Slacks are available at the fine stores listed below. Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana.

Look for this crest

THE ONE AND ONLY
SANSABELT
JAYMAR SLACK

it identifies the one and only Sansabelt

A JAYMAR SLACK with Creslan®

JAYMAR SANSABELT SLACKS ARE AVAILABLE AT: **B. ALTMAN & CO.,** NEW YORK • **RICH'S,** ATLANTA • **STEWART'S,** LOUISVILLE • **BURDINE'S,** MIAMI • **POGUE'S,** CINCINNATI and other fine stores everywhere.

N-B- Patented by Y. Le Cottier and A. G. Trentesaux of France under U. S. Patent No. 2,757,381.

® American Cyanamid Company trademark for acrylic fiber.

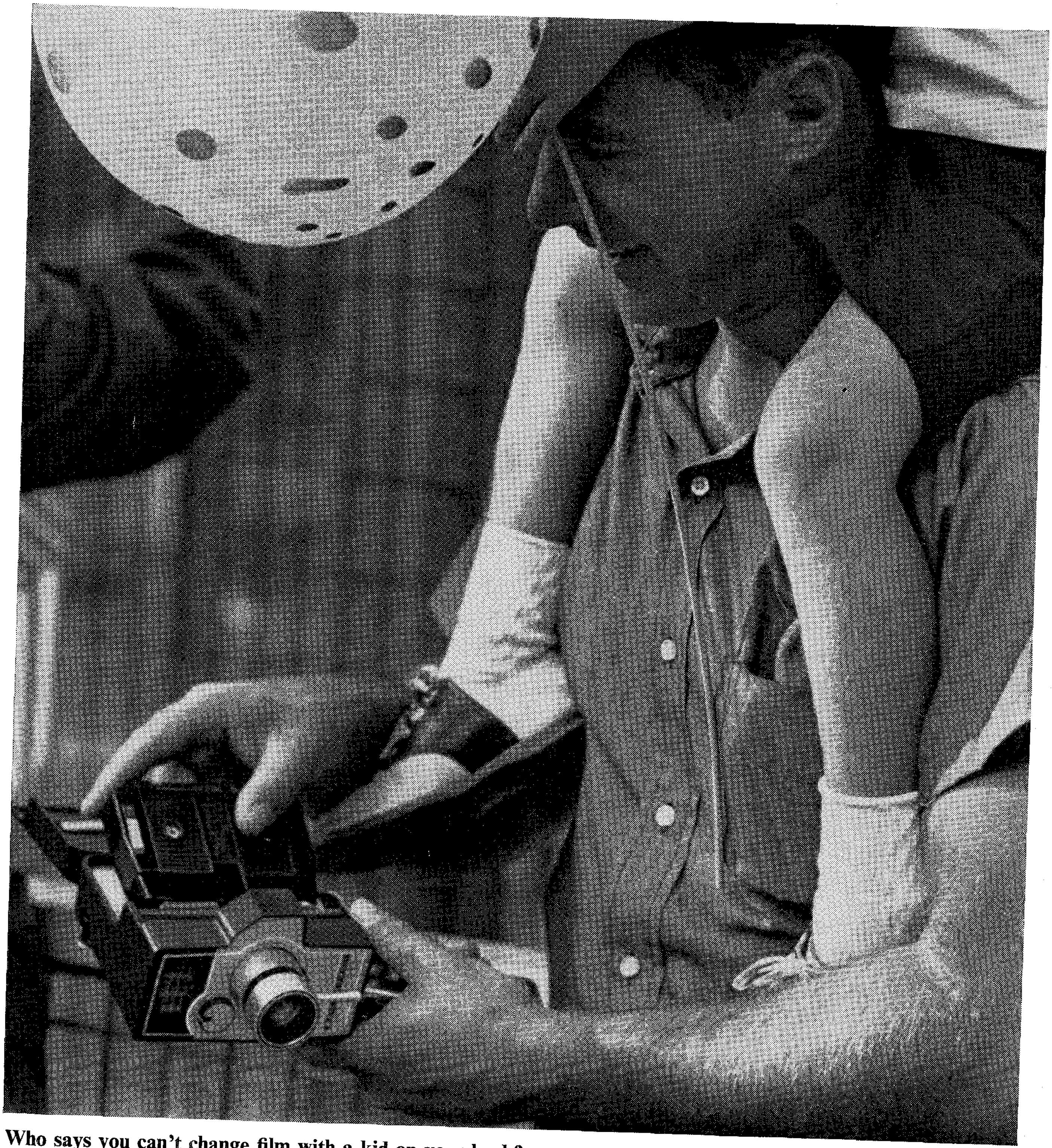
Réplique
Réplique

Next best thing to mistletoe is

Réplique

Hauntingly beautiful, slightly mysterious . . . in a gleaming purse size perfume atomizer, concealing a lasting, lingering one-third ounce, 7.50 . . . refill 5.00. Also as a set, festively packaged for Christmas 12.50. (plus tax)

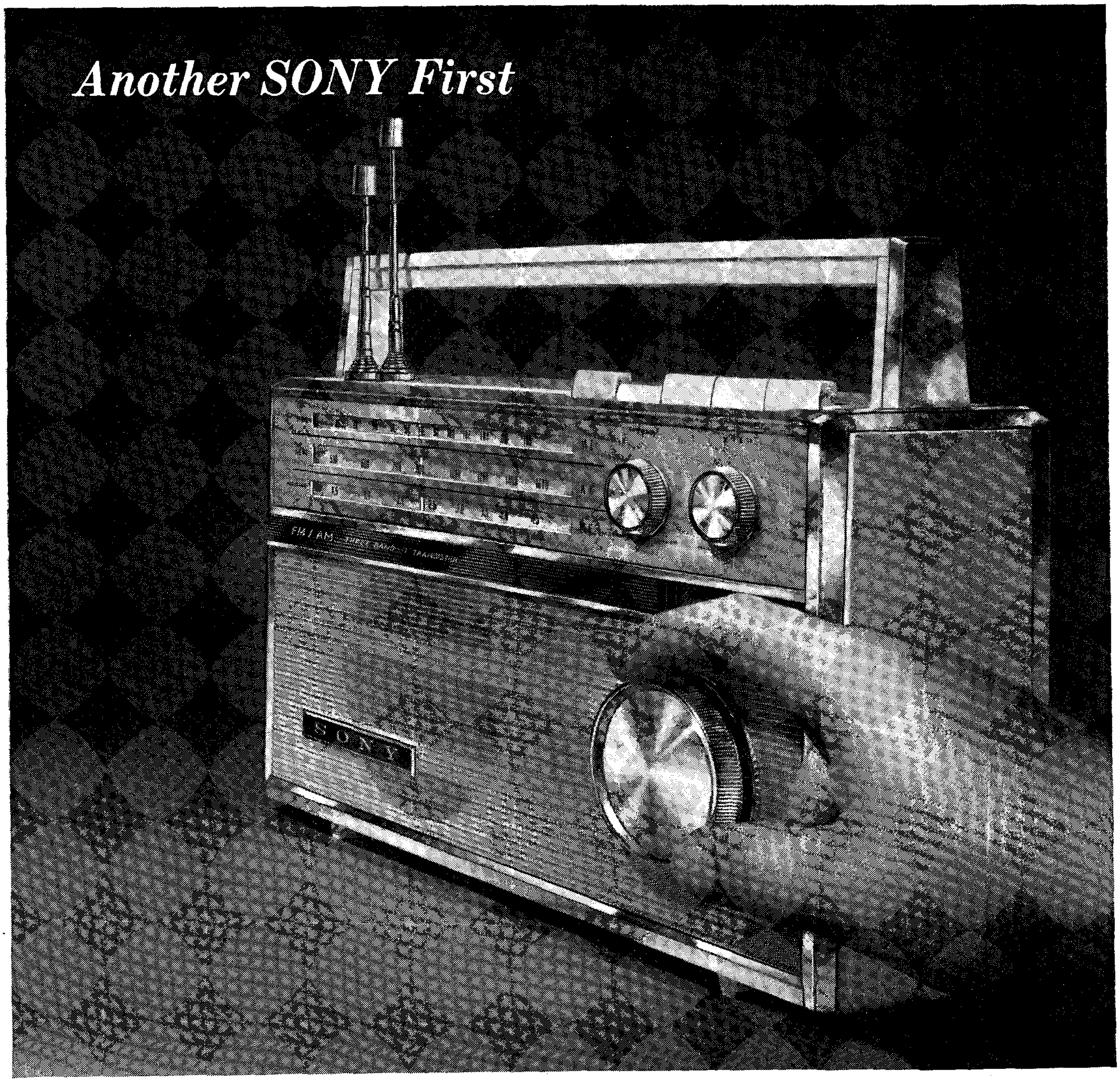
Réplique . . . the very essence of romance . . . every precious drop bottled and sealed in France.



Who says you can't change film with a kid on your back?

Time was, a man took time out to weave loose movie film all through his camera's works. No more. Now . . . anywhere, any time, you simply flip in a fresh, pre-loaded Autoload film cartridge. Keep shooting! Just like that! And a couple spares in your pocket will keep you going all afternoon! The Autoload camera itself makes taking movies snapshot-simple! An electric eye watches the scene constantly, sets the lens correctly, then *keeps* the setting correct. A smooth, precise zoom lens lets you stand where you are and bring the great shots in extra close for extra impact and interest. Have your Bell & Howell dealer show you the 315 Reflex Autoload® . . . the economical cartridge-loading movie camera that makes fast work of a film change. Priced under $130.

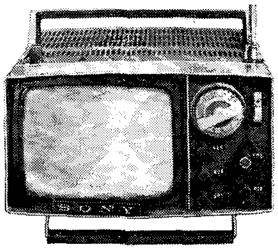
Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)



The TFM-116A—FM/AM/MARINE PORTABLE with "SNAP TUNING"

No more hunting for your program with the sleek new SONY TFM-116A. Its new system of "Snap Tuning" means the FM signal pops right into perfect tune without fuss and bother. And it stays, without fade or drift, thanks to Automatic Frequency Control. The 11-transistor portable has other features you'll appreciate, too: Pushbutton band selection for FM, AM and Marine frequencies, tuning meter and continuous tone control. In bone white and silver, with batteries and earphone. $99.95. *Carrying case extra.*

SONY®
RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



SONY Micro-TV — The remarkable truly portable all-transistor TV that goes with you practically everywhere. Only 8 lbs., it operates on rechargeable battery, auto/boat power and AC. With 25 transistors, it accepts transistorized UHF adaptor for channels 14-83. Only $189.95. Case, UHF adaptor, battery pack, other accessories extra.

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add vitamin SEE with Hertz

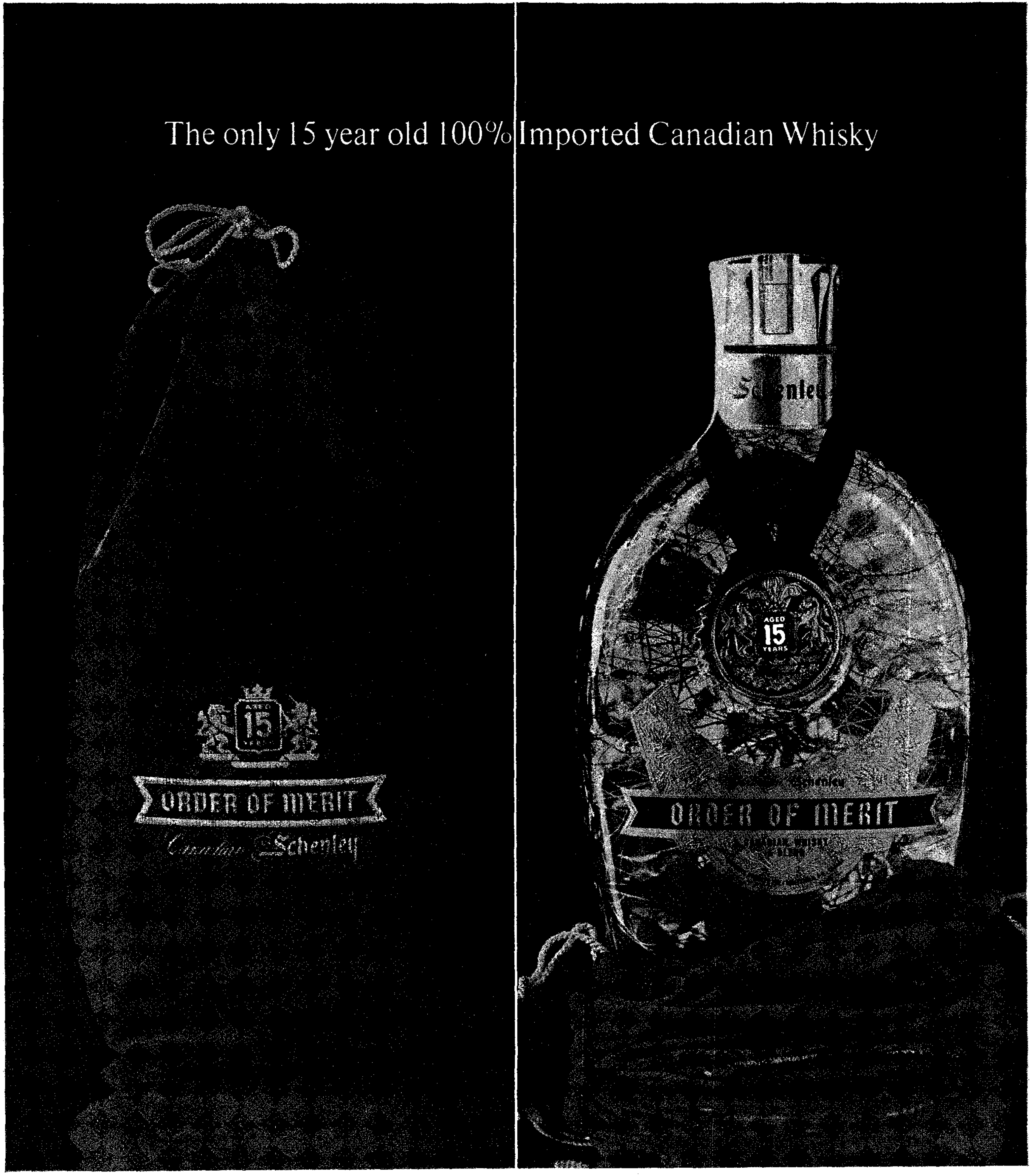
Get fresh air, sunshine and plenty of Hertz. Going Hertz class is just what the doctor ordered to put vim, vigor and vitality into your vacation. So, call Hertz or your travel agent right now to reserve a sparkling new Chevrolet or other fine car. (There, feels better already, doesn't it?)

HERTZ RENT A CAR

let HERTZ put you in the driver's seat!

You can rent now/pay later—ask about the new Hertz Revolving Credit Plan.

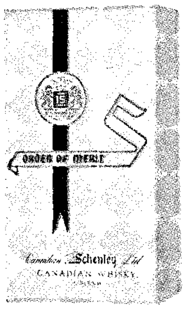
CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.


The only 15 year old 100% Imported Canadian Whisky
AGED 15 YEARS
ORDER OF MERIT
Canadian Schenley
Schenley
ORDER OF MERIT

OPEN GENTLY...IT'S THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND

Imported
ORDER OF MERIT

Once bottled only for an exclusive group of Canadian executives, Order of Merit is the oldest Canadian whisky available. Exceedingly scarce—it is magnificent in its 14 kt. gold threaded flacon with velvet sack and richly embossed carton.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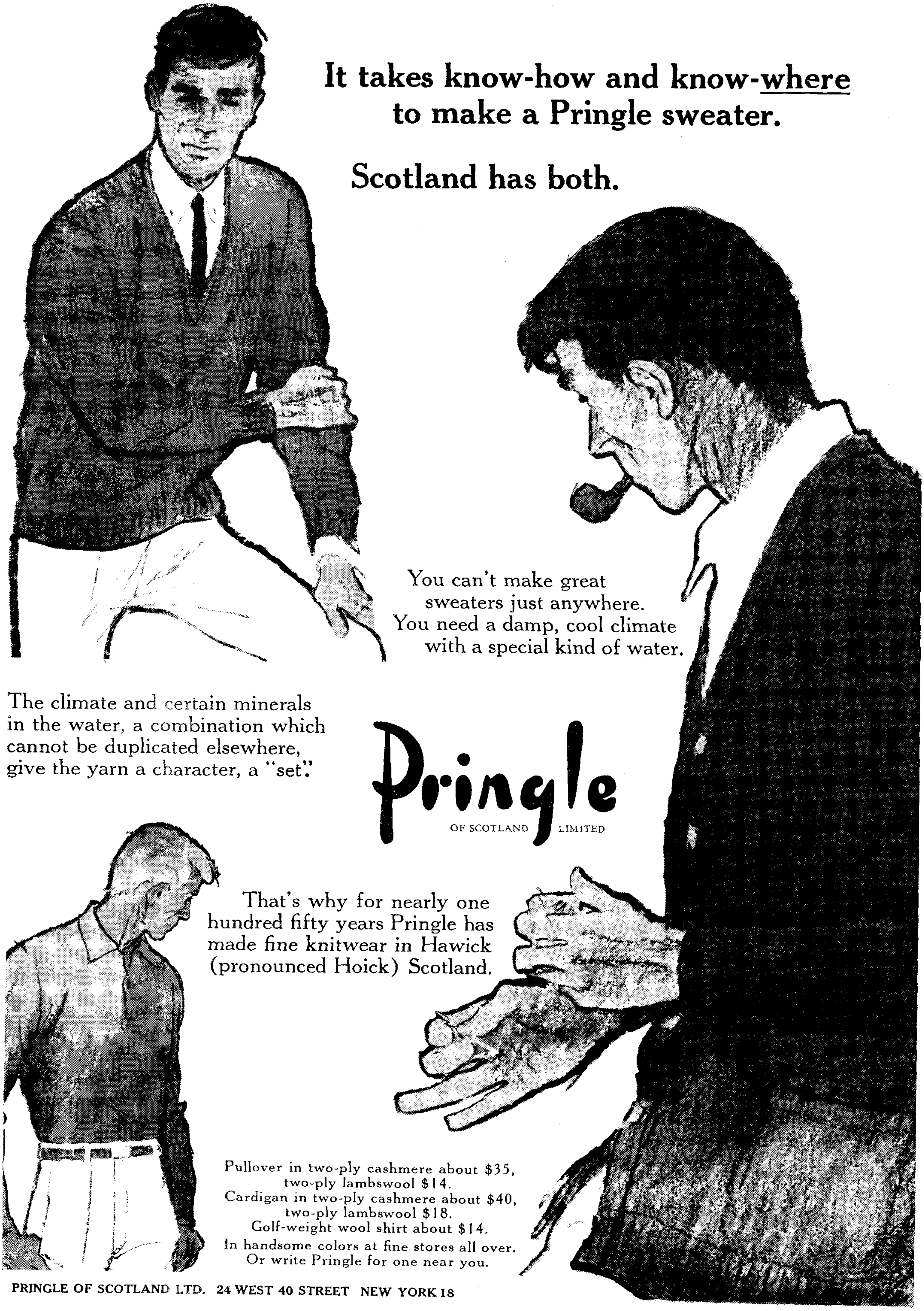
ORDER OF MERIT
Canadian Schenley Ltd
CANADIAN WHISKY



It takes know-how and know-where to make a Pringle sweater.

Scotland has both.

You can't make great sweaters just anywhere. You need a damp, cool climate with a special kind of water.

The climate and certain minerals in the water, a combination which cannot be duplicated elsewhere, give the yarn a character, a "set."

Pringle
OF SCOTLAND LIMITED

That's why for nearly one hundred fifty years Pringle has made fine knitwear in Hawick (pronounced Hoick) Scotland.

Pullover in two-ply cashmere about $35,
two-ply lambswool $14.
Cardigan in two-ply cashmere about $40,
two-ply lambswool $18.
Golf-weight wool shirt about $14.
In handsome colors at fine stores all over.
Or write Pringle for one near you.

PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD. 24 WEST 40 STREET NEW YORK 18

GOWNS BY DONALD BROOKS - EMERAUD NECKLACE BY HARRY WINSTON

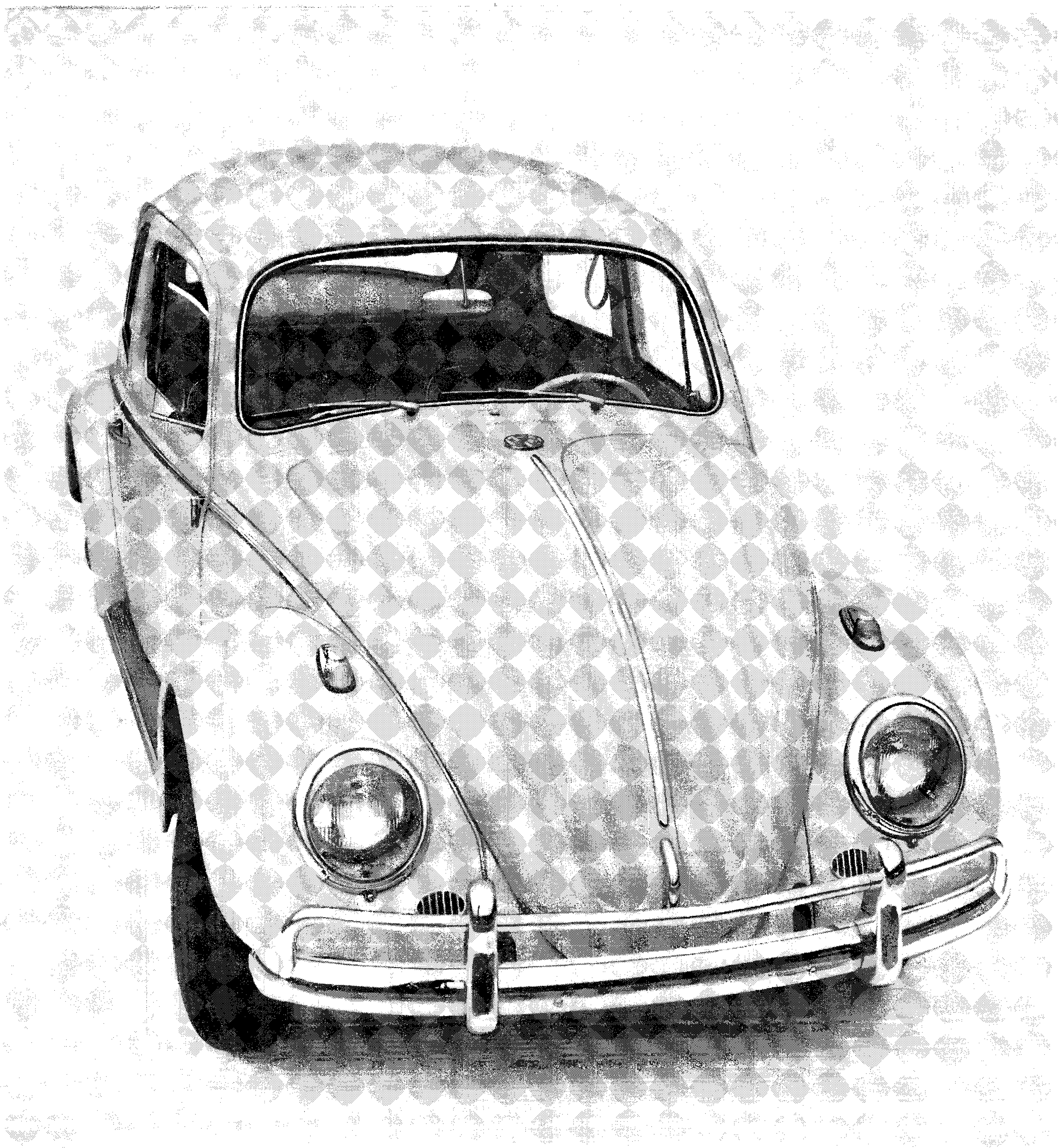
For an unforgettable Christmas . . . fine French perfume by Coty

L'AIMANT EMERAUDE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

COTY

PARFUM $20.00 OUNCE. OTHER SIZES $5.00 TO $100.00. ALL SIZES PLUS TAX. © COTY, INC. 1963 — ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Made in U.S.A.

George H. Lang, of Grand Rapids, Mich., made this Volkswagen out of spare parts in his spare time.

The car runs very well.

But not often.

Mr. Lang uses it to teach VW mechanics at one of our training schools.

They tear it to pieces and put it together again. And again. And again.

After suffering this kind of education, our mechanics get to be pretty sharp.

(So does our service.)

Of course, we admit that our car is easier to learn about than most.

Because we don't make drastic changes every year. And because the changes we do make, make sense.

This policy has another advantage:

Since most VW parts are interchangeable from year to year, you can easily get parts for any Volkswagen.

You'll find this comforting.

If you're building your own VW.

Or buying one ready made.

Why generals have always had a tent of their own.

Thoughts on first class travel—a series by American Airlines.

Gen. John J. Pershing, in Mexico, 1916.

It is not because rank hath its privileges. The reason is much simpler.

The man who's supposed to be thinking about the battle needs a place to do it in.

It's the same with the extra service that a general gets. The idea is to free him from the usual annoyances so he can concentrate on getting the war won.

These are also the reasons a man with business on his mind flies first class.

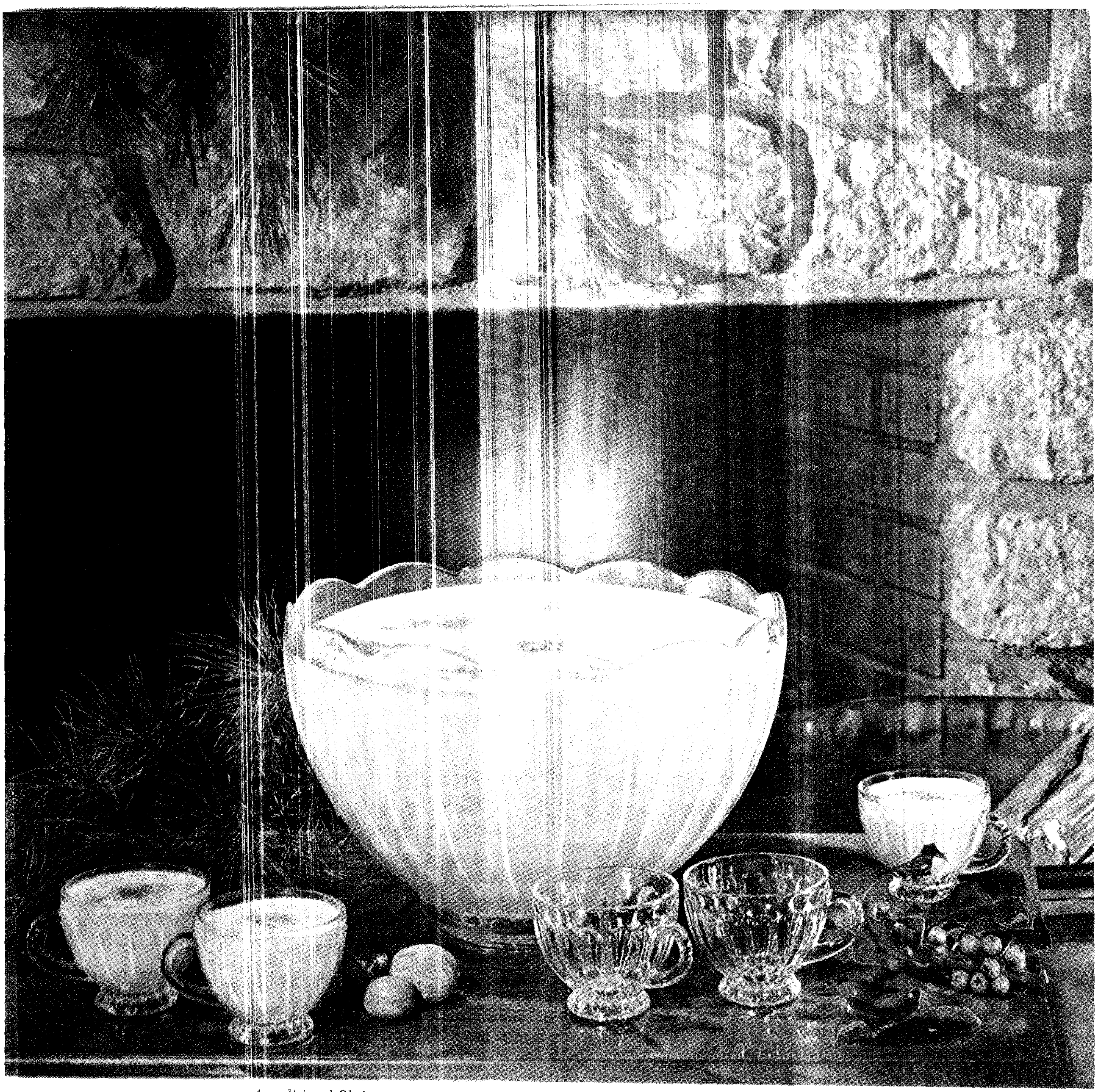
The privacy, roominess, comfort and overall atmosphere ease the burden of travel for men under pressure.

Business travellers have been the mainstay of our company for some 25 years now. Fully 86% of all air trips are strictly for business. And our first class service emerged as the result of just this.

It is not an investment in luxury.

It's an investment in the man who gets off the plane.

If you would like to know more about the habits and patterns of the business traveller, please write to: Director, Bureau of Travel Analysis, American Airlines, Inc., 633 Third Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold label Puerto Rican rum, of course. Photograph by Alan Fontaine.

How to make a traditional Christmas eggnog without goofing

(and why you should insist on gold label Puerto Rican rum)

If you really want to delight your friends with a Christmas eggnog, make it with *rum*. There's plenty of precedent. After all, this Early American merry cup started with rum.

Today, the grand tradition continues—but with a notable improvement: *gold label* Puerto Rican rums. They simply refuse to be subdued in an eggnog. Reason: they are distilled at high proof and aged in oak—it's the law in Puerto Rico.

Here are two great recipes for a traditional eggnog. Use the one that suits your own tempo and taste.

Quick recipe. Add 8 oz. gold label Puerto Rican rum to 1 qt. of eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in 1 cup stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 8.

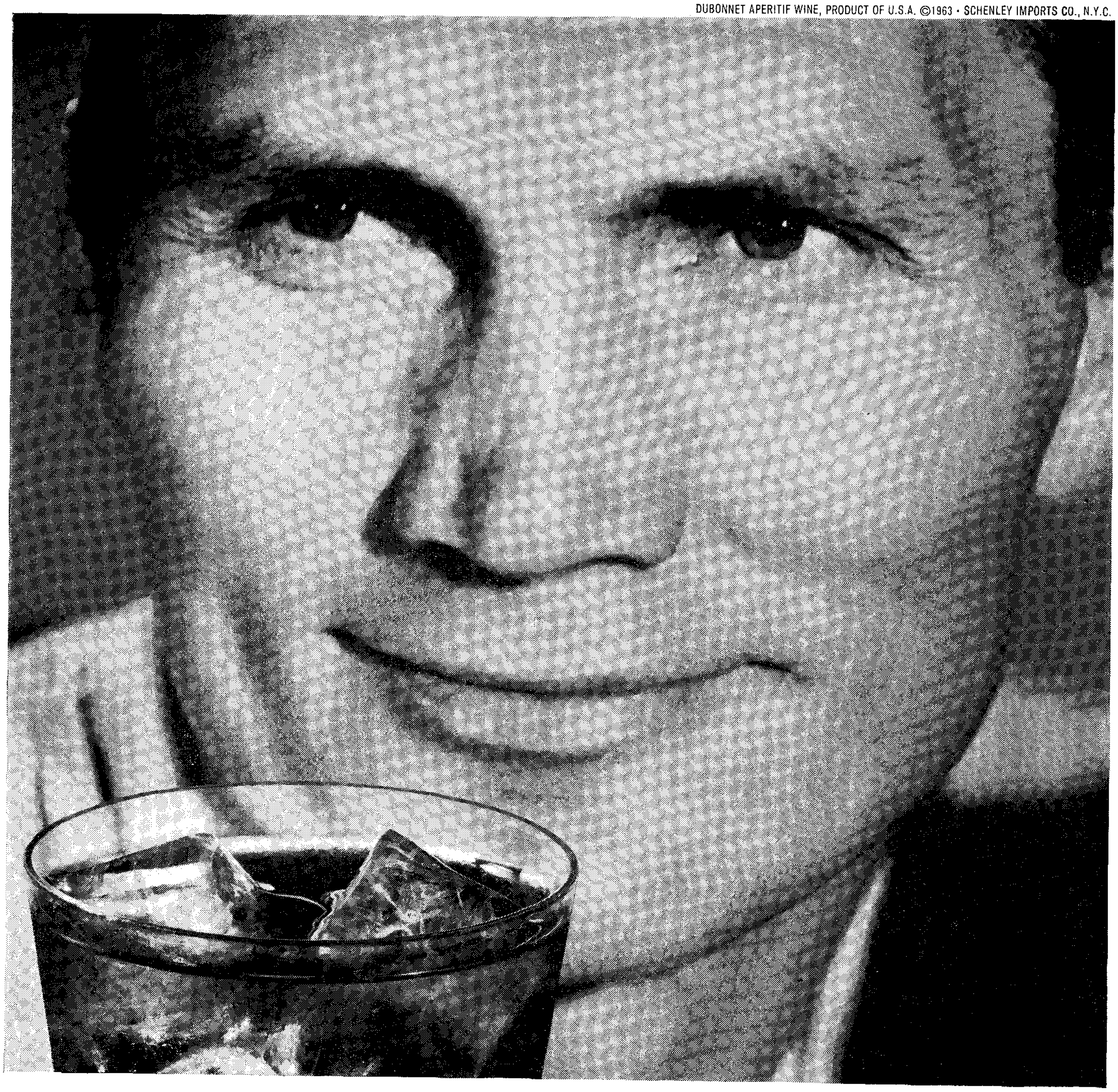
Standard recipe. Beat 12 egg yolks until light. Beat in ½ lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of gold label Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hrs. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill 1 hr. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 20.

FREE BOOKLET! 31 Rum drink recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Gold Label
Season's Greetings

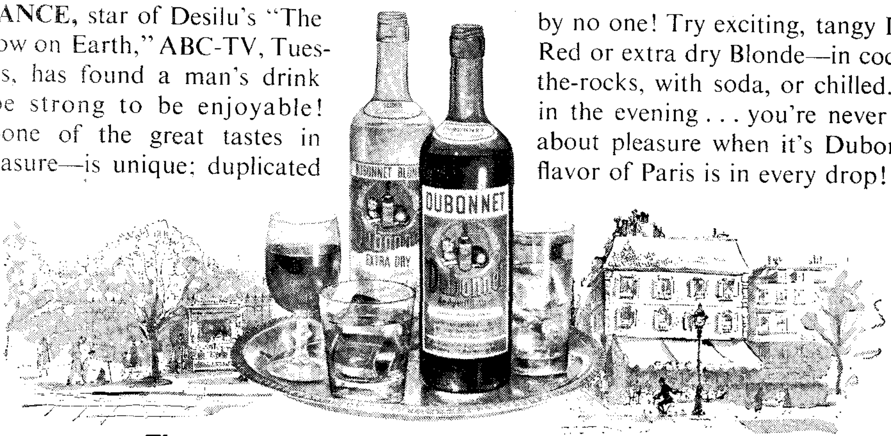
Special Man? Special Gift! One of the exciting new holiday packages from the Gold Label *"Eleganza"* collection. A perfect gift for the man who appreciates the superb flavor of rare vintage Havana tobacco. Presented in four "connoisseur" shapes . . . Cedaroma, Palma Candela, Jaguar, Panatela Grande. From $4 to $16. At all fine tobacconists. **Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla. World Leader in Luxury Cigars.**

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A. ©1963 · SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y.C.



Dubonnet—the man's drink!

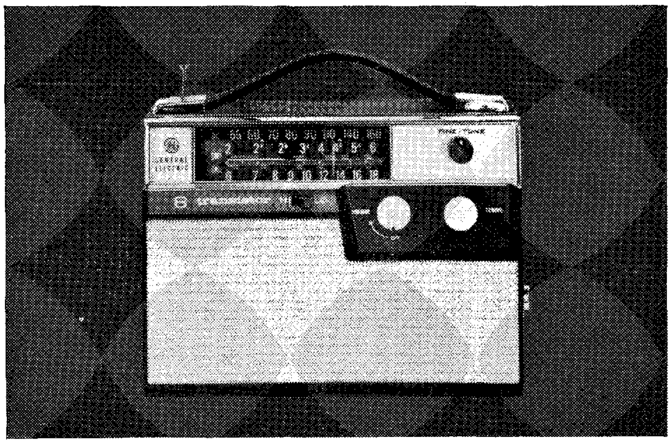
JACK PALANCE, star of Desilu's "The Greatest Show on Earth," ABC-TV, Tuesday evenings, has found a man's drink need not be strong to be enjoyable! Dubonnet—one of the great tastes in drinking pleasure—is unique: duplicated by no one! Try exciting, tangy Dubonnet Red or extra dry Blonde—in cocktails, on-the-rocks, with soda, or chilled. At noon, in the evening . . . you're never in doubt about pleasure when it's Dubonnet. The flavor of Paris is in every drop!



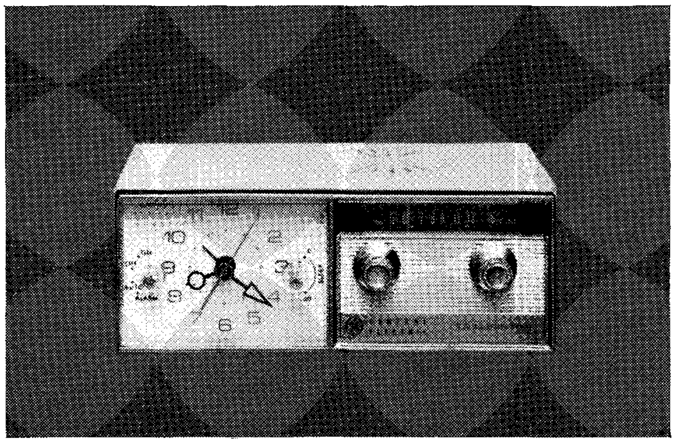
There's nothing in the world like Dubonnet

GIVE SOMETHING NOBODY GOT LAST CHRISTMAS

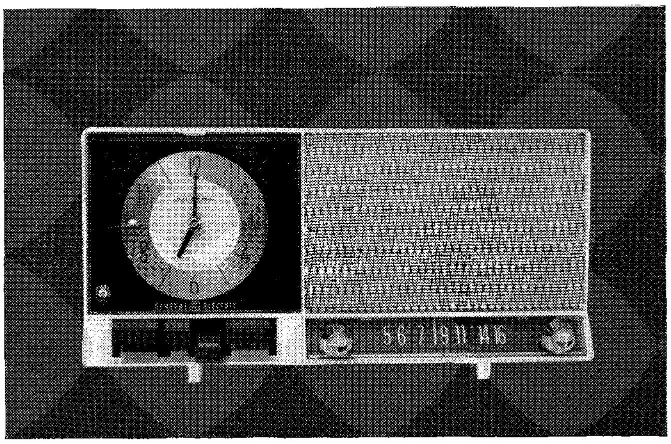
These new General Electric radios didn't even exist a year ago. Most likely, the person who "has everything" doesn't have a radio with such unique functions, new styling, new fun.



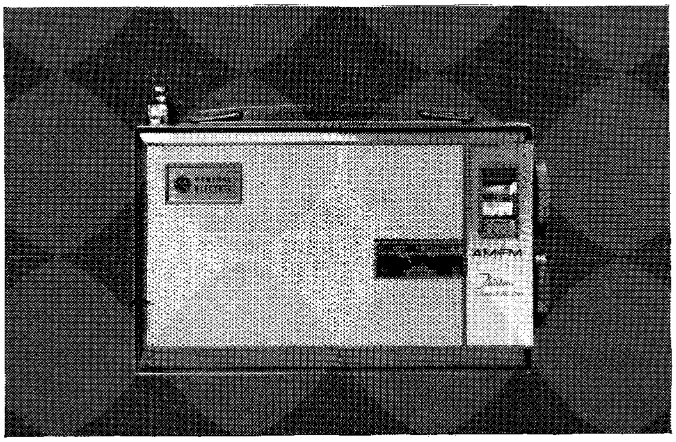
Shortwave/AM Portable—Less than $50* Give the excitement, fun and adventure of shortwave radio. G.E.'s new model P-930 brings in London, Moscow, other foreign cities . . . ships at sea . . . ham operators . . . plus local AM stations. Quality shortwave sets used to cost over $100. This one: less than $50. (Model P-930).



Miniature Clock-Radio—Less than $40* Add a stylish note to her bedroom decor . . . and subtract clutter from the bedside table. Perfect for the office desk, too. So small (only 7¾ inches wide), it fits in your hand. Yet it has the features of most large-size models, plus a few extras. (Model C-551).



Clock-Radio with Lighted Clock-Face—Less than $40* Give a great new convenience. Everybody wakes up at night once in a while, so this clock-face is lighted to tell time at a glance. Other convenient features are the easy-to-use push-button controls and the appliance outlet. (Model C-490).



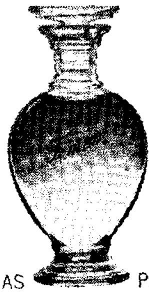
FM/AM Portable—Less than $50* Give the fine entertainment of FM radio in a lightweight portable. It brings music anywhere . . . to the backyard, beach or around the house. AM stations come in loud and clear, too. Plays up to 300 hours on ordinary flashlight batteries. (Model P-940). Radio Receiver Department, Utica, N.Y.

*Manufacturer's approximate suggested list. Slightly higher, South and West.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

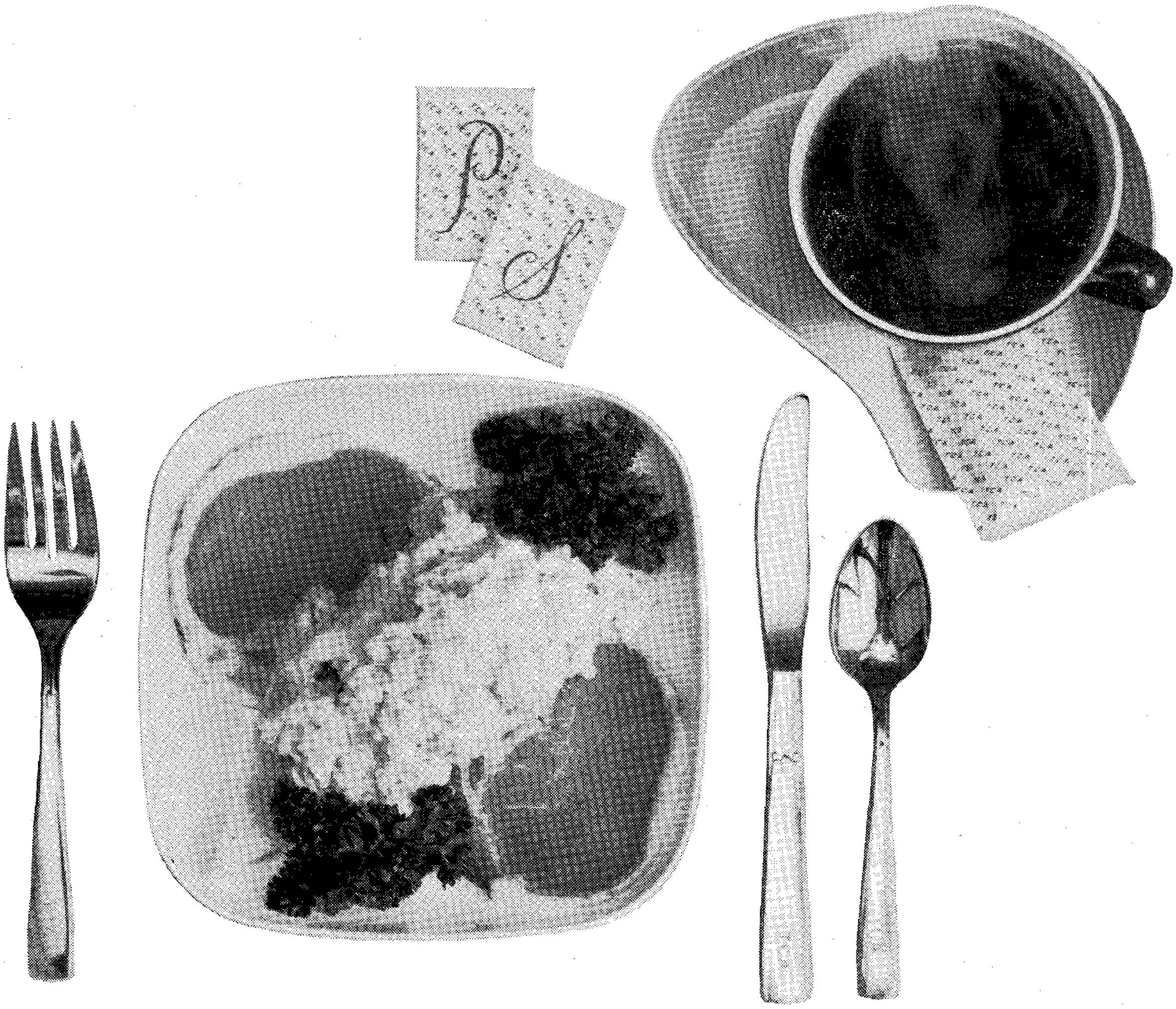
Comment dit-on femme en anglais?

Femme.



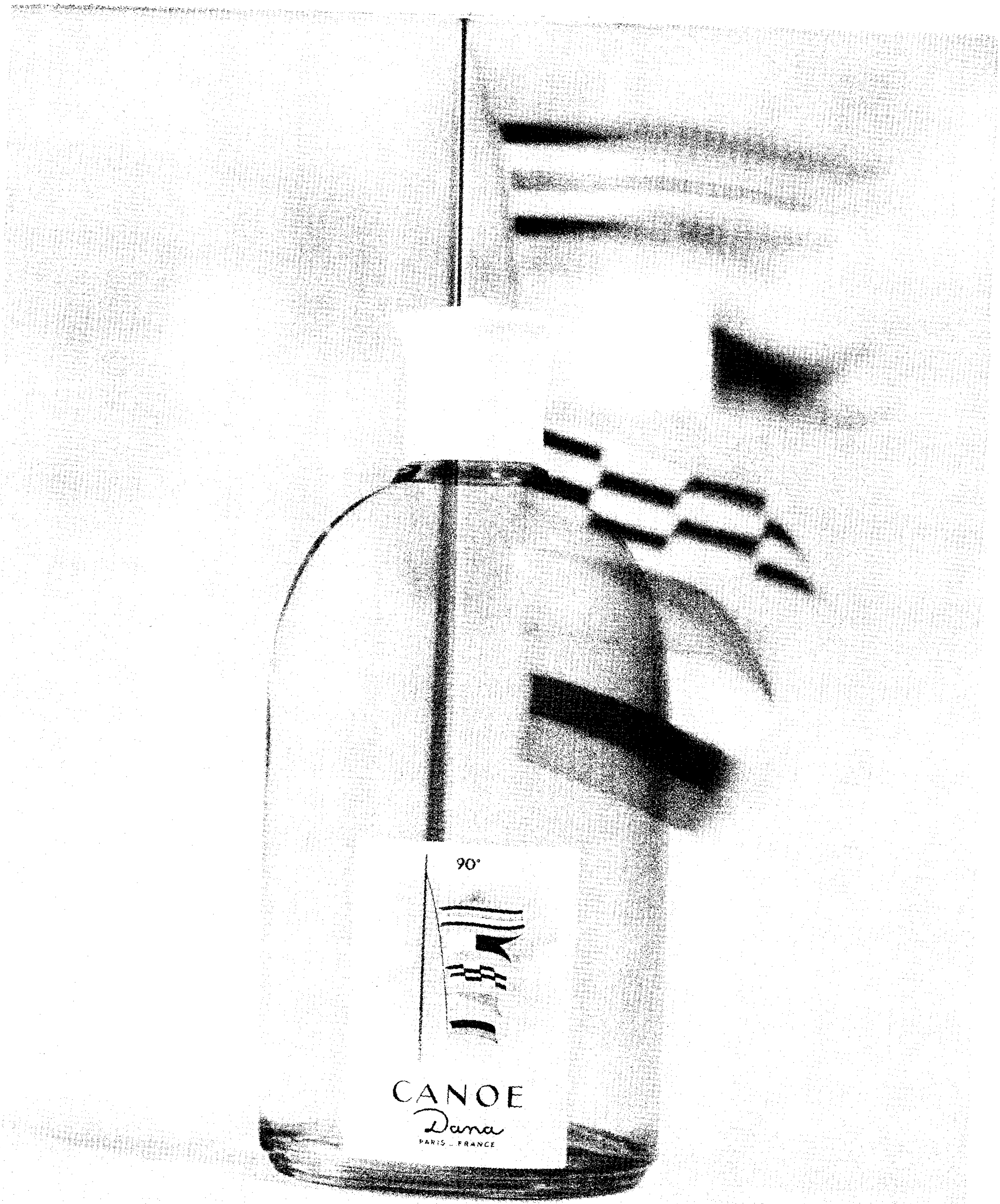
PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS AND NEW YORK

Guess which one of the world's great airlines serves Canadian bacon with its scrambled eggs



Answer:
Trans-Canada Air Lines,
the airline with
more flights to more places
in Canada than all other
airlines combined.
(and the one that serves the best bacon!)

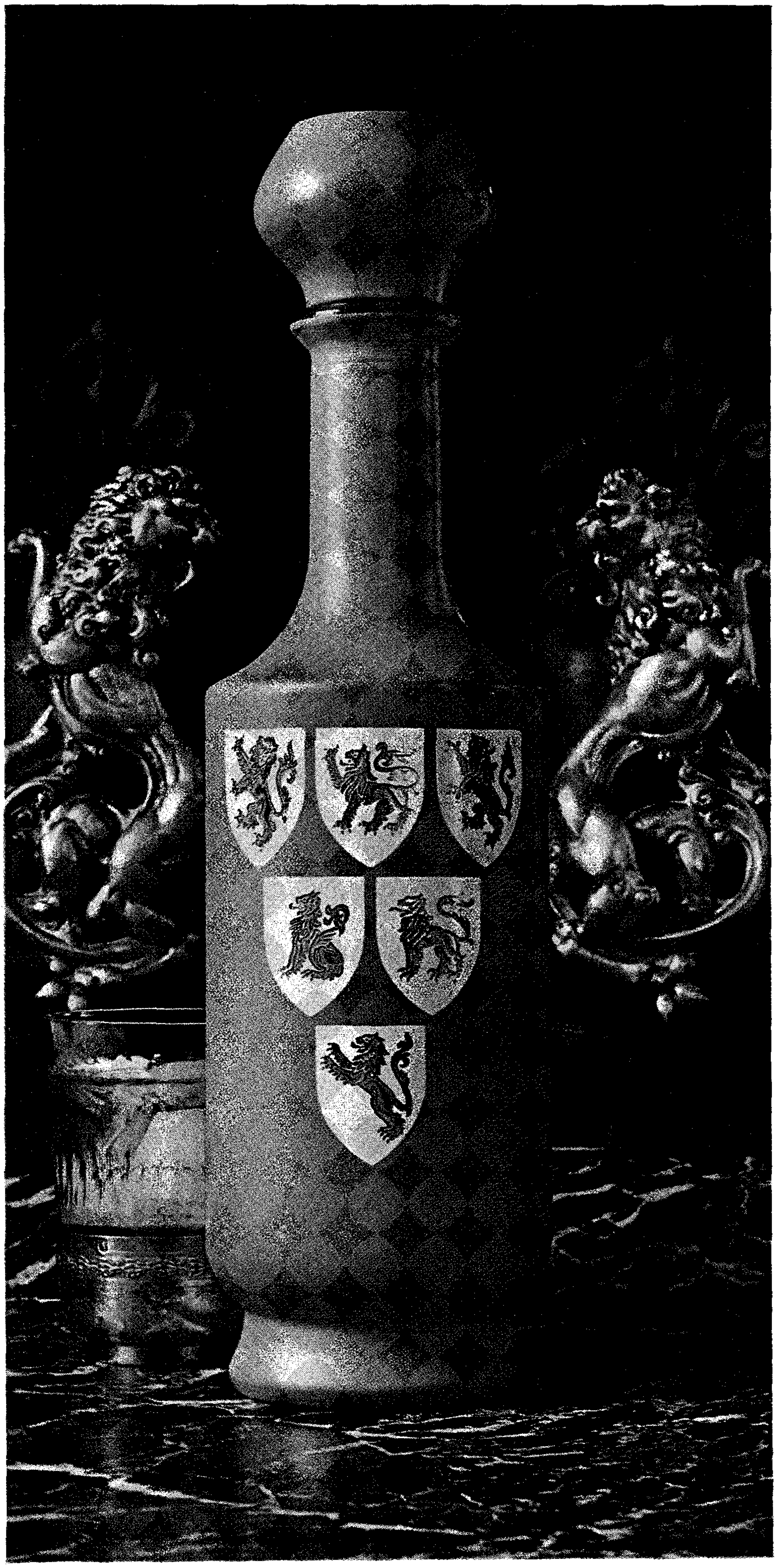
TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES AIR CANADA


90°
CANOE
Dana
PARIS – FRANCE

EAU DE
COLOGNE

Dana

MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE



New TOURNAMENT DECANTER in Wedgwood green is the most expensive ever offered at regular fifth price . . . *a regal reminder of your gift of the One and Only* Old Fitzgerald.

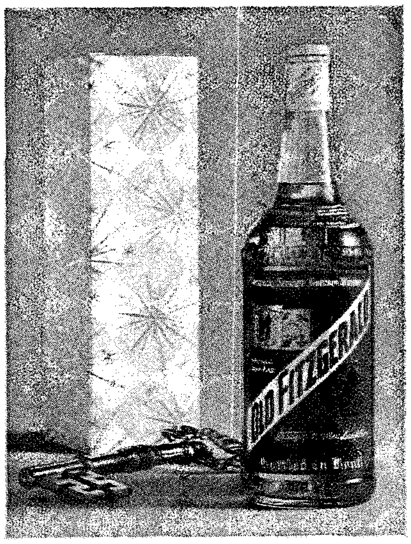
ONLY ONE Bourbon rates this beautiful new gift decanter in classic Wedgwood Green . . . emblazoned with golden lions.

ONLY ONE memorable Bourbon flavor conveys your Holiday greetings so tastefully.

Give the One and Only

OLD FITZGERALD

BONDED BOURBON



New STARDUST GIFT WRAP seals regular Old Fitz Fifth as though wrapped by hand.

Stitzel-Weller, *America's Oldest Family Distillery* • *Estab. Louisville, Kentucky, 1849* • *Mellow 100 Proof Straight Whiskey*

For the big party your wife will buy a new gown, shoes, stockings, lingerie, lipstick, nailpolish, hairdo, earrings, stole, perfume, gloves, even eyelashes... you deserve one After Six tuxedo.

Be practical. Own formal clothes before your next party and you'll show up handsomely in them again and again. That's more than she can say for her formal. You'll notice, too, that when you wear a debonair After Six tuxedo, she'll look twice. In fact, she'll look twice as beautiful. That's masculine logic. Use it.

22ND & MARKET STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NY

after Six FORMAL WEAR BY RUDOFKER

B Altman & Co

Make this an old-fashioned Christmas . . .

WILLIAMSBURG® Reproductions

from New York's only

Williamsburg Craft House

A. Reproduction of a Bristol Delft brick jardiniere of the period 1683-1780. 4-inches high, 14.00.

B. Lovely Delft brick flower container with Chinese fisherman decoration. 2½-inches high, 7.00.

C. Palace saucer-back sconce, antique tin finish, 10⅜-inches high, 9⅜-inches across, projects 5½-inches. For candles, 9.00; electrified, 18.50.

D. Wedgwood Queen's Ware 5-finger posy holder, cream-color, 14.95.

E. Solid brass Williamsburg lock with 1 knob, 1 drop pull, large stainless steel key. 4½x9-inches, 91.30. Also 4x8-inches, 74.90; 5½x11½-inches, 113.80.

F. Traditional hurricane shade, a WILLIAMSBURG Glass Reproduction, hand-crafted, crystal-clear or amethyst, 14-inches high, 11.00; 17½-inches high, 15.00.

G. Baluster brass candlestick gracefully proportioned, reproduction of a candlestick in the Raleigh Tavern in Colonial Williamsburg. 5¾-inches high, 10.00.

H. Beautiful Delft jar, lovely flower container, from an original in the Wythe House in Colonial Williamsburg, 5½-inches high, 7.00.

J. Pewter candlestick of lovely simplicity, copied from original in the Williamsburg Public Gaol, 5½-inches high, 12.50.

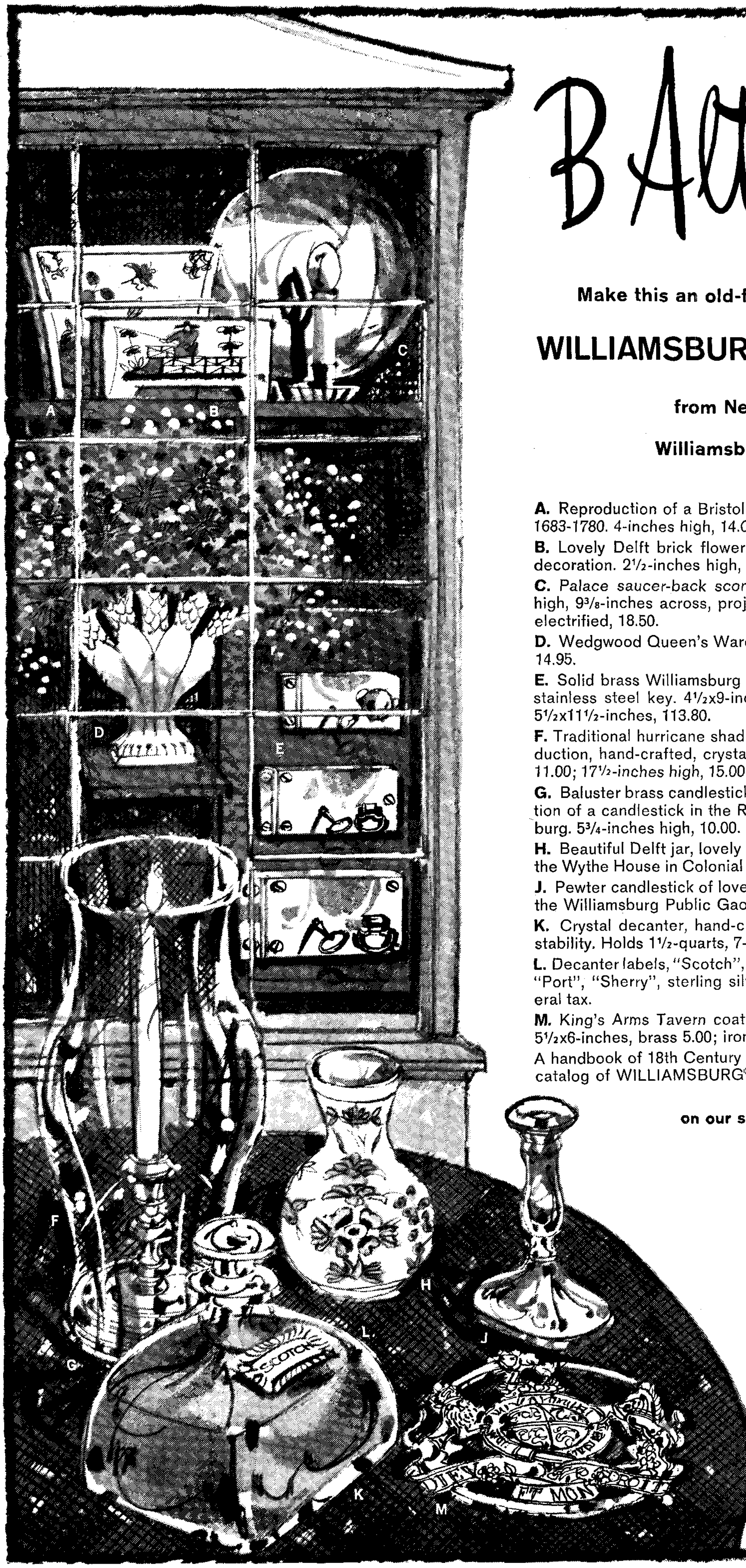
K. Crystal decanter, hand-crafted, beautifully shaped for great stability. Holds 1½-quarts, 7-inches high, 8.00.

L. Decanter labels, "Scotch", "Gin", "Rye", "Bourbon", "Brandy", "Port", "Sherry", sterling silver, each 3.50. including 10% Federal tax.

M. King's Arms Tavern coat of arms makes a handsome trivet, 5½x6-inches, brass 5.00; iron 1.50.

A handbook of 18th Century decorating: Altman's own 104-page catalog of WILLIAMSBURG® Reproductions, 2.00.

on our seventh floor

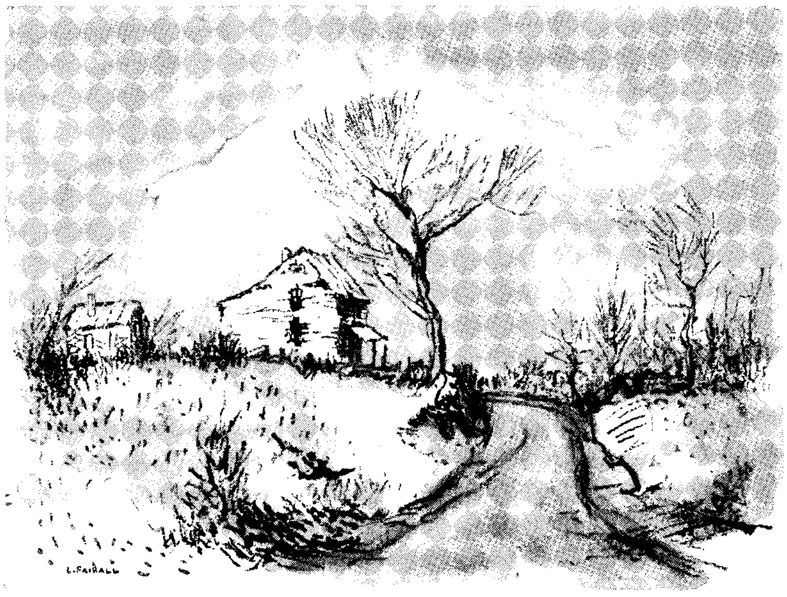


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT KENNEDY was, above all, a man of reason, and in his faith in the dialogue between good men (and even between good men and bad men), in his very speech, in his own disciplined body, in his closely knit family, he showed us how much grace, wit, imagination, and courage can be brought to the supposedly colorless role of the "man of reason." But when the assassin's bullet struck, he seemed to transcend even that role; in his death, he seemed to embody the force of Reason itself, struck down by the untamable, unpredictable forces of Chaos. The literature of our time, which mirrors and also creates our sensibility, has often appeared to propound a false conflict between Love and Reason, and in choosing Love many of our poets and commentators have found themselves almost forced to celebrate an incongruous Feast of Unreason. So it was that President Kennedy was at first considered too intellectual, too efficient, too cold, and it was said that he could appeal to the minds but never capture the hearts of the people. Yet this may be one of the aspects of the man—the cold light of his rationality and sanity—that we have all mourned most passionately. We appreciated it better than we knew, and the extinguishing of this light has moved us as a nation to depths of grief we had not thought ourselves capable of. In facing the fact of his death, we have had to relearn a truth that John F. Kennedy clearly never forgot: that our civilization, our very lives depend on the day-to-day triumph of Reason over Chaos, and that we maintain the razor-thin margin of victory only by unceasing vigilance and labor. Perhaps this was the secret of his gallantry—to understand that Chaos is terribly with us, to know that the battle must be fought anew each day, and yet to act always as if the triumph of Reason were assured.



Memorial

THE City's memorial service for President Kennedy, which was held on the steps of City Hall on the tenth day after the President's death, began at noon. We arrived at City Hall about half an hour ahead of time, at the suggestion of the Mayor's press office, which had feared, several days before, that things might be in some confusion. As it turned out, everything was well in hand. The City's invited guests (we recognized Ralph Bunche, Senator Keating, and Marian Anderson) were directed by policemen to enter City Hall through a door in the rear and go up the double staircase to the Board of Estimate Chamber. There they were seated temporarily while ladies wearing purple badges explained the seating arrangements on the speakers' platform, which had been set up just in front of the steps at the entrance of City Hall. "How many city councilmen are present?" asked one of the ladies, in the same tone that our second-grade teacher had used when she asked, "Who wants to sing 'The Blue-Tail Fly'?" The city councilmen, responding as we had, raised their hands. "City councilmen will sit on the right, anywhere they want behind the first row," the lady said. The Mayor then entered the room, wearing a blue suit and a black tie. He shook a few hands, and asked the guests to take their places outside. "Remember to keep in line," said the lady.

On our way downstairs, we could hear the Department of Sanitation band playing "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and in an office on the first floor we found a secretary writing "Robert F. Wagner" in blue ink at the bottom of copies of the Mayor's Proclamation of Mourning for President Kennedy. The secretary gave us a copy of the printed program for the memorial service and directed us to the press table, in front of the speakers' platform. The Department of Sanitation band played another Bach chorale.

Outside, it was thirty-four degrees and gray. There was a bit of wind. Starlings wheeled overhead, and soot settled gently. On the steps above the platform stood policemen, firemen, and members of the Departments of Sanitation and Correction, all in uniform, and with the policemen stood Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy and former Police Commissioner Francis W. H. Adams, both in mufti. Behind the uniformed men, a row of American flags lined the top step. The speakers' platform was draped in black and purple, and bore a painted seal of the City of New York. To the left of the platform was the band. We found ourself a seat at the press table. Behind us was a police barricade, and behind that was a crowd of people. A *Times* reporter sitting next to us said he estimated the size of the crowd at about five thousand. "They've filled up the Plaza, and now they're filling up the side streets," he told us.

Exactly at noon, the Mayor took his place on the platform. Then the Honorable Robert W. Dowling, listed in the program as "Cultural Executive, City of New York," stood up and asked us all to stand while Miss Leslie Uggams sang the national anthem. Miss Uggams, a pretty girl with a scarf over her hair, invited everybody to sing with her, and we could see her breath as she herself sang. Underneath us, the subway rumbled.

Monsignor George H. Guilfoyle, executive director of Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, pronounced an invocation, praying that the country might rise above hate and selfishness, and then Roy Wilkins, the executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, delivered a eulogy. The President loved people, Mr. Wilkins said, and he quoted from Rupert Brooke:

> "Blow out, you bugles, over the rich
> Dead!
> There's none of these so lonely and
> poor of old,
> But, dying, has made us rarer gifts
> than gold."

Next, Rabbi Israel Mowshowitz, the president of the New York Board of Rabbis, read the lament of David: "How are the mighty fallen!"

Theodore H. White, the writer, was the second eulogist. He spoke rapidly, keeping his mouth close to the microphones. "He was ours—of New York," said Mr. White. "He loved the muscle and vigor of our city, but even more he loved its spirit." Mr. White was followed by Miss Anderson, who sang "Let Us Break Bread Together," "Hear the Lambs A-Crying," and "Ride On, King Jesus." She was accompanied on a piano by Mr. William Lawrence, a small, elderly man with grizzled hair, a black suit, red socks, and a soft, lovely smile. The wind got up a bit during "Ride On, King Jesus," and Mr. Lawrence lost his music. A news photographer ran over, helped him pick it up, and then held it in place for him.

The Mayor was the final eulogist, and he said that he didn't have much to say. "Has anything been left unsaid?" he asked, and "Can we outlaw hate?" Mr. Wagner ended with the lines from "Hamlet":

> "Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy
> rest!"

A bugler from the Department of Sanitation band sounded taps.

Total Sculpture

A WALL STREET friend of ours who likes to keep abreast of our doings sent us a longish note last week. "You have recently developed an interest in Japanese gardens growing in odd places," it read. "You will therefore be interested in a discovery of mine. There's one going up right here in the financial district! Isamu Noguchi, the sculptor, is the man who designed it, and since you will, of course, decide that you want to talk to him, I will save you a certain amount of trouble by telling you that you can find him supervising the installation of the thing at Chase Manhattan Plaza (as the block bounded on the north and south by Liberty and Pine Streets, and on the east and west by William and Nassau Streets, now seems to be called)."

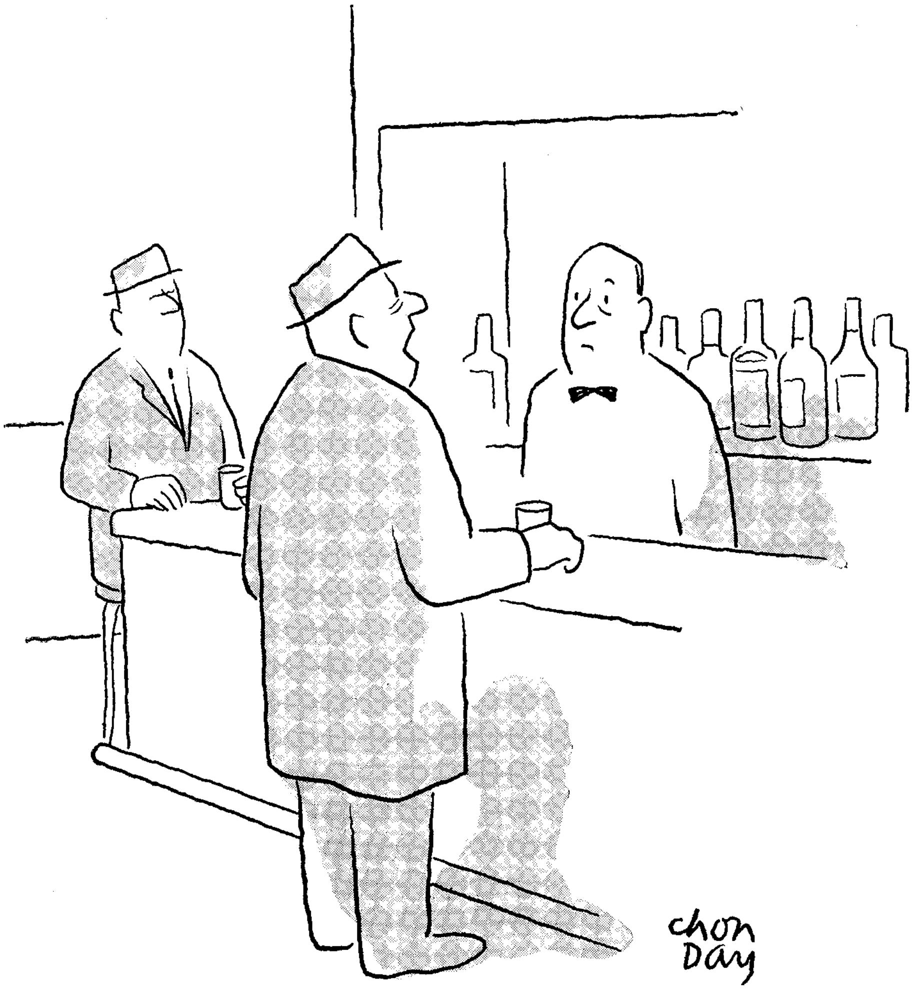
Our curiosity aroused, we went down to Chase Manhattan Plaza, took a look at Mr. Noguchi's garden, which is nearing completion, and talked to Mr. Noguchi. The first thing we have to report is that Mr. Noguchi does not like to call his garden a garden at all but prefers to think of it as a piece of "total sculpture." (So much for our Wall Street friend.) "Any garden is a sculpture for me," explained Mr. Noguchi, a short man of great energy, whom we found clambering over his creation and directing the activities of some fifteen workmen. "This garden especially so. It presents unique sculptural problems; it's round, sixty feet in diameter, and at the bottom of a sixteen-foot shaft, below the surface of the Plaza. At one side of it will be the head office of the Chase Manhattan Bank. That means it will be seen both laterally and aerially, and it has to be satisfactory on both levels. How was I to create such a three-dimensional sculpture? If I raised it too high, then no one could see it from below. If it just sat at the bottom of the shaft, it wouldn't mean anything to anybody looking down from above; people might flip a cigarette butt into it, as if it were a giant cuspidor, or toss pennies, as if it were a wishing well."

How *had* Mr. Noguchi created such a three-dimensional sculpture, we wanted to know.

"I've used seven large rocks, which I got from several dealers," Mr. Noguchi replied. "Instead of being sunk in the ground, as they would be in a traditional Japanese garden, some are poised on top of the ground. They're volatile. They're bursting out of the ground right up at you. They might have shot out of a volcano. I'm thinking of calling the sculpture 'Exploding Universe.' We live in an expanding universe; we're going to the moon. I've built a moonscape."

Mr. Noguchi paused, and we examined his large rocks, the last of which was being hoisted gently into place by seven workmen and a small winch. The rocks, if not actually exploding, did bear a resemblance to the meteors that used to fascinate us at the Hayden Planetarium. Near one of them, we noticed, was a cluster of water pipes, and next to another three workmen were placing small granite blocks—they looked like a cross between cobblestones and bathroom tiles—in concentric circles. We asked Mr. Noguchi what the pipes and the blocks were for. "The pipes will be a bubbling fountain," he said. "The whole place will be covered with water in the summer. The blocks are like tiles in that they will contain the water, but they're also a representation of the raked gravel in a more traditional Japanese garden. In addition, there will be water pouring gently over the large rocks—sort of a grace note, you might say. Then we might have some water lilies. I want to drain the place in the winter and put in some small trees, maybe. We might have other plantings in the spring and fall. It ought to change with the seasons. Of course, I'll have to educate the Chase Manhattan people about how to use this sculpture. This is a unique opportunity. Sculpture has been taken off the pedestal—the most artificial restriction ever invented for it."

The sculptor was about to say more, but at that moment one of the workmen at the winch beckoned, and he hurried over to help them set the rock just right. As we left, he was getting down on his hands and knees to peer at the underside of his universe.



"I'd have a lot less trouble with my wife if you people gave trading stamps."

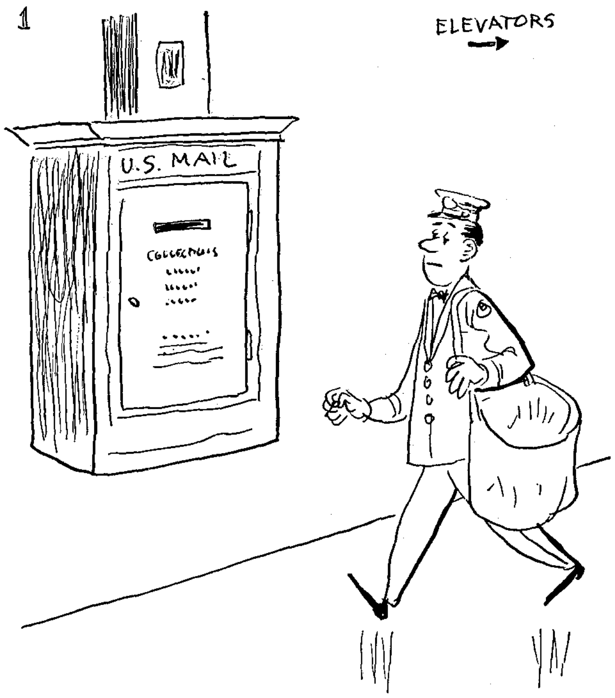
• •

Rededication

AT 12:28 P.M. on December 4, 1963, in the Security Council Chamber of the United Nations, our Ambassador, Adlai E. Stevenson, who is presiding over the Council this month, spoke on a draft resolution by Norway that is known in the archives as S/5469 and was identified on his typewritten address as "Statement on Apartheid." Governor Stevenson (as he is still called by his friends) began by saying, "Last Wednesday, the new President of the United States, speaking to a joint session of our Congress, rededicated the Government of the United States—and I use his words—'to the unswerving support of the United Nations.' I speak today in the spirit of that rededication, in the spirit of his plea for an 'end to the teachings and preachings of hate and evil and violence,' and in the spirit of his determination that 'it is'—to use his words—'our responsibility and our trust in this Year of Our Lord 1963 to strike the chains of bias and prejudice from minds and practices as Lincoln, a century ago, struck down slavery.' President Johnson's first message to our Congress included an urgent call for action to wipe out the remnants of racial discrimination in this country. No less firm is our opposition to racial discrimination anywhere. . . ."

Four hours before Governor Stevenson spoke, we called on him in his Waldorf suite as he was starting his usual breakfast-*cum*-work, a half grapefruit before him, the *Times* at his plate, the dining room filled with sunshine, the forty-second-floor view of the city unfogged, the telephone in the next room jangling, his housekeeper, Mrs. Viola Reardy (white-haired, pink-cheeked, cheerful), hovering over him, and the Governor himself, his hair freshly slicked and a crisp white handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket, looking wide-awake and eager to meet the day. When we remarked on how well he looked, he explained that he had had a vacation: three and a half days, over the Thanksgiving weekend, at Chelsea, an ancient plantation in Ridgeland, South Carolina, in the company of his sister, Mrs. Ernest L. Ives; his sons Adlai, Jr., and Borden; Adlai, Jr.'s, wife; and some friends. He had gone duck and quail hunting, he said—had got up at five every morning, put on heavy boots and corduroys, had breakfast, ridden horseback through the pine forest, dismounted to follow the hounds, and started shooting at sunup. "It's the longest rest holiday I've had in 1963," he told us. "I had none at all this past summer. In July, I was in Paris and Geneva, with the Economic and Social Council, and at the end of a couple of weeks of work I set out to visit friends at Lake Como, and was going on from there to visit my sister in Florence. My first day at Lake Como, the President—President Kennedy—called me. There were immediate decisions to be made about our policy in sundry places, including the Portuguese colonies in Africa. He said, 'If you can't come back, we can talk on the phone,' but I felt I ought to come back."

Mrs. Reardy removed the grapefruit shell, set in its place a plate of poached egg sprinkled with diced ham, offered the Governor some thick whole-wheat toast, and poured coffee into his cup. The Governor asked her if she would, at some point that morning, take an envelope he had addressed to the President of the Philippines down to the thirty-fifth floor, where the President of the Philippines happened to be staying, and just hand it to the guard there. He had scarcely made a dent in the poached egg when Mrs. Reardy asked him if he would take a call from our Ambassador to NATO, Thomas Finletter. The Governor said he would indeed, had a quick bite of toast, and excused himself to take the call. When he reappeared, he told us that he expected to speak on the Apartheid Resolution at the Security Council meeting scheduled to start at 10:30 A.M. but would first go to his



office at the United States Mission, across First Avenue from the U.N.'s General Assembly Building, for his daily meeting with his aides. "My speech should be waiting for me, with suggestions for possible changes," the Governor explained. "I finished writing it last night and sent it down to the State Department on the wire for the team there to go over it. I wrote a good part of the speech while presiding the past three days; I sit there and listen, and, during translations, try to get some of my own work done. This has been a bitter business with South Africa, working against her policy of apartheid—the total separation of the white and non-white populations. A resolution was drawn up while the debate was going on, and we may take the vote this morning."

We asked the Governor whether he didn't get discouraged by the bitterness inside as well as outside the country, and he said quickly that he was still optimistic. "The murder of President Kennedy was the act of a maniac, an individual maniac, and there's no evidence that it was political," he said. "There have been other shocking moments in our time, such as Pearl Harbor and the death of F.D.R. But there was a special poignancy to this tragedy: President Kennedy's youth, his promise, his vitality, his blithe spirit, all snuffed out so suddenly. There was the sense of incompleteness. He demonstrated that brains have some place in politics. One felt his sense of commitment to the rational, and to the possibility of doing something. Probably his firm stand for equal dignity for all people, not just white people, also contributed to the burst of sympathy, so universal, from friend and foe alike. After the tragedy, there were many eulogies—some brilliant—at the United Nations General Assembly. I had to speak last, and used the opportunity not only to talk about President Kennedy but also to affirm President Johnson's support for the U.N. and the continuity of American foreign policy. It was important to reassure the other nations quickly."

The Governor lit a cigarette over his coffee and, after a quick puff at it, said, "Somehow, I still have a complete sense of the importance of the United Nations, in spite of the frustrations and the exhausting trivia. I think of the United Nations, in the political field, as one of the great experiments of man. My job has become an exciting one. There's no issue in the world now that doesn't affect the United States. We're involved in everything. There are a hundred and ten other nations in the U.N., and I have to receive and talk with representatives of almost all of them, and there's no problem any more on which we can take the position that we're going to sit this one out. In my own day-to-day life, it's very much the way it was when I was campaigning for President; it's campaigning perpetually. The worst thing about running for President, for me, was that you had to shave twice a day, and you have to do that in this job, too."

He put out his cigarette, picked up his *Times*, grabbed his coat and hat, said goodbye to Mrs. Reardy, and urged us to come on. Going down in the elevator, he said we'd have to take a taxi, because he had given his car to a lady from the Peace Corps who had to make an official trip to the Bronx. His speech that day, he told us, would be his third important policy speech since Lyndon Johnson became President. "Last week, I stated President Johnson's views on the U.N. and the search for peace. I also had to speak on Outer Space to the First Committee—the first expression of our policy as it has been laid down by President Johnson—and I had some good quotations from past Johnson speeches that I could use," he said. "It was so very important for me to make known the continuity of our policy, such as the United States proposal for a joint effort by the Russians and the Americans to reach the moon, and the freedom-of-the-skies policy that we have laboriously worked out with the Russians over the past two years. Kennedy and Johnson, of course, had exactly the same policy. After the President's funeral, Johnson asked me to come back to the White House with him, and we talked a bit about it then, and we talked again after his address to the Joint Session of Congress, and then we had another conversation on the telephone, and after I'd made the speech he told me he'd heard it on the radio. It's an area he's been interested in—at first, as Senate leader—since the beginning. Few know more about it than Johnson."

Going down Second Avenue in the taxi, we asked the Governor how long he has known President Johnson. "Since 1933," he said. "I was assistant counsel in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and he was the bright, energetic, and liberal secretary of Congressman Dick Kleberg, with whom I played golf occasionally. Then, during the Second World War, when I was assistant to the Secretary of the Navy, my recollection is that after Pearl Harbor Lyndon wanted to get into the Navy and I handled his application for a Reserve commission. When he was elected to the Senate, I was Governor of Illinois. I was nominated for President by the Democrats in 1952 and 1956 while he was our majority leader in the Senate. So we met often in those years, while I was the party's leader. And, of course, constantly during the Kennedy administration. We've found common ground on most of the issues since the New Deal. President Johnson is a much better politician than I ever thought of being. He knows that the important thing is the objective, and you try to get as much as you can of it. He has incomparable managerial skill and is extremely mature. There's an old saying that the best politics is the least politics. President Johnson understands that. At the same time, I think the bold thing is the best politics. For a politician to be both right and bold is not easy."

At the United States Mission, we accompanied the Governor to his office, on the eleventh floor, where he put his coat and hat in a closet and sat down in a high-backed green leather swivel chair behind his desk, with his back to the picture window overlooking the U.N. He put on his glasses and started reading his mail and some papers on his desk while

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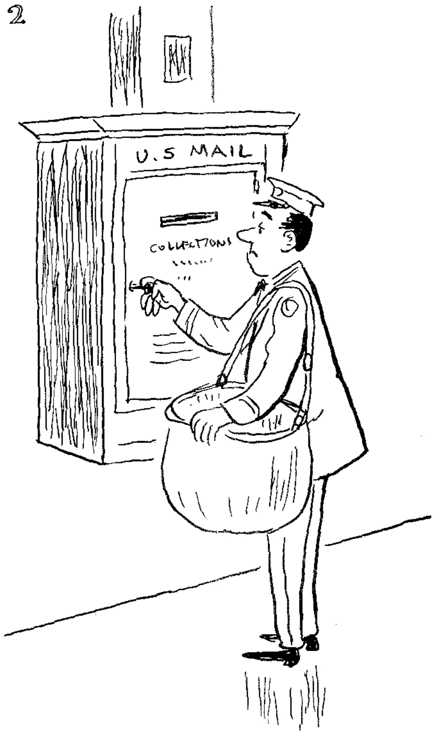

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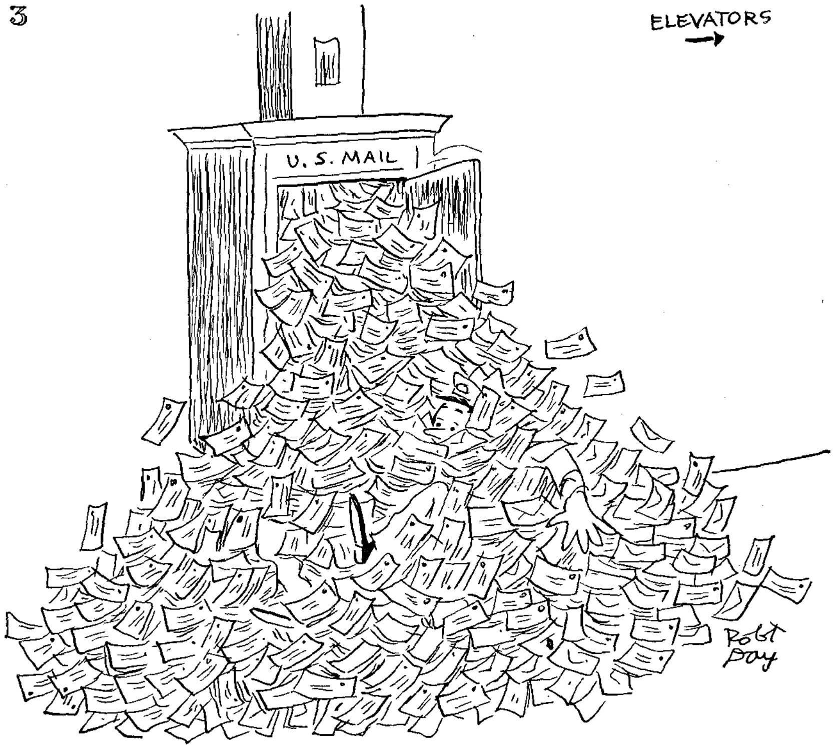


several secretaries and aides moved into his office. An hour later, after he had worked out appointments with the Korean Foreign Minister and twenty-six other people for the rest of the day and got through his daily session with his staff, he again said come on, and led us out to the elevator and down to the street, where he hurried us across First Avenue against the lights, dodging traffic. He practically ran up the drive to the General Assembly Building and into the Security Council Chamber. There, saying "hello"s and a couple of "*bonjour*"s, and greeting Secretary-General U Thant with a wave, he took his place in the center of the horseshoe-shaped table, behind the plaque reading "President." To his right sat U Thant, Sir Patrick Dean (United Kingdom), N. T. Fedorenko (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics), Privado G. Jiminez (Philippines), Sivert Nielsen (Norway), and Dey Ould Sidi Baba (Morocco). To his left sat Vladimir P. Suslov (Undersecretary-General), Tulio Alvarado (Venezuela), Carlos Bernardes (Brazil), Liu Chieh (China), Roger Seydoux (France), and Alex Quaison-Sackey (Ghana).

We went up to the gallery and took a seat just in time (10:45 A.M.) to see Governor Stevenson give a gentle tap of the gavel and hear him say, "The thousand-and-seventy-eighth session of the Security Council is now in session. . . . If I hear no objection, I shall take it that discussion is in order on Document S/5469. . . ."

The speeches started at 10:57 A.M. Sir Patrick Dean led off (sixteen minutes; for the Resolution, with objections on procedure), and was followed by Seydoux (seven minutes; for the Resolution) and then by Fedorenko (eleven minutes; for, also with objections on procedure). In almost every case, equal time was occupied by translations.

At 12:28 P.M., Governor Stevenson began to speak. He started off by saying, "Inasmuch as all the members of the Security Council have now spoken, I shall exercise my privilege of speaking on behalf of the United States," and ended by quoting President Kennedy as having said, "Is not peace, in the last analysis, a matter of human rights?" and declaring that the United States would vote for the draft resolution. (Eighteen minutes.) During the translation of his speech, there was a great deal of wandering around by the delegates and their aides, and several of them went over to Governor Stevenson and conferred with him. A few minutes later, Governor Stevenson announced that five more delegates had asked for, and been granted, time to speak. They were representatives of Liberia (". . . All that we ask is justice for the non-white majority. . . . In his recent, eloquent Thanksgiving Day address to the American people, President Lyndon B. Johnson declared, 'God made all of us, not some of us, in His image. All of us, not just some of us, are His children' "), Sierra Leone, Tunisia, India (". . . The resolution is, in our opinion, a step forward, perhaps a small one, but nevertheless a step forward"), and Ghana ("In view of our desire to coöperate with our Scandinavian friends . . . my delegation would not press its request"). Ambassador Nielsen, of Norway, then spoke a few words of thanks to Ghana for "the new sign of coöperation." The Ambassadors of the United Kingdom and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics both declared that they withdrew their objections to the resolution.

At 1:27 P.M., Governor Stevenson asked if anyone else wished to be heard, and when it appeared that no one did, he asked if there was "any objection to proceeding forthwith to a vote."

No one objected.

"All those in favor, please raise hands," Governor Stevenson said.

All representatives on the Council raised their hands. The Security Council was thereby appealing for a world-wide embargo on the shipment to South Africa of equipment for arms, as part of the drive to force her to abandon her policy of apartheid, and was, for the second time, condemning her for that policy.

"The result of the vote is unanimity," Governor Stevenson said. "I would suggest, therefore, that we adjourn."

As the representatives on each side of him arose, looking pleased, he sat quietly for a moment and then quickly gathered up his papers and left the Chamber.

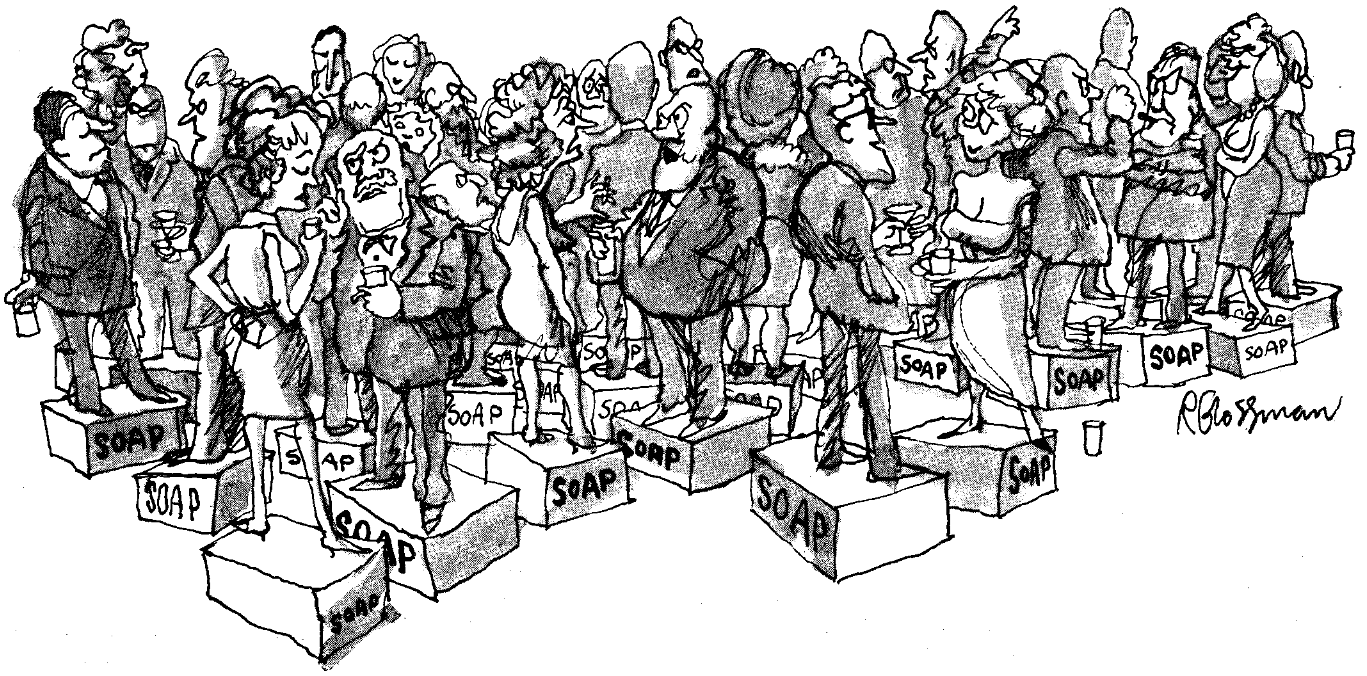
ONCE OVER LIGHTLY, AND PLEASE HUSH YOUR BAZOO

HIGH on the list of topics about which I unhesitatingly rate myself an ignoramus is the British press. I take in—largely to overawe the postman—an English newspaper or two and a couple of weeklies, I glibly misquote clerihews culled from the *New Statesman* competitions, and I carry around a copy of the London *Times*, folded to the agony column, on the off chance that some pretty bus passenger sharing my seat might need a conversational gambit. The economic, sporting, and financial news in these publications, though, could just as well be printed in Pushtu or Volapük for all the benefit I derive, and it's only when I encounter a basic, easily digestible subject, such as the hairdressers who cater to the social and artistic élite of London, that I feel other than a moldy fig.

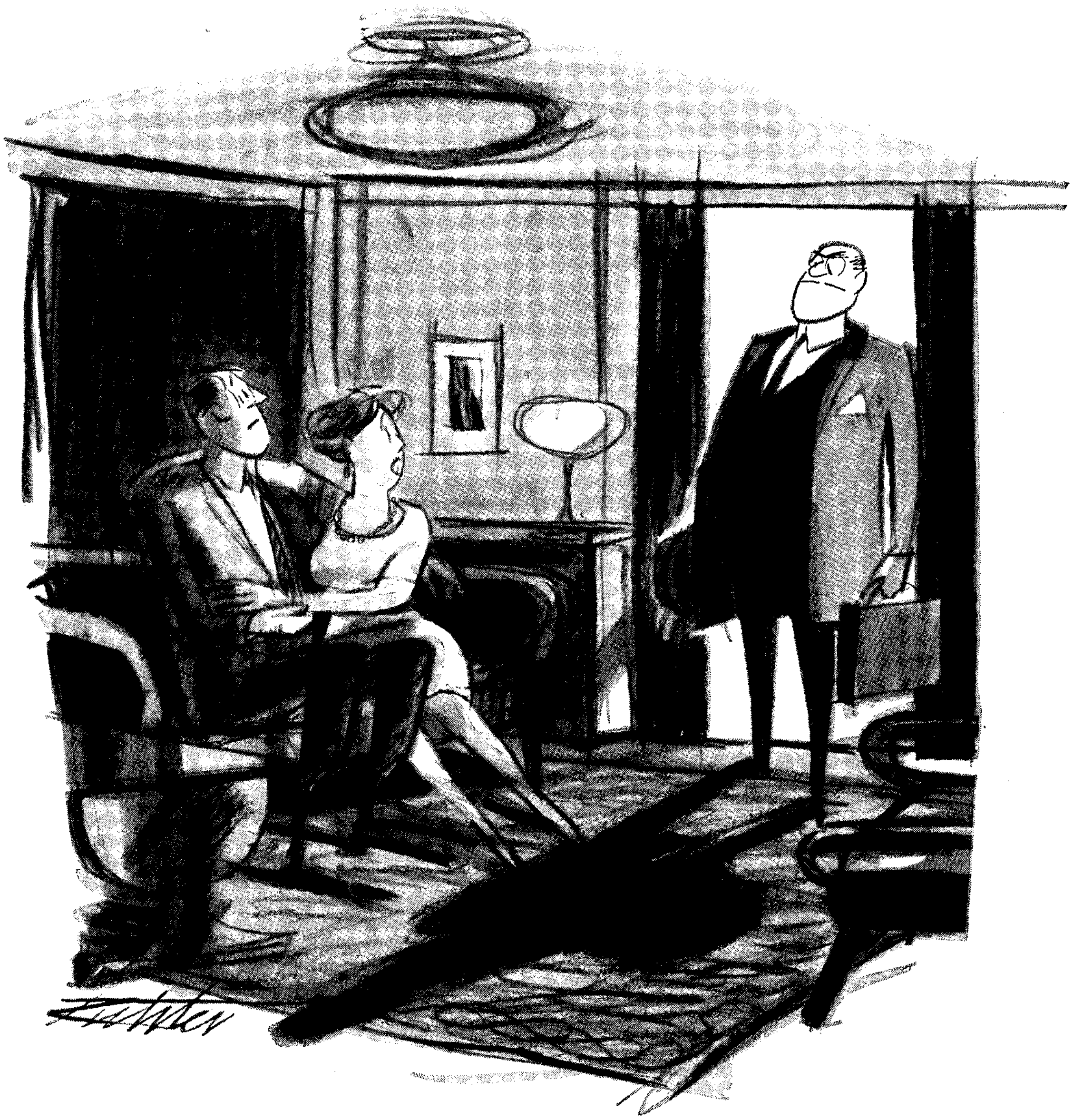
A good example of the sort of tonsorial feature I mean, containing plenty of resonant names and scads of tradition, appeared in the *Daily Mail* a while back. It was embodied in an interview with Prince Philip's personal barber, at the shop the latter managed in St. James's. In recognition of his dexterity with the shears, the establishment had been awarded its fifth Royal Warrant, and everyone was bathed in gratification. Without impugning the manager's artistry, however, the reporter pointed out that his predecessor, a Mr. Topper (*sic*), had been quite as gifted, his clients on his demise, at seventy-two, having included the Duke of Windsor, the late Duke of Kent, Mr. Harold Macmillan, Nubar Gulbenkian, Earl Mountbatten, and Sir Gordon Richards. But even *he*, it emerged, was a gosling compared to the ninety-two-year-old barber who still periodically trimmed Sir Winston Churchill. An absorbing account in every way, though I feel it would have rounded out the picture to learn who cut the hoary hairdresser's locks.

Another pastiche on the same order, but stressing a more cultural aspect, materialized in the *Observer*, which found copy in the memorabilia of a renowned playwright. "Some of Bernard Shaw's hair and whiskers came up for our inspection last week," it announced, with quiet pride. "The property of Mr. Henry Mulcrone Edwards, aged sixty-five, a barber, who now works in a saloon at the back of the American Cigar Stores behind St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mr. Edwards, who cut Shaw's hair regularly at Whitehall Court, keeps these valuables wrapped up in brown paper labelled 'Bernard Shaw. Hair and whiskers. October 14, 1943. Time 4:45 P.M.' He explains: 'It may not seem anything much. But I had all the dealings with his hair and beard for a long time. And with the times we're living in these days it is rather interesting.' " From his Olympian vantage as Shaw's hirsute counsellor, Mr. Edwards proceeded to evaluate him professionally: " 'His hair was whiter than his beard. The beard kept its colour more and was what we call ginger in the trade. Actually, the hair was rather coarse. Quite common in itself. You wouldn't call it anything special in the hair industry.' " In other words, Mr. Edwards seemed to be saying that however adept his client may have been at fashioning situation and dialogue, however brilliant his unorthodoxy, he just didn't shape up hairwise. I stiffened in expectation. Could this be the prelude to important new sidelights on Shaw's character? Disappointingly, Mr. Edwards chickened out and hid behind biographical glucose: " 'But a wonderful man underneath it. Never any trouble. Made no appointment. Came in casually like anyone else. A great memory. After a month he'd come back and converse on the same subject he'd been speaking on before. We'd be speaking about apples, say. He'd come back to apples the next time I cut his hair.' " Evidently deciding that these fruity colloquies were of no transcendent importance, the interviewer inquired whether G.B.S. knew that Mr. Edwards was saving his hair. " 'No,' " the barber answered. " 'But he said he often wondered what became of it.' "

WITH the curious persistence Life often shows for copying Art, it chanced that shortly after I read the preceding I ran into a worthy whose recollections equal, and possibly dwarf, those of Mr. Edwards. The hamlet in rural Pennsylvania where I procure sterile lawn seed and toothless hack-saw blades contains a barbershop I have patronized intermittently for thirty years. Its service, hygiene, and prices were, in my experience, maladroit, questionable, and exorbitant, yet every so often direst necessity impelled me back there. My misgivings as I approached it this time, though, were partly allayed by the sign "Under New Management" in the window. The disgruntled, lard-faced pair of attendants I remembered had



yielded to a fine old patriarch in a surgical smock, who was vigorously massaging tonic into the scalp of a high-school youth. Picking up a tattered photo album, I mused over the tribulations of a bevy of French models caught in a chiffon shortage until the barber's voice dispelled my fantasies.



"Ronald! What happened to the filibuster?"

"You certainly were immersed in that portfolio, sir," he remarked as he enveloped me in an apron. "Had quite a time bringing you out of it."

"Yes," I confessed. "I don't get over to France nowadays as much as I'd like to, and I want to keep up with the trends."

He clucked appreciatively. "Intellectual curiosity," he said. "There's precious little of it around these days, if you ask me. You been interested in women long?"

"Only since boyhood," I said. "Forty-five years at most. How about you?"

"Well, I go back a bit further than that, frankly," he said. "I'll be a hundred and thirteen next March, though I may not look it. And I'll tell you this—these modern women are a joke. All padding and zippers, no real meat on 'em. You take Margarete Matzenauer and Emmy Destinn, for instance." He molded expressive patterns in the air. "Now, *there* were a couple of big strapping girls. Plenty of brisket fore and aft."

I expressed chagrin at never having known any opera stars—or, indeed, any women—of such magnitude, and observed that he must have met a host of celebrities in his career.

"Sometimes I can barely remember their names," he said. "I learned my trade in the downtown financial district of New York back in the seventies, starting as a brushboy at nominal wages. All the high mucky-mucks used to come into the shop—Jay Gould, Boss Tweed, Richard Canfield—and when they saw what a wide-awake lad I was, they soon took me into their confidence. Incidentally, Tweed's one of the most misunderstood men in history. Sure, he had a bluff, rugged exterior, but behind the mask there was an idealist, a bold and original thinker."

"I guess certain individuals just naturally attract legends," I hazarded. "That story about his looting the public funds—"

"Balderdash," he said contemptuously. "Lies from beginning to end. He was railroaded by a pack of do-gooders and wild-eyed spinsters. Look, sonny, keep your head still, will you?"

"The clippers hurt my neck," I complained.

"Probably a little rusty," he said, tapping them on the headrest. "I laid 'em up on the porch roof to air out and it came on to rain. Well, as I started to say, I was a bright kid and I knew enough to get out of Wall Street while I was still ahead. I went out West and panned gold for a spell with another youngster, by the name of Bret Harte, but he was bitten by the journalism bug, mooned around and couldn't keep his mind on his work, so I sold out my interest and drifted over to Utah. Did all right there, too," he added reminiscently. "I was the youngest elder in the Mormon Church by the time I was eighteen. I had five wives, and whenever anything went wrong in the Tabernacle, it was yours truly they sent for. Then one day I came to my senses. 'You're a chump, Billy Watson,' I said to myself. That's my name—Billy Watson. They used to call me Sliding Billy, because I slid around from one occupation to another. 'Is this your idea of success—a Mormon trouble-shooter?' I knew I'd never make the grade again as a brushboy with five wives, so I settled a goodly sum on each of them and lit out for Europe."

"Er—excuse me," I broke in. "Don't cut it too short in front, will you?"

"No, I see you roach it down to give the impression of a forehead underneath," he said, with a sympathetic nod. "By the way, did anyone ever tell you that you're his spit and image?"

"Whose?"

"Why, Robert Ingersoll's, of course," he replied. "The great agnostic. You're as alike as two peas in a pod. You sure you're not related?"

"Well, I *was* kind of influenced by his ideas in school," I admitted. "I wrote an essay my senior year, called 'Science Versus Religion,' that was pretty outspoken for a boy with no forehead."

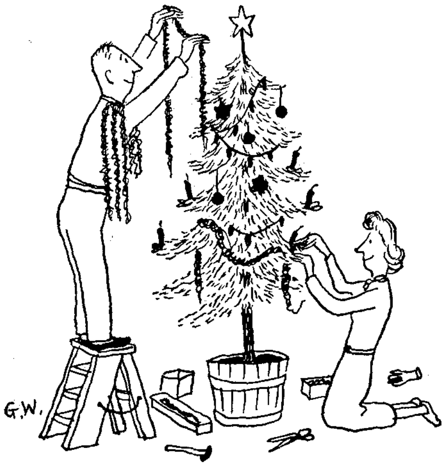
"There, what did I say!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "No wonder I spotted the resemblance. Many's the time I appeared on the same lecture platform in Chautauqua with Colonel Ingersoll and Houdini and Thurston—all those escape artists. Anyhow, where was I? . . . Oh, yes, Europe. Well, on account of I was a hot-blooded young fellow, I eventually gravitated over to Paris, and, first thing you know, I was mixed up with the whole bohemian crowd around Maxim's—Victorien Sardou, the Lefcourt brothers who wrote that journal, Liane de Pougy, and Jack Offenbach, the composer." He chuckled reminiscently. "He was a real swinger, that Offenbach. I well remember the time he walked in and offered thirty thousand dollars, which was a lot of mazuma in those days, to anybody that could think up a dessert named after Nellie Melba."

"Peach Melba?" I asked. "I thought it was—what's his name?—Escoffier who invented that."

"You bet it was, Buster," he asserted, "and I was sitting right there in Maxim's with Count Boni de Castellane and the Czarevitch when he did. But, as I said before, I was too restless to stay put very long, so I pulled up stakes. Came back home and went into business with a party named Haldeman-Julius, out in Kansas, publishing those five-cent classics in blue covers. We had a bright bunch of lads in that organization—Brann the Iconoclast and Lafcadio Hearn, among others—and we were coining money hand over fist when along came an opportunity that fired my imagination. The group that controlled the Hotel Astor barbershop back East was selling out, and, knowing that I wanted a good central location—"

"How did they know that?" I queried.

"Through the grapevine . . . the newspapers— How the hell should I remember?" Watson retorted impatiently. "Don't interrupt. Well, it was a tough decision, but I shook hands with Haldeman-Julius and bowed out. As luck would have it, though, I lost my bankroll on the train somewhere outside Chicago, playing klabiatsch with a couple of strangers, and I didn't have the wherewithal to consummate the deal. Fortunately, a few of my old Wall Street acquaintances, like Henry Clews, Russell Sage, and the Van Sweringens, rallied together and chipped in the needful. That place was a bonanza, my friend. In the fifty-two years I managed it, every luminary on the Gay White Way was a patron of mine, from Ira Gershwin to Ira Wallach, from Jerry Kern to Jerry Robbins, from David Belasco to David Merrick. The next time you're over in New York, drop around to the Public Library and look at the Watson Hair Index in the theatre collection."



"You mean to say you kept a record of all those people's hair?"

"Not a record, bub," he said with disdain. "The hair itself—over six hundred actual specimens, each in a separate glassine envelope, autographed and witnessed by a notary public. It's practically an encyclopedia of show business. I was offered a fortune by Sardi's and various other restaurants, who wanted to use it for display purposes, but I felt it had to be preserved for future generations of research students. Well," he concluded, as he whipped off my apron and backed off to scrutinize his handiwork, "there you are. Nothing to brag about, but a lot better than you could do yourself."

"It certainly is," I agreed, and handed him a twenty-dollar bill. All of a sudden, the import of his words struck me. "Wait a minute, Mr. Watson," I said quickly. "Are you implying that a person could cut his own hair if he had to?"

"Why not?" he returned. "I've been doing it ever since I was ninety—nothing's impossible. . . . Here, young fellow, don't you want your change?"

"No, thanks," I sang out from the door. "You keep it. You just gave me a honey of an idea."

And he had, believe you me.

—S. J. PERELMAN

A STORM OF LOVE

Nightsea and violet wave,
The Negroes at the pump,
Uneven storms that have
The ship gripped by the lamp—
Vain dizzy striving:
Rude oblivion,
You ride the whitecaps and are
Close heart to every scuttling star.

Crouch in the shrouds then; safety is
Only a land hypothesis;
The bearing element
Is broken liquid strings that do not hold.
Water and air are one fire.
Spire and crackle of heaven hellbent
Fold on the gloom-broached parapet,
Doom beyond use of tackle
Or spending of black sweat.

Easy for me who have done my time
On roller coasters; but you where the sea's detritus
Has turned land had built your stone house
Only in earshot of the shingle-knock
That lulled your night-hours.
That dull rhyme and cradle-rock
I have brought you out of into this carouse.
So we go down together. In God's name,
No pity for you and for me no blame!

—HILARY CORKE

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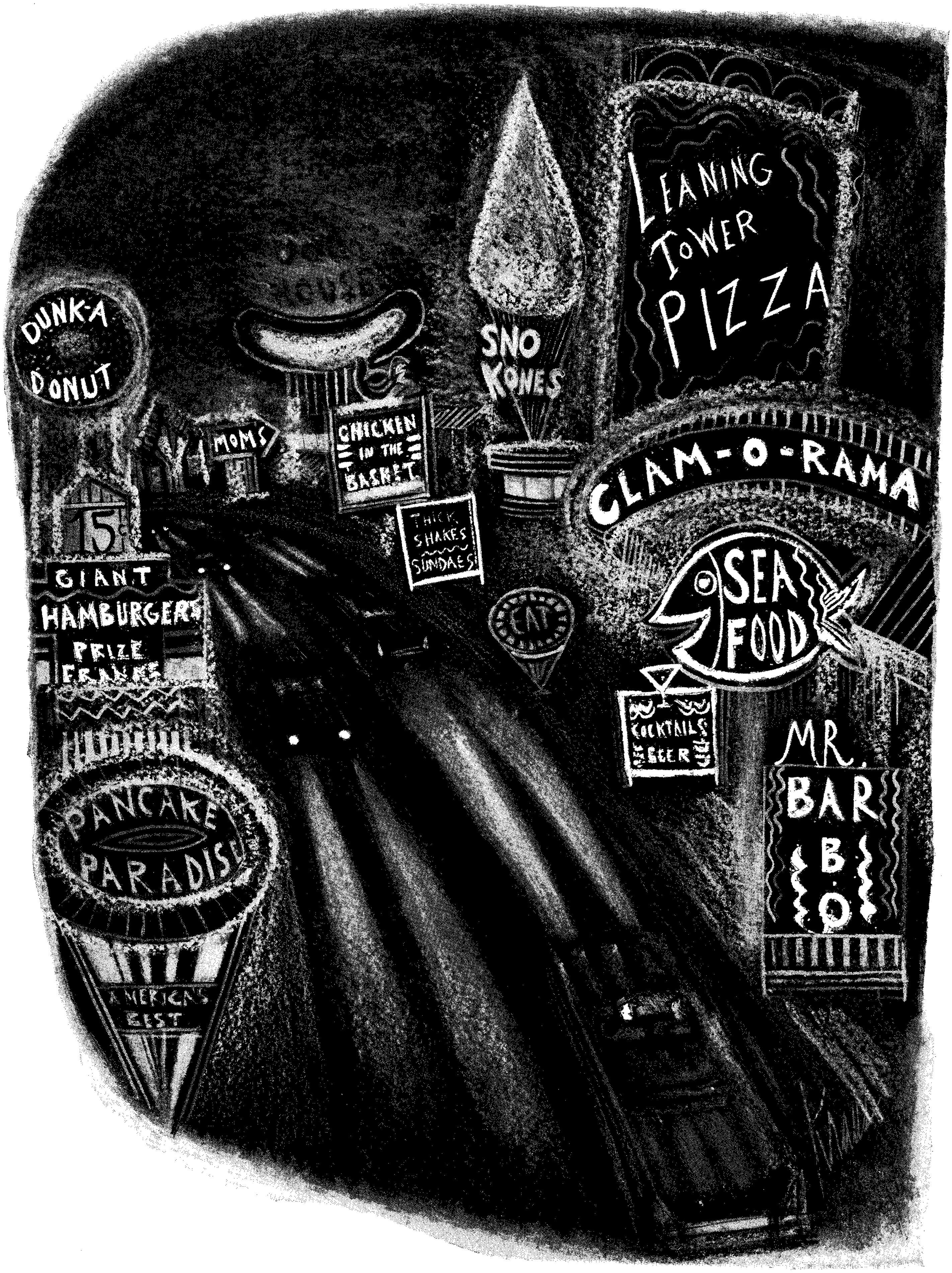

DUNK-A DONUT
MOMS
CHICKEN IN THE BASKET
SNO KONES
LEANING TOWER PIZZA
CLAM-O-RAMA
THICK SHAKES SUNDAES
EAT
15¢
GIANT HAMBURGERS
PRIZE FRANKS
SEA FOOD
COCKTAILS BEER
MR. BAR B Q
PANCAKE PARADISE
AMERICA'S BEST

"Hungry?"

THE ICE WAGON GOING DOWN THE STREET

I

NOW that they are out of world affairs and back where they started, Peter Frazier's wife says, "Everybody else did well in the international thing except us."

"You have to be crooked," he tells her.

"Or smart. Pity we weren't."

It is Sunday morning. They sit in the kitchen, drinking their coffee, slowly, remembering the past. They say the names of people as if they were magic. Peter thinks, *Agnes Brusen*, but there are hundreds of other names. As a private married joke, Peter and Sheilah wear the silk dressing gowns they bought in Hong Kong. Each thinks the other a peacock, rather splendid, but they pretend the dressing gowns are silly and worn in fun.

Peter and Sheilah and their two daughters, Sandra and Jennifer, are visiting Peter's unmarried sister, Lucille. They have been Lucille's guests seventeen weeks, ever since they returned to Toronto from the Far East. Their big old steamer trunk blocks a corner of the kitchen, making a problem of the refrigerator door; but even Lucille says the trunk may as well stay where it is, for the present. The Fraziers' future is so unsettled; everything is still in the air.

Lucille has given her bedroom to her two nieces and sleeps on a camp cot in the hall. The parents have the living-room divan. They have no privileges here; they sleep after Lucille has seen the last television show that interests her. In the hall closet their clothes are crushed by winter overcoats. They know they are being judged for the first time. Sandra and Jennifer are waiting for Sheilah and Peter to decide. They are waiting to learn where these exotic parents will fly to next. What sort of climate will Sheilah consider? What job will Peter consent to accept? When the parents are ready, the children will make a decision of their own. It is just possible that Sandra and Jennifer will choose to stay with their aunt.

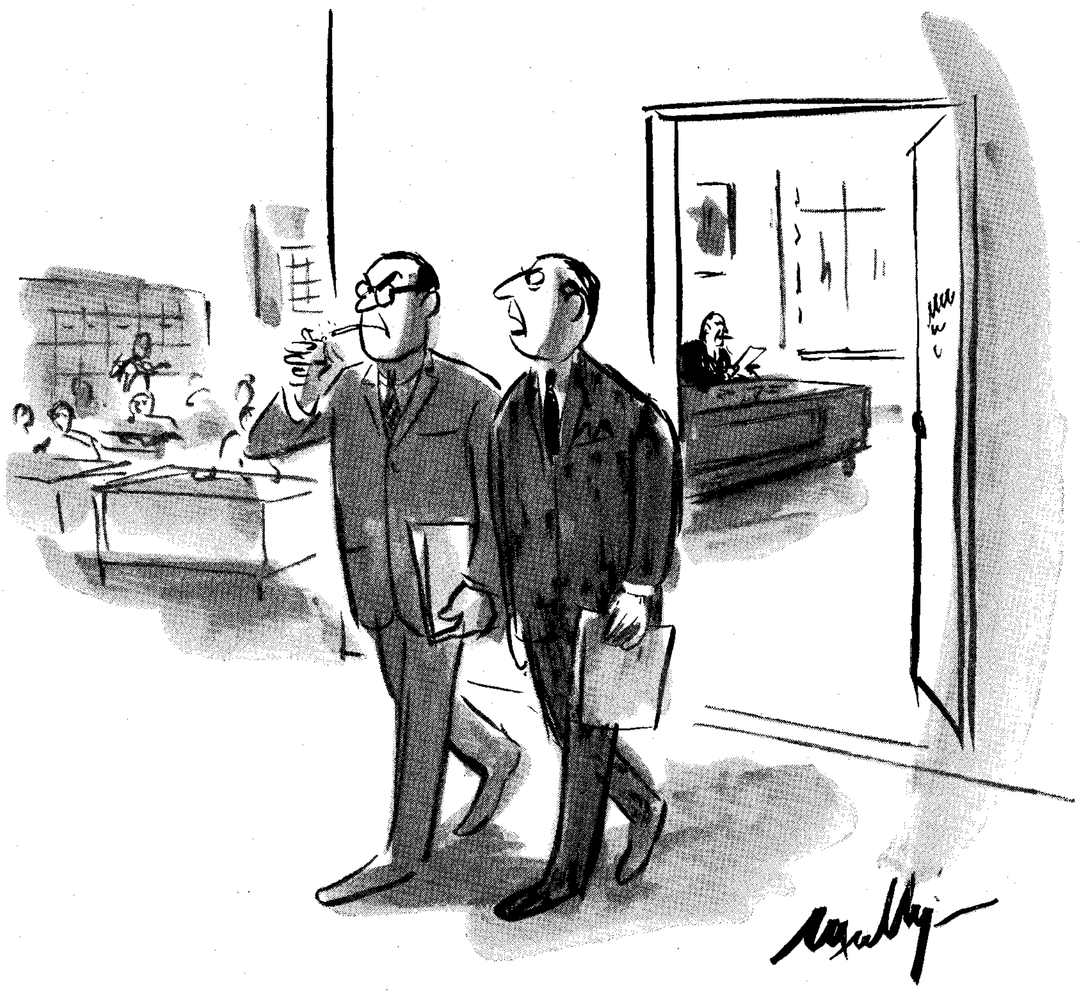
The peacock parents are watched by wrens. Lucille and her nieces are much the same—sandy-colored, proudly plain. Neither of the girls has the father's insouciance or the mother's appearance—her height, her carriage, her thick hair, and sky-blue eyes. The children are more cautious than their parents; more Canadian. When they first saw their aunt's apartment, they had been away from Canada nine years, ever since they were two and four; and Jennifer, the elder, said, "Well, now we're home." Her voice is nasal and flat. Where did she learn that voice? And why should this be home? Peter's answer to anything about his mystifying children is, "It must be in the blood."

On Sunday morning Lucille takes her nieces to church. It seems to be the only condition she imposes on her relations: the children must be decent. The girls go willingly, with their new hats and purses and gloves and coral bracelets and strings of pearls. The parents, ramshackle, sleepy, dim in the brain because it is Sunday, sit down to their coffee and privacy and talk of the past.

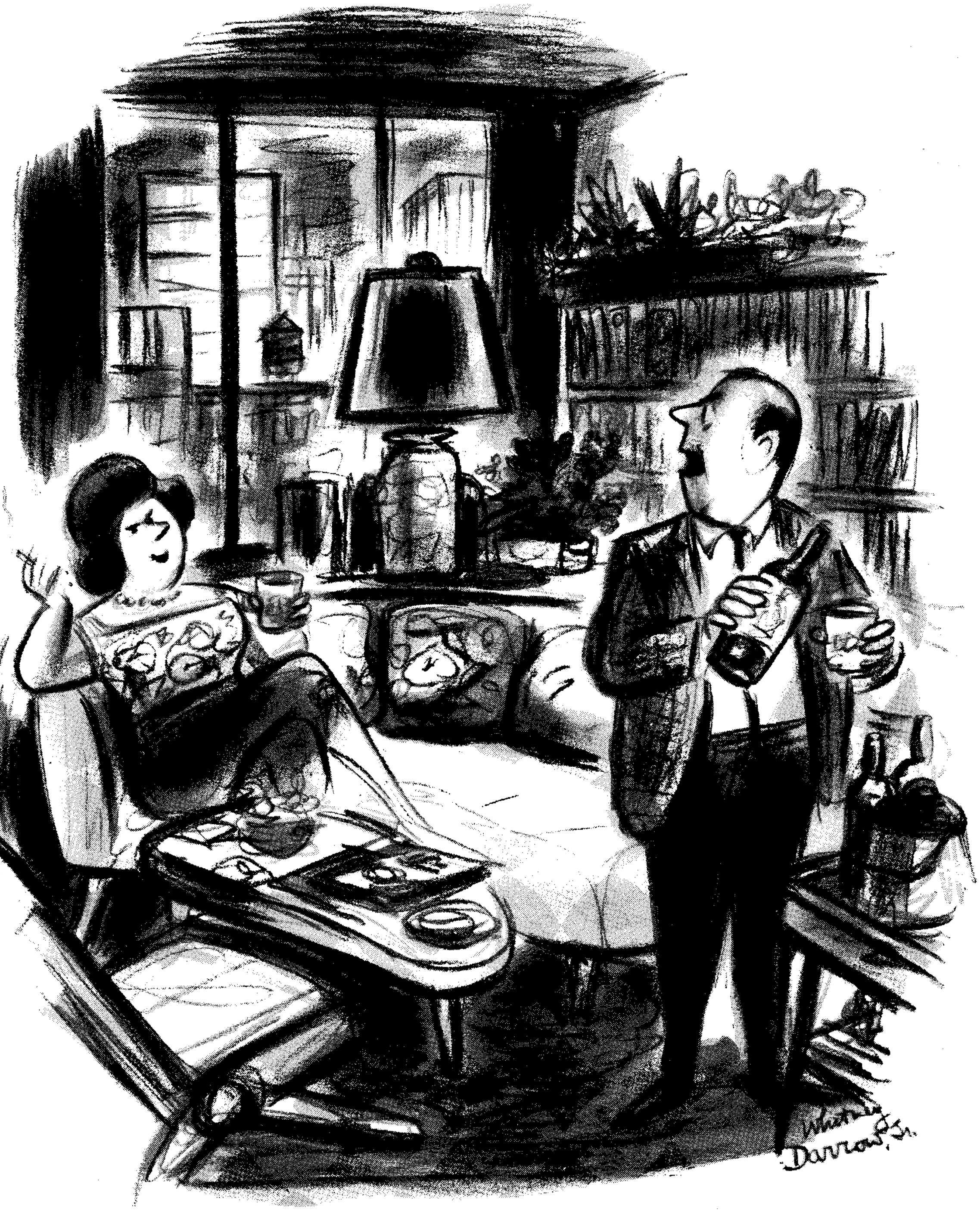
"We weren't crooked," says Peter. "We weren't even smart."

Sheilah's head bobs up; she is no drowner. It is wrong to say they have nothing to show for time. Sheilah has the Balenciaga. It is a black afternoon dress, stiff and boned at the waist, long for the fashions of now, but neither Sheilah nor Peter would change a thread. The Balenciaga is their talisman, their treasure; and after they remember it they touch hands and think that the years are not behind them but hazy and marvellous and still to be lived.

The first place they went to was Paris. In the early fifties the pick of the international jobs was there. Peter had inherited the last scrap of money he knew he was ever likely to see, and it was enough to get them over: Sheilah and Peter and the babies and the steamer trunk. To their joy and astonishment they had money in the bank. They said to each other, "It should last a year." Peter was fastidious about the new job; he hadn't come all this distance to accept just anything. In Paris he met Hugh



"Any time I'm being a yes-man it's because I'm thinking 'yes.'"


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Why is it whenever I criticize someone, you decide to be charitable?"

• •

Taylor, who was earning enough smuggling gasoline to keep his wife in Paris and a girl in Rome. That impressed Peter, because he remembered Taylor as a sour scholarship student without the slightest talent for life. Taylor had a job, of course. He hadn't said to himself, "I'll go over to Europe and smuggle gasoline." It gave Peter an idea; he saw the shape of things. First you catch your fish. Later, at an international party, he met Johnny Hertzberg, who told him Germany was the place. Hertzberg said that anyone who came out of Germany broke now was too stupid to be here, and deserved to be back home at a desk. Peter nodded, as if he had already thought of that. He began to think about Germany. Paris was fine for a holiday, but it had been picked clean. Yes, Germany. His money was running low. He thought about Germany quite a lot.

That winter was moist and delicate; so fragile that they daren't speak of it now. There seemed to be plenty of everything and plenty of time. They were living the dream of a marriage, the fabric uncut, nothing slashed or spoiled. All winter they spent their money, and went to parties, and talked about Peter's future job. It lasted four months. They spent their money, lived in the future, and were never as happy again.

After four months they were suddenly moved away from Paris, but not to Germany—to Geneva. Peter thinks it was because of the incident at the Trudeau wedding at the Ritz. Paul Trudeau was a French-Canadian Peter had known at school and in the Navy. Trudeau had turned into a snob, proud of his career and his Paris connections. He tried to make the difference felt, but Peter thought the difference was only for strangers. At the wedding reception Peter lay down on the floor and said he was dead. He held a white azalea in a brass pot on his chest and sang, "O, hear us when we cry to Thee for those in peril on the sea." Sheilah bent over him and said, "Pete, darling, get up. Pete, listen, every single person who can do something for you is in this room. If you love me, you'll get up."

"I do love you," he said, ready to engage in a serious conversation. "She's so beautiful," he told a second face. "She's nearly as tall as I am. She was a model in London. I met her over in London in the war. I met her there in the war." He lay on his back with the azalea on his chest, explaining their history. A waiter took the brass pot away, and after Peter had been hauled to his feet he knocked the waiter down. Trudeau's bride, who was freshly out of an Ursuline convent, became hysterical; and even though Paul Trudeau and Peter were old acquaintances, Trudeau never spoke to him again. Peter says now that French-Canadians always have that bit of spite. He says Trudeau asked the Embassy to interfere. Luckily, back home there were still a few people to whom the name "Frazier" meant something, and it was to these people that

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2
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

Peter appealed. He wrote letters saying that a French-Canadian combine was preventing his getting a decent job, and could anything be done? No one answered directly, but it was clear that what they settled for was exile to Geneva—a season of meditation and remorse, as he explained to Sheilah—and it was managed tactfully, through Lucille. Lucille wrote that a friend of hers, May Fergus, now a secretary in Geneva, had heard about a job. The job was filing pictures in the information service of an international agency in the Palais des Nations. The pay was so-so, but Lucille thought Peter must be getting fed up doing nothing.

Peter often asks his sister now who put her up to it—what important person told her to write that letter suggesting Peter go to Geneva?

"Nobody," says Lucille. "I mean, nobody in the way *you* mean. I really did have this girl friend working there, and I knew you must be running through your money pretty fast in Paris."

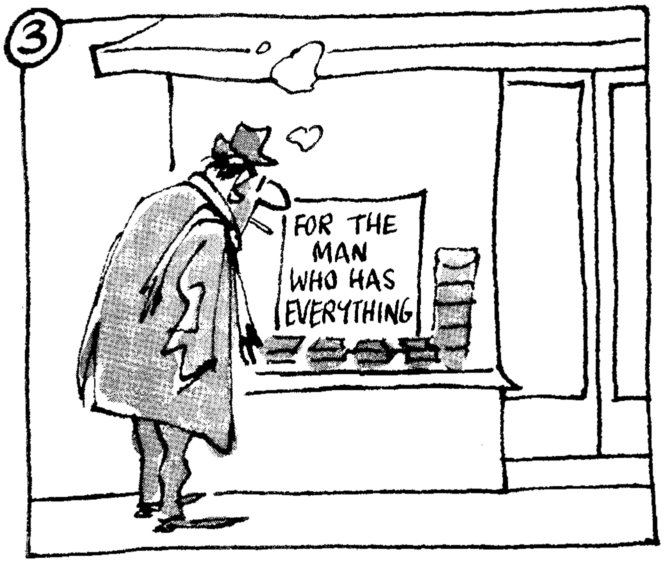
"It must have been somebody pretty high up," Peter says. He looks at his sister admiringly, as he has often looked at his wife.

PETER's wife had loved him in Paris. Whatever she wanted in marriage she found that winter, there. In Geneva, where Peter was a file clerk and they lived in a furnished flat, she pretended they were in Paris and life was still the same. Often, when the children were still at supper, she changed as though she and Peter were dining out. She wore the Balenciaga, and put candles on the card table where she and Peter ate their meal. The neckline of the dress was soiled with makeup. Peter remembers her dabbing on the makeup with a wet sponge. He remembers her in the kitchen, in the soiled Balenciaga, patting on the makeup with a filthy sponge. Behind her, at the kitchen table, Sandra and Jennifer, in buttonless pajamas and bunny slippers, ate their supper of marmalade sandwiches and milk. When the children were asleep, the parents dined solemnly, ritually, Sheilah sitting straight as a queen.

It was a mysterious period of exile, and he had to wait for signs, or signals, to know when he was free to leave. He never saw the job any other way. He forgot he had applied for it. He thought he had been sent to Geneva because of a misdemeanor and had to wait to be released. Nobody pressed him at work. His immediate boss had resigned, and he was alone for months in a room with two desks. He read the *Herald Tribune*, and tried to discover how things were here—how the others ran their lives on the pay they were officially getting. But it was a closed conspiracy. He was not dealing with adventurers now but civil servants waiting for pension day. No one ever answered his questions. They pretended to think his questions were a form of wit. His only solace in exile was the few happy weekends he had in the late spring and early summer. He had met another old acquaintance, Mike Burleigh. Mike was a serious liberal who had married a serious heiress. The Burleighs had two guest lists. The first was composed of stuffy people they felt obliged to entertain, while the second was made up of their real friends, the friends they wanted. The real friends strove hard to become stuffy and dull and thus achieve the first guest list, but few succeeded. Peter went on the first list straightaway. Possibly Mike didn't understand, at the beginning, why Peter was pretending to be a file clerk. Peter had such an air—he might have been sent by a universal inspector to see how things in Geneva were being run.

Every Friday in May and June and part of July, the Fraziers rented a sky-blue Fiat and drove forty miles east of Geneva to the Burleighs' summer house. They brought the children, a suitcase, the children's tattered picture books, and a token bottle of gin. This, in memory, is a period of water and water birds; swans, roses, and singing birds. The children were small and still belonged to them. If they remember too much, their mouths water, their stomachs hurt. Peter says, "It was fine while it lasted." Enough. While it lasted, Sheilah and Madge Burleigh were close. They abandoned their husbands and spent long summer afternoons comparing their mothers and praising each other's skin and hair. To Madge, and not to Peter, Sheilah opened her Liverpool childhood with the words "rat poor." Peter heard about it later, from Mike. The women's friendship seemed to Peter a bad beginning. He trusted women, but not with each other. The friendship with the Burleighs lasted ten weeks. One Sunday, Madge said she needed the two bedrooms the Fraziers usually occupied for a party of sociologists from Pakistan, and that was the end. In November, the Fraziers heard that the summer house had been closed and that the Burleighs were in Geneva, in their winter flat; they gave no sign. There was no help for it, and no appeal.

Now Peter began firing letters to anyone who had ever known his late father. He was living in a mild yellow autumn. Why does he remember the streets of the city dark, and the windows everywhere black with rain? He remembers being with Sheilah and the children as if they clung together while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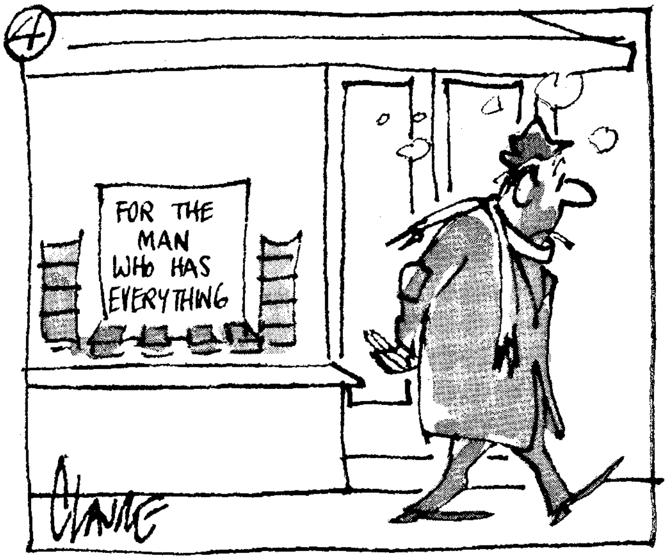
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING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FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

just outside their small shelter it rained and rained. The children slept in the bedroom of the flat because the window gave on the street and they could breathe air. Peter and Sheilah had the living-room couch. Their window was not a real window but a square on a well of cement. The flat seemed damp as a cave. Peter remembers steam in the kitchen, pools under the sink, sweat on the pipes. Water streamed on him from the children's clothes, washed and dripping overhead. The trunk, upended in the children's room, was not quite unpacked. Sheilah had not signed her name to this life; she had not given in. Once Peter heard her drop her aitches. "You kids are lucky," she said to the girls. "I never 'ad so much as a sit-down meal. I ate chips out of a paper or I 'ad a butty out on the stairs." He never asked her what a butty was. He thinks it means bread and cheese.

The day he heard "You kids are lucky," he understood they were becoming in fact something they had only *appeared* to be until now—the shabby civil servant and his brood. If he had been European, he would have ridden to work on a bicycle, in the uniform of his class and condition. He would have worn a tight coat, a turned collar, and a dirty tie. He wondered then if coming here had been a mistake, and if he should not, after all, still be in a place where his name meant something. Surely Peter Frazier should live where "Frazier" counts? In Ontario, even now, when he says "Frazier" an absent look comes over his hearer's face, as if its owner were consulting an interior guide. What is "Frazier"? What does it mean? Oil? Power? Politics? Wheat? Real estate? The creditors had the house sealed when Peter's father died. His aunt collapsed with a heart attack in somebody's bachelor apartment, leaving three sons and a widower to surmise they had never known her. Her will was a disappointment. None of that generation left enough. One generation made it: the granite Presbyterian immigrants from Scotland. Their children, a generation of daunted women and maiden men, held still. Peter's father's crowd spent; they were not afraid of their fathers, and their grandfathers were old. Peter and his sister and his cousins lived on the remains. They were left the rinds of income, of notions, and the memories of ideas rather than ideas intact. If Peter can choose his reincarnation, let him be the oppressed son of a Scottish parson. Let Peter grow up on cuffs and iron principles. Let him make the fortune! Let him flee the manse! When he was small, his patrimony was squandered under his nose. He remembers people dancing in his father's house. He remembers seeing and nearly understanding adultery in a guest room, among a pile of wraps. He thought he had seen a murder; he never told. He remembers licking glasses wherever he found them—on window sills, on stairs, in the pantry. In his room he listened while Lucille read Beatrix Potter. The bad rabbit stole the carrot from the good rabbit without saying please, and downstairs was the noise of the party—the roar of the crouched lion. When his father died, he saw the chairs upside down and the bailiff's chalk marks. Then the doors were sealed.

He has often tried to tell Sheilah why he cannot be defeated. He remembers his father saying, "Nothing can touch us," and Peter believed it and still does. It has prevented his taking his troubles too seriously. "Nothing can be as bad as this," he will tell himself. "It is happening to me." Even in Geneva, where his status was file clerk, where he sank and stopped on the level of the men who never emigrated, the men on the bicycles—even there he had a manner of strolling to work as if his office were a pastime and his real life a secret so splendid he could share it with no one except himself.

II

In Geneva Peter worked for a woman—a girl. She was a Norwegian from a small town in Saskatchewan. He supposed they had been put together because they were Canadians, but they were as strange to each other as if "Canadian" meant any number of things, or had no real meaning. Soon after Agnes Brusen came to the office, she hung her framed university degree on the wall. It was one of the gritty, prideful gestures that stand for push, toil, and family sacrifice. He thought then that she must be one of a family of immigrants for whom education is everything. Hugh Taylor had told him that in some families the older children do not marry until the youngest have finished school. Sometimes every second child is sacrificed and made to work for the education of the next born. Those who finish college spend years paying back. They are white-hot Protestants, and they live with a load of work and debt and obligation. Peter placed his new colleague on scraps of information. He had never been in the West.

She came to the office on a Monday morning in October. The office was overheated and painted cream. It contained two desks, the filing cabinets, a map of the world as it had been in 1945, and the Charter of the United Nations left behind by Agnes Brusen's predecessor. (She took down the Charter without asking Peter if he minded, with the impudence of gesture you find in women who wouldn't say boo to a goose, and

NEXT DAY

Moving from Cheer to Joy, from Joy to All,
I take a box
And add it to my wild rice, my Cornish game hens.
The slacked or shorted, basketed, identical
Food-gathering flocks
Are selves I overlook. Wisdom, said William James,

Is learning what to overlook. And I am wise
If that is wisdom.
Yet somehow, as I buy All from these shelves
And the boy takes it to my station wagon,
What I've become
Troubles me even if I shut my eyes.

When I was young and miserable and pretty
And poor, I'd wish
What all girls wish: to have a husband,
A house and children. Now that I'm old, my wish
Is womanish:
That the boy putting groceries in my car

See me. It bewilders me he doesn't see me.
For so many years
I was good enough to eat: the world looked at me
And its mouth watered. How often they have undressed me,
The eyes of strangers!
And, holding their flesh within my flesh, their vile

Imaginings within my imagining,
I too have taken
The chance of life. Now the boy pats my dog
And we start home. Now I am good.
The last mistaken,
Ecstatic, accidental bliss, the blind

Happiness that, bursting, leaves upon the palm
Some soap and water—
It was so long ago, back in some Gay
Twenties, Nineties, I don't know. . . . Today I miss
My lovely daughter
Away at school, my sons away at school,

My husband away at work—I wish for them.
The dog, the maid,
And I go through the sure unvarying days
At home in them. As I look at my life,
I am afraid
Only that it will change, as I am changing:

I am afraid, this morning, of my face.
It looks at me
From the rearview mirror with the eyes I hate,
The smile I hate. Its plain, lined look
Of gray discovery
Repeats to me, "You're old." That's all, I'm old.

And yet I'm afraid, as I was at the funeral
I went to yesterday.
My friend's cold made-up face, granite among its flowers,
Her undressed, operated-on, dressed body
Were my face and body.
As I think of her I hear her telling me

How young I seem; I *am* exceptional;
I think of all I have.
But really no one is exceptional,
No one has anything, I'm anybody,
I stand beside my grave
Confused with my life, that is commonplace and solitary.

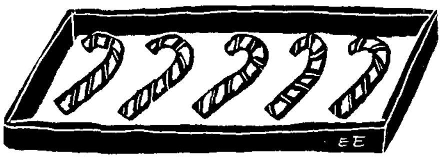
—RANDALL JARRELL

• •

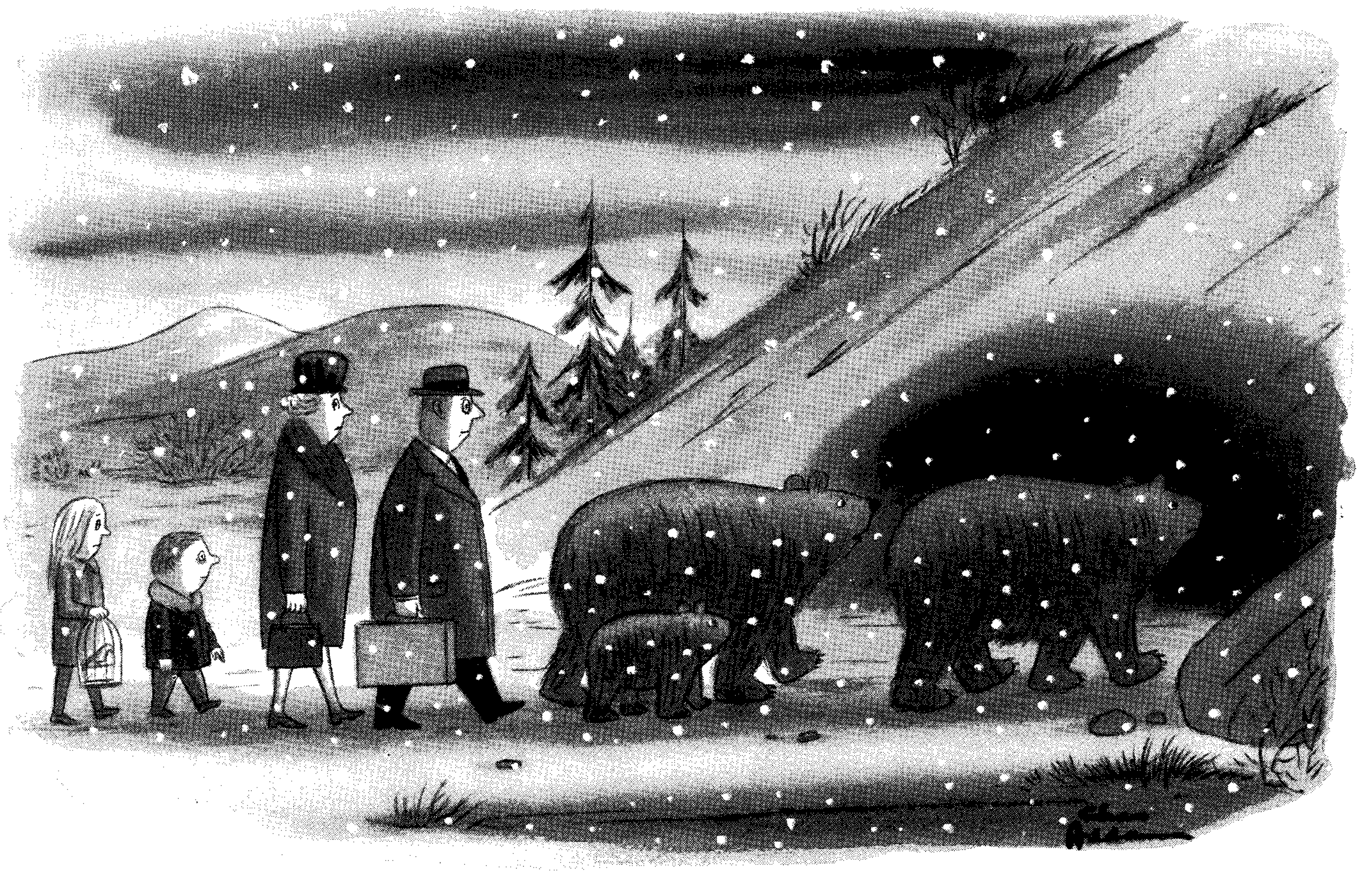
then she hung her college degree on the nail where the Charter had been.) Three people brought her in—a whole committee. One of them said, "Agnes, this is Pete Frazier. Pete, Agnes Brusen. Pete's Canadian, too, Agnes. He knows all about the office, so ask him anything."

Of course he knew all about the office: he knew the exact spot where the cord of the Venetian blind was frayed, obliging one to give an extra tug to the right.

The girl might have been twenty-three; no more. She wore a brown tweed suit with bone buttons, and a new silk scarf and new shoes. She clutched an unscratched brown purse. She seemed dressed in going-away presents. She said, "Oh, I never smoke," with a convulsive movement of her hand, when Peter offered his case. He was courteous, hiding his disappointment. The people he worked with had told him a Scandinavian girl was arriving, and he had expected a stunner. Agnes was a mole; she was small and brown and round-shouldered, as if she had always carried parcels or younger children in her arms. A mole's profile was turned when she said goodbye to her committee. If she had been foreign, ill-favored though she was, he might have flirted a little, just to show that he was friendly; but their being Canadian, and suddenly left together, was a sexual damper. He sat down and lit his own cigarette. She smiled at him, questioningly, he thought, and sat as if she had never seen a chair before. He wondered if his smoking was annoying her. He wondered if she was fidgety about drafts, or allergic to anything, and whether she would want the blind up or down. His social compass was out of order, because the others couldn't tell Peter and Agnes apart. There was a world of difference between them, yet it was she who had been brought in to sit at the larger of the two desks.



While he was thinking this, she got up and walked around the office, almost on tiptoe, opening the doors of closets and pulling out the filing trays. She looked inside everything except the drawers of Peter's desk. In any case, Peter's desk was locked. (His desk is locked wher-



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ever he works. In Geneva he went into Personnel one morning early and pinched his application form. He had stated on the form that he had seven years' experience in public relations and could speak French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He has always removed from the files and rescued from wastebaskets anything that had to do with him—anything that could be used against him. But he can never get on with the final act, which is getting rid of the information. He has kept papers about for years—a constant source of worry.)

"I know this looks funny, Mr. Ferris," said the girl. "I'm not really snooping or anything. I just can't feel easy in a new place unless I know where everything is. In a new place everything seems so hidden."

If she had called him "Ferris" and pretended not to know he was Frazier, it could only be because they had sent her here to spy on him and see if he had repented and was fit for a better place in life. "You'll be all right here," he said. "Nothing's hidden. Most of us haven't got brains enough to have secrets. This is Rainbow Valley." Depressed by the thought that they were having him watched now, he passed his hand over his hair and looked outside to the lawn and the parking lot and the peacocks someone gave the Palais des Nations years ago. The peacocks love no one. They wander about the parked cars looking elderly, bad-tempered, mournful, and lost.

Agnes had settled down again. She folded her silk scarf and placed it just so, with her gloves beside it. She opened her new purse and took out a notebook and a shiny gold pencil. She may have written

Duster for desk
Kleenex
Glass jar for flowers
Air-Wick because he smokes
Paper for lining drawers

because the next day she brought each of these articles to work. She also brought a large black Bible, which she unwrapped lovingly and placed on the left-hand corner of her desk. The flower vase—empty—stood in the middle, and the Kleenex made a counterpoise for the Bible on the right.

When he saw the Bible, he knew she had not been sent to spy on his work. The conspiracy was deeper. She might have been dispatched by ghosts. He knew everything about her, all in a moment; he saw the ambition, the terror, the dry pride. She was the true heir of the men from Scotland; she was at the start. She had been sent to tell him, "You can begin, but not begin again." She never opened the Bible, but she dusted it as she dusted her desk, her chair, and any surface the cleaning staff had overlooked. And Peter, the first days, watching her timid movements, her insignificant little face, felt, as you feel the approach of a storm, the charge of moral certainty round her—the belief in work, the faith in undertakings, the bread of the Black Sunday. He recognized and tasted all of it: ashes in the mouth.

AFTER five days their working relations were settled. Of course, there was the Bible and all that went with it, but his tongue had never held the taste of ashes long. She was an inferior girl of poor quality. She had nothing in her favor except the degree on the wall. In the real world, he would not have invited her to his house except to mind the children. That was what he said to Sheilah. He said that Agnes was a mole, and a virgin, and that her tics and mannerisms were sending him round the bend. She had an infuriating habit of covering her mouth when she talked. Even at the telephone she put up her hand as if afraid of losing anything, even a word. Her voice was nasal and flat. She had two working costumes, both dull as the wall. One was the brown suit, the other a navy-blue dress with changeable collars. She dressed for no one; she dressed for her desk, her jar of flowers, her Bible, and her box of

"You're a nice guy and all that, Harry, but you're a lousy glassblower."

Kleenex. One day she crossed the space between the two desks and stood over Peter, who was reading a newspaper. She could have spoken to him from her desk, but she may have felt that being on her feet gave her authority. She had plenty of courage, but authority was something else. "I thought—I mean, they told me you were the person . . ." She got on with it bravely: "If you don't want to do the filing or any work, all right, Mr. Frazier, I'm not saying anything about that. You might have poor health or your personal reasons. But it's got to be done, so if you'll kindly show me about the filing I'll do it. I've worked in Information before, but it was a different office, and every office is different."

"My dear girl," said Peter. He pushed back his chair and looked at her, astonished. "You've been sitting there fretting, worrying. How insensitive of me. How trying for you. Usually I file on the last Wednesday of the month, so you see, you just haven't been around long enough to see a last Wednesday. Not another word, please. And let us not waste another minute."

He emptied the heaped baskets of photographs so swiftly, pushing "Iran—Smallpox Control" into "Irish Red Cross" (close enough), that the girl looked frightened, as if she had raised a whirlwind. She said slowly, "If you'll only show me, Mr. Frazier, instead of doing it so fast, I'll gladly look after it, because you might want to be doing other things, and I feel the filing should be done every day." But Peter was too busy to answer, and so she sat down, holding the edge of her desk.

"There," he said, beaming. "All done." His smile, his sunburst, was wasted, for the girl was staring round the room as if she feared she had not inspected everything the first day after all; some drawer, some cupboard, hid a monster.

That evening, Peter unlocked one of the drawers of his desk and took away the application form he had stolen from Personnel. The girl had not finished her search.

III

"HOW could you *not* know?" wailed Sheilah. "You sit looking at her every day. You must talk about *something*. She must have told you."

"She did tell me," said Peter, "and I've just told you."

It was this: Agnes Brusen was on the Burleighs' guest list. How had the Burleighs met her? What did they see in her? Peter could not reply. He knew that Agnes lived in a bed-sitting room with a Swiss family and had her meals with them. She had been in Geneva three months, but no one had ever seen her outside the office. "You *should* know," said Sheilah. "She must have something, more than you can see. Is she pretty? Is she brilliant? What is it?"

"We don't really talk," Peter said.

They talked *in* a way: Peter teased her, and she took no notice. Agnes was not a sulker. She had taken her defeat like a sport. She did her work and a good deal of his. She sat behind her Bible, her flowers, and her Kleenex, and answered when Peter spoke. That was how he learned about the Burleighs—just by teasing and being bored. It was a January afternoon. He said, "*Miss* Brusen. Talk to me. Tell me everything. Pretend we have perfect rapport. Do you like Geneva?"

"It's a nice clean town," she said. He can see to this day the red and blue anemones in the glass jar, and her bent head, and her small untended hands.

"Are you learning beautiful French with your Swiss family?"

"They speak English."

"Why don't you take an apartment of your own?" he said. Peter was not usually impertinent. He was bored. "You'd be independent then."

"I am independent," she said. "I earn my living. I don't think it proves anything if you live by yourself. Mrs. Burleigh wants me to live alone, too. She's looking for something for me. It mustn't be dear. I send money home."

Here was the extraordinary thing about Agnes Brusen: she refused the use of Christian names and never spoke to Peter unless he spoke first, but she would tell anything, as if to say, "Don't waste time fishing. Here it is."

He learned all in one minute that she sent her salary home, and that she was a friend of the Burleighs. The first he had expected; the second knocked him flat.

"She's got to come to dinner," Sheilah said. "We should have had her right from the beginning. If only I'd known! But *you* were the one. You said she looked like—oh, I don't even remember. A Norwegian mole."

She came to dinner one Saturday night in January, in her navy-blue dress, to which she had pinned an organdie gardenia. She sat upright on the edge of the sofa. Sheilah had ordered the meal from a restaurant. There was lobster, good wine, and a *pièce montée* full of kirsch and cream. Agnes refused the lobster; she had never eaten anything from the sea unless it had been sterilized and tinned, and said so. She was afraid of skin poisoning. Someone in her family had skin poisoning after having eaten oysters. She touched her cheeks and neck to show where the poisoning had erupted. She sniffed her wine and put the glass down without tasting it. She could not eat the cake because of the alcohol it contained. She ate an egg, bread and butter, a sliced tomato, and drank a glass of ginger ale. She seemed unaware she was creating disaster and pain. She did not help clear away the dinner plates. She sat, adequately nourished, decently dressed, and waited to learn why she had been invited here—that was the feeling Peter had. He folded the card table on which they had dined, and opened the window to air the room.

"It's not the same cold as Canada, but you feel it more," he said, for something to say.

"Your blood has gotten thin," said Agnes.

Sheilah returned from the kitchen and let herself fall into an armchair. With her eyes closed she held out her hand for a cigarette. She was performing the haughty-lady act that was a family joke. She flung her head back and looked at Agnes through half-closed lids; then she suddenly brought her head forward, widening her eyes. "Are you skiing madly?" she said.

"Well, in the first place there hasn't been any snow," said Agnes. "So nobody's doing any skiing, so far as I know. All I hear is people complaining because there's no snow. Personally, I don't ski. There isn't much skiing in the part of Canada I come from. Besides, my family never had that kind of leisure."

"Heavens!" said Sheilah, as if her family had every kind.

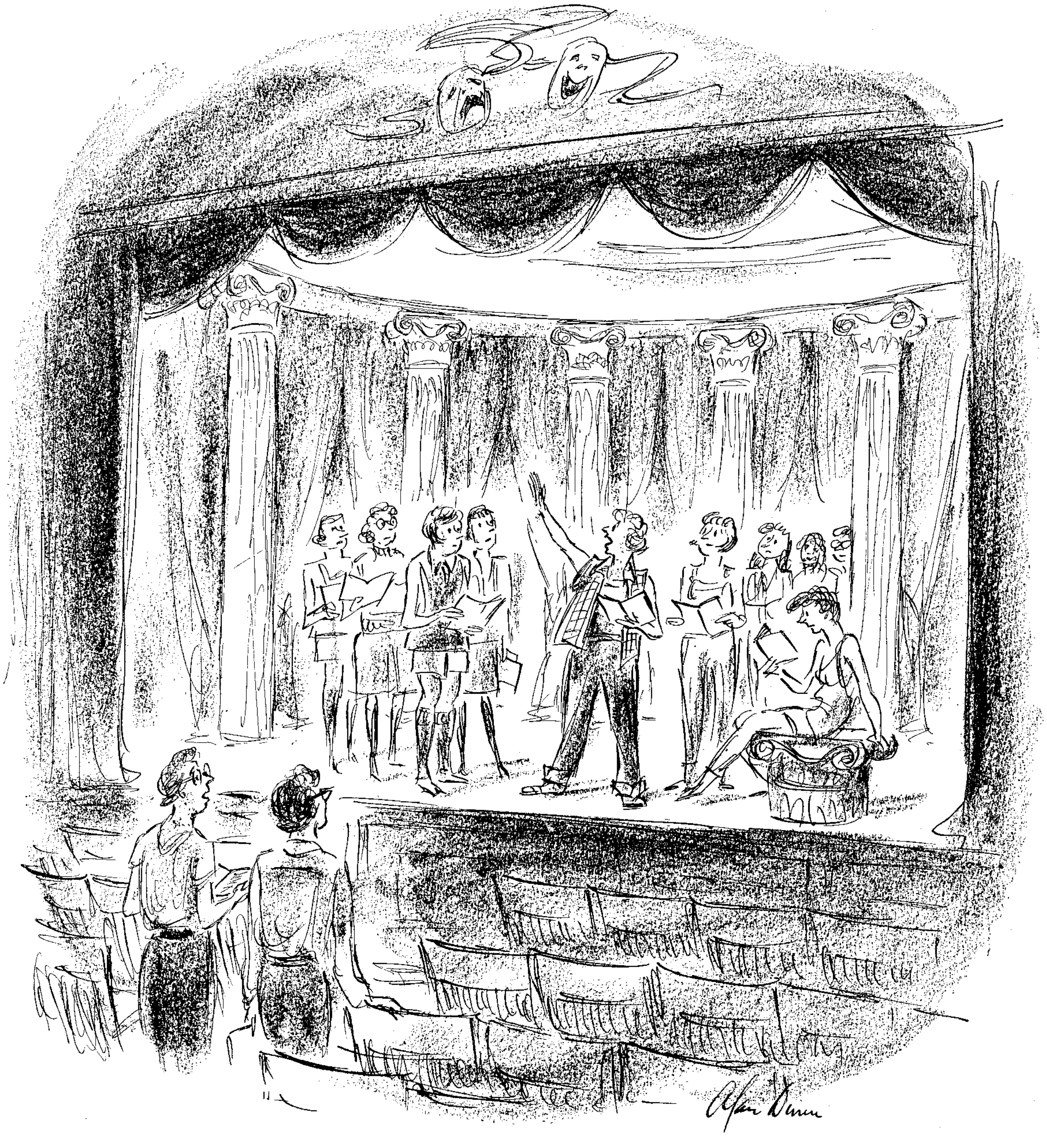
I'll bet they had, thought Peter. On the dole.

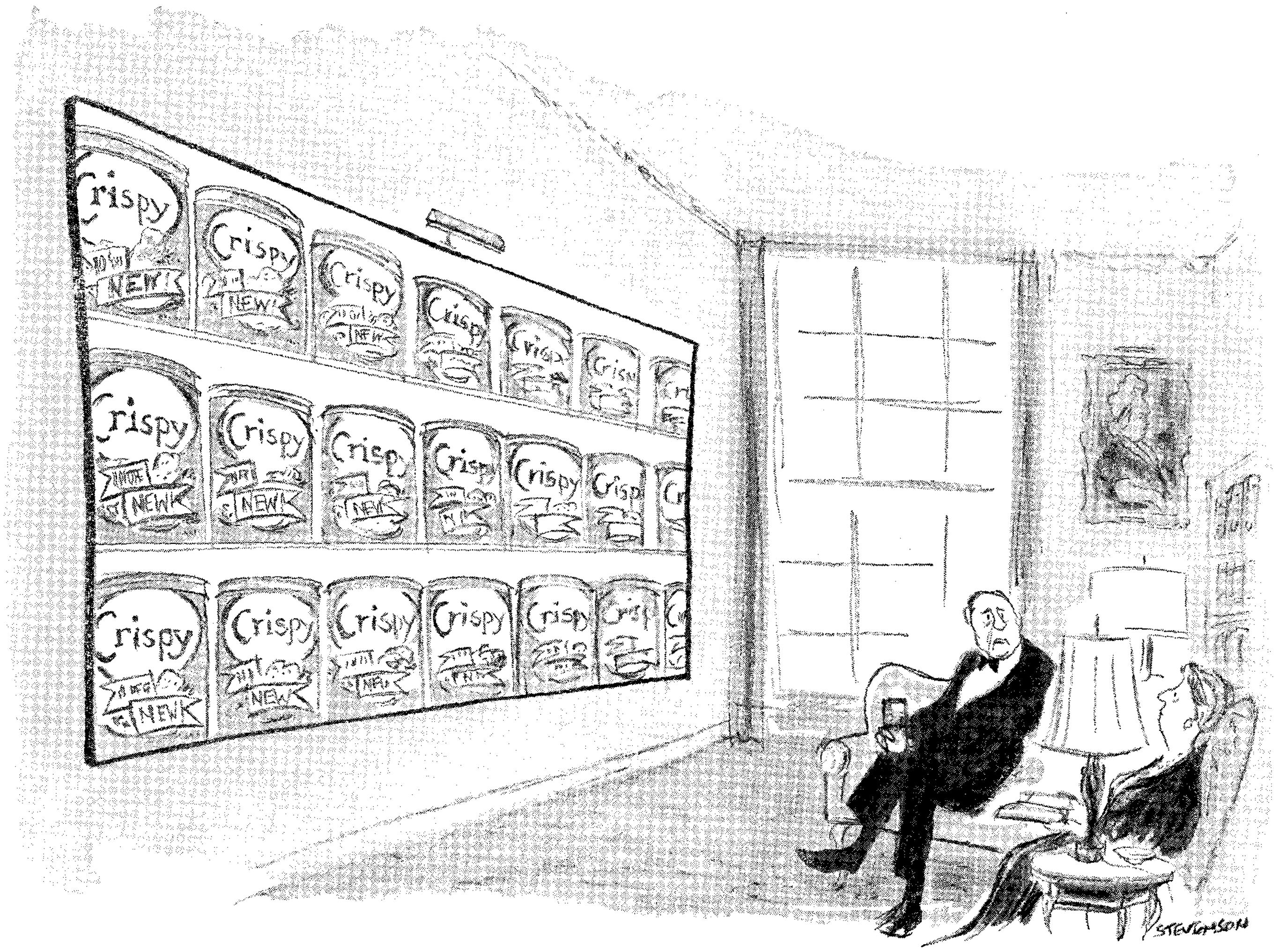
Sheilah was wasting her act. He had a suspicion that Agnes knew it was an act but did not know it was also a joke. If so, it made Sheilah seem a fool, and he loved Sheilah too much to enjoy it.

"The Burleighs have been wonderful to me," said Agnes. She seemed to have divined why she was here, and decided to give them all the information they wanted, so that she could put on her coat and go home to bed. "They had me out to their place on the lake every weekend until the weather got cold and they moved back to town. They've rented a chalet for the winter, and they want me to come there, too. But I don't know if I will or not. I don't ski, and, oh, I don't know—I don't drink, either, and I don't always see the point. Their friends are too rich and I'm too Canadian."

She had delivered everything Sheilah wanted, and more: Agnes was on the first guest list and didn't care. No, Peter corrected; doesn't know. Doesn't care and doesn't know.

"I thought with you Norwegians it


"I figure what Euripides doesn't know won't hurt him."



"I'm sorry to say it, dear, but I'm afraid I miss my Monet."

• •

was in the blood, skiing. And drinking," Sheilah murmured.

"Drinking, maybe," said Agnes. She covered her mouth and said behind her spread fingers, "In our family we were religious. We didn't drink or smoke. My brother was in Norway in the war. He saw some cousins. Oh," she said, unexpectedly loud, "Harry said it was just terrible. They were so poor. They had flies in their kitchen. They gave him something to eat a fly had been on. They didn't have a real toilet, and they'd been in the same house about two hundred years. We've only recently built our own home, and we have a bathroom and two toilets. I'm from Saskatchewan," she said. "I'm not from any other place."

SURELY one winter here had been punishment enough? In the spring, they would remember him and free him. He wrote Lucille, who said he was lucky to have a job at all. The Burleighs had sent the Fraziers a second-guest-list Christmas card. It showed a Moslem refugee child weeping outside a tent. They treasured the card and left it standing long after the others had been given the children to cut up. Peter had discovered by now what had gone wrong in the friendship—Sheilah had charged a skirt at a dressmaker's to Madge's account. Madge had told her she might, and then changed her mind. Poor Sheilah! She was new to this part of it—to the changing humors of independent friends. Paris was already a year in the past. At Mardi Gras, the Burleighs gave their annual party. They invited everyone, the damned and the dropped, with the prodigality of a child at prayers. The invitation said "in costume," but the Fraziers were too happy to wear a disguise. They might not be recognized. Like many of the guests they expected to meet at the party, they had been disgraced, forgotten, and rehabilitated. They would be anxious to see one another as they were.

On the night of the party, the Fraziers rented a car they had never seen before and drove through the first snowstorm of the year. Peter had not driven since last summer's blissful trips in the Fiat. He could not find the switch for the windshield wipers in this car. He leaned over the wheel. "Can you see on your side?" he asked. "Can I make a left turn here? Does it look like a one-way?"

"I can't imagine why you took a car with a right-hand drive," said Sheilah.

He had trouble finding a place to park; they crawled up and down unknown streets whose curbs were packed with snow-covered cars. When they stood at last on the pavement, safe and sound, Peter said, "This is the first snow."

"I can see that," said Sheilah. "Hurry, darling. My hair."

"It's the first snow."

"You're repeating yourself," she said. "Please hurry, darling. Think of my poor shoes. My *hair*."

She was born in an ugly city, and so was Peter, but they have this difference: she does not know the importance of the first snow—the first clean thing in a dirty year. He would have told her then that this storm, which was wetting her feet and destroying her hair, was like the first day of the English spring, but she made a frightened gesture, try-

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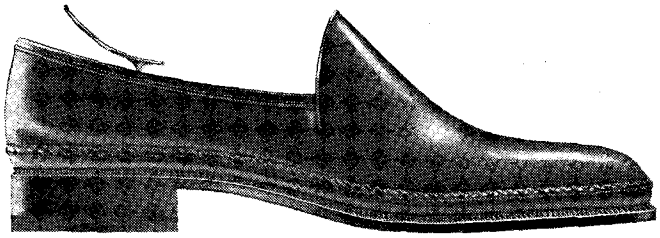

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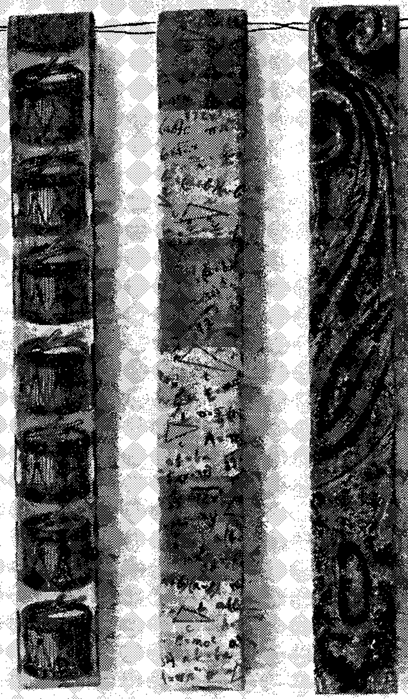

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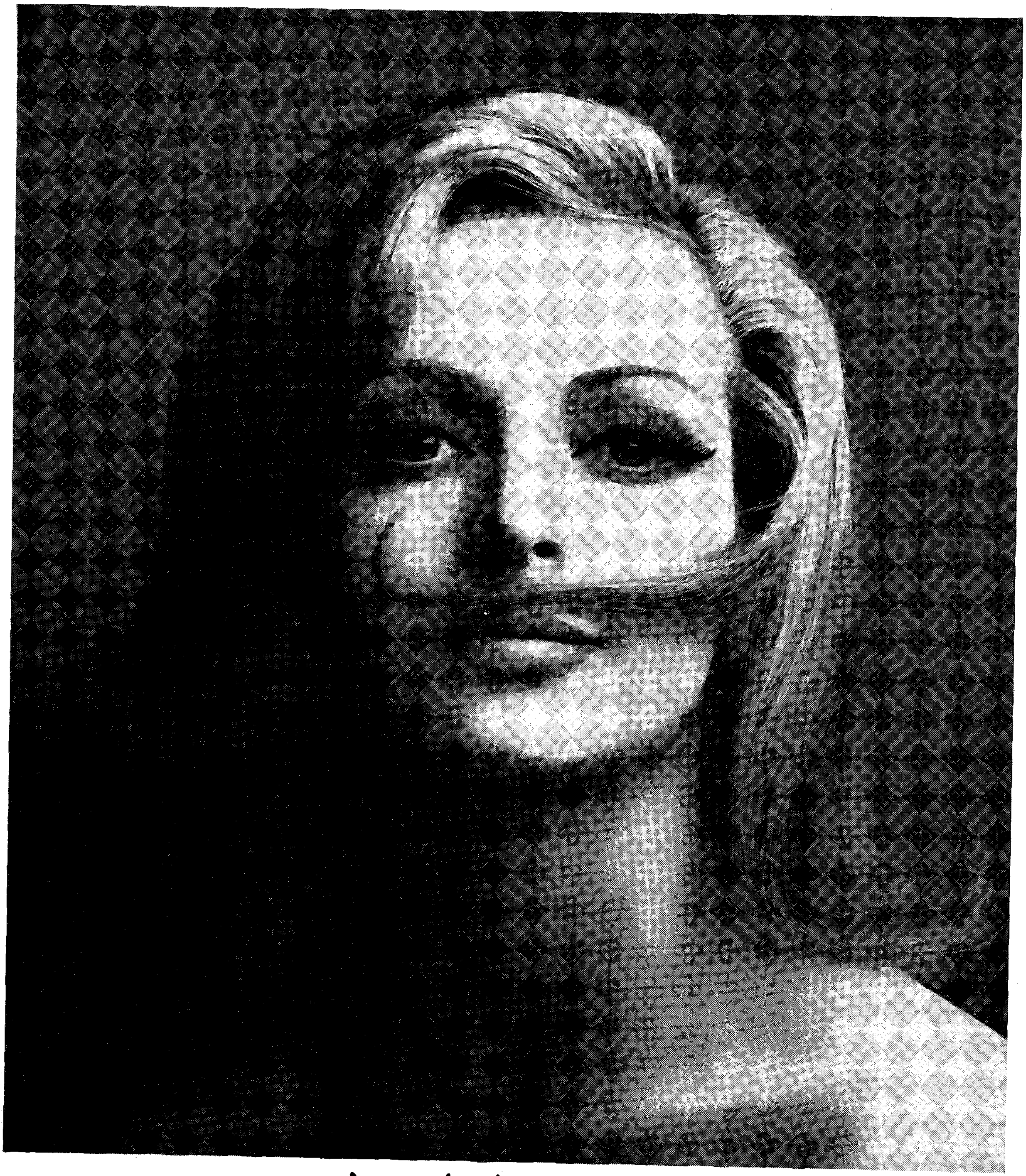
ing to shield her head. The gesture told him he did not understand her beauty.

"Let me," she said. He was fumbling with the key, trying to lock the car. She took the key without impatience and locked the door on the driver's side; and then, to show Peter she treasured him and was not afraid of wasting her life or her beauty, she took his arm and they walked in the snow down a street and around a corner to the apartment house where the Burleighs lived. They were, and are, a united couple. They were afraid of the party, and each of them knew it. When they walk together, holding arms, they give each other whatever each can spare.

ONLY six people had arrived in costume. Madge Burleigh was disguised as Manet's "Lola de Valence," which everyone mistook for Carmen. Mike was an Impressionist painter, with a straw hat and a glued-on beard. "I am all of them," he said. He would rather have dressed as a dentist, he said, welcoming the Fraziers as if he had parted from them the day before, but Madge wanted him to look as if he had created her. "You know?" he said.

"Perfectly," said Sheilah. Her shoes were stained; and the snow had softened her lacquered hair. She was not wasted; she was the most beautiful woman there.

About an hour after their arrival, Peter found himself with no one to talk to. He had told about the Trudeau wedding in Paris and the potted azalea, and after he mislaid his audience he began to look round for Sheilah. She was on a window seat, partly concealed by a green velvet curtain. Facing her, so that their profiles were neat and perfect against the night, was a man. Their conversation was private and enclosed, as if they had in minutes covered leagues of time and arrived at the place where everything was implied, understood. Peter began working his way across the room, toward his wife, when he saw Agnes. He was granted the sight of her drowning face. She had dressed with comic intention, obviously with care, and now she was a ragged hobo, half tramp, half clown. Her hair was tucked up under a bowler hat. The six costumed guests who had made the same mistake—the ghost, the gypsy, the Athenian maiden, the geisha, the Martian, and the apache—were delighted to find a seventh, but Agnes was not amused; she was gasping for life. When a waiter passed with a crowded tray, she took a glass without seeing it;



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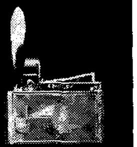

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then a wave of the party took her away.

Sheilah's new friend was named Simpson. After Simpson said he thought perhaps he'd better circulate, Peter sat down where he had been. "Now, look, Sheilah," he began. (Their most intimate conversations have taken place at parties. Once, at a party, she told him she was leaving him; she didn't, of course.) Smiling, blue-eyed, she gazed lovingly at Peter and said rapidly, "Pete, shut up and listen. That man. The man you scared away. He's a big wheel in a company out in India or someplace like that. It's gorgeous out there. Pete, the *servants*. And it's warm. It never, never snows. He says there's heaps of jobs. You pick them off the trees like . . . orchids. He says it's even easier now than when we owned all those places, because now the poor pets can't run anything and they'll pay *fortunes*. Pete, he says it's warm, it's heaven, and, Pete—they pay."

A few minutes later, Peter was alone again and Sheilah part of a closed laughing group. Holding her elbow was the man from the place where jobs grew like orchids. Peter edged into the group and laughed at a story he hadn't heard. He heard only the last line, which was, "Here comes another tunnel." Looking out from his tight laughing ring, he saw Agnes again, and he thought, I'd be like Agnes if I didn't have Sheilah. Agnes put her glass down on a table and lurched toward the doorway, head forward. Madge Burleigh, who never stopped moving around the room and smiling, was still smiling when she paused and said in Peter's ear, "Go with Agnes, Pete. See that she gets home. People will notice if Mike leaves."

"She probably just wants to walk around the block," said Peter. "She'll be back."

"Oh, stop thinking about yourself, for once, and see that that poor girl gets home," said Madge. "You've still got your Fiat, haven't you?"

He turned away as if he had been pushed. Any command is a release, in a way. He may not want to go in that particular direction, but at least he is going somewhere. And now Sheilah, who had moved inches nearer to hear what Madge and Peter were murmuring, said, "Yes, go, darling," as if he were leaving the gates of Troy.

Peter was to find Agnes and see that she reached home; this he repeated to himself as he stood on the landing, outside the Burleighs' flat, ringing for the elevator. Bored with waiting for it, he ran down the stairs, four flights, and saw that Agnes had stalled the lift by

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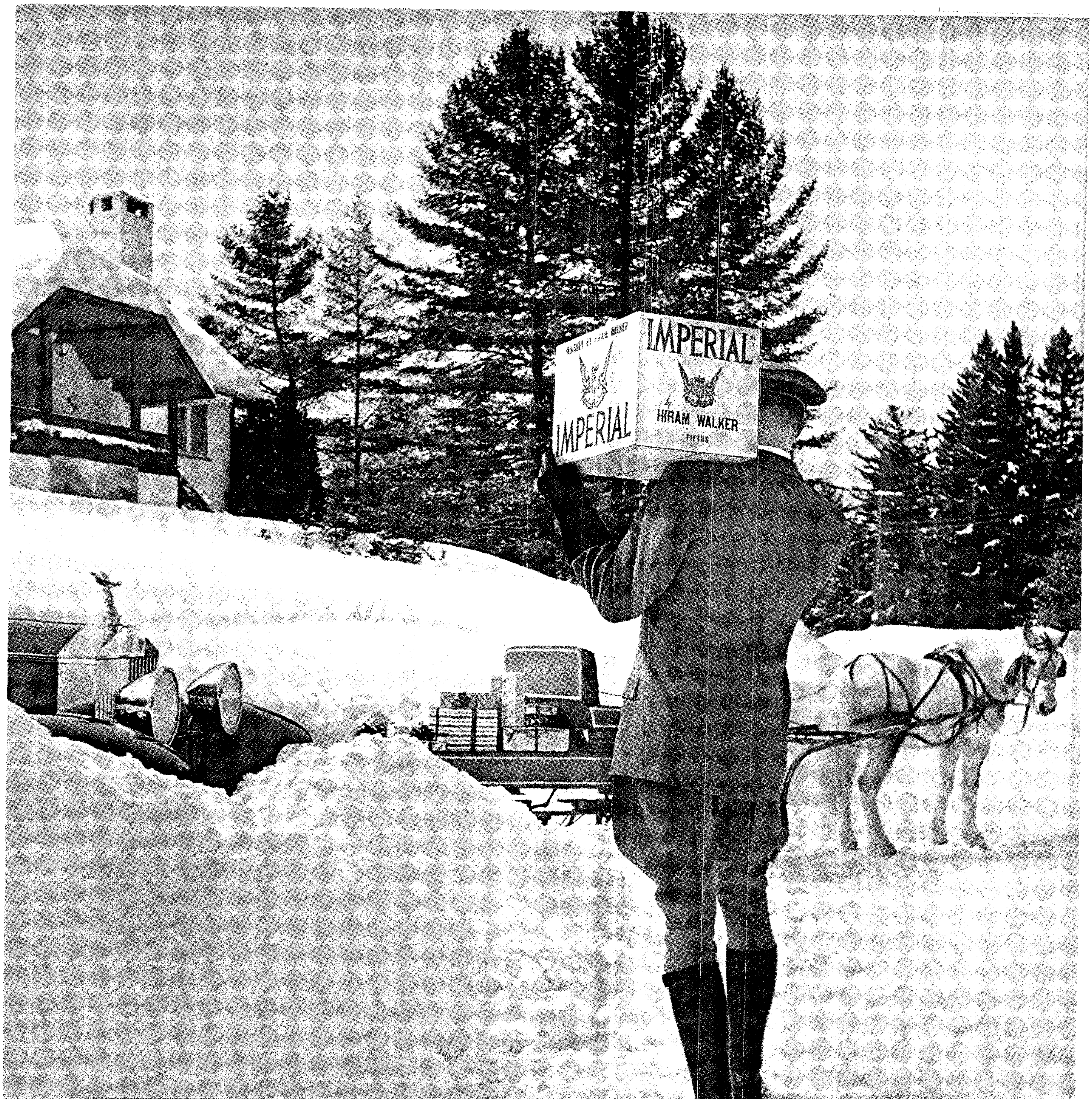
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leaving the door open. She was crouched on the floor, propped on her fingertips. Her eyes were closed.

"Agnes," said Peter. "*Miss* Brusen, I mean. That's no way to leave a party. Don't you know you're supposed to curtsy and say thanks? My God, Agnes, anybody going by here just now might have seen you! Come on, be a good girl. Time to go home."

She got up without his help and, moving between invisible crevasses, shut the elevator door. Then she left the building and Peter followed, remembering he was to see that she got home. They walked along the snowy pavement, Peter a few steps behind her. When she turned right for no reason, he turned, too. He had no clear idea where they were going. Perhaps she lived close by. He had forgotten where the hired car was parked, or what it looked like; he could not remember its make or its color. In any case, Sheilah had the key. Agnes walked on steadily, as if she knew their destination, and he thought, Agnes Brusen is drunk in the street in Geneva and dressed like a tramp. He wanted to say, "This is the best thing that ever happened to you, Agnes; it will help you understand how things are for some of the rest of us." But she stopped and turned and, leaning over a low hedge, retched on a frozen lawn. He held her clammy forehead and rested his hand on her arched back, on muscles as tight as a fist. She straightened up and drew breath, but the cold air made her cough. "Don't breathe too deeply," he said. "It's the worst thing you can do. Have you got a handkerchief?" He passed his own handkerchief over her wet, weeping face, upturned like the face of one of his little girls. "I'm out without a coat," he said, noticing it. "We're a pair."

"I never drink," said Agnes. "I'm just not used to it." Her voice was sweet and quiet. He had never seen her so peaceful, so composed. He thought she must surely be all right now, and perhaps he might leave her here. The trust in her tilted face had perplexed him. He wanted to get back to Sheilah and have her explain something. He had forgotten what it was, but Sheilah would know. "Do you live around here?" he said. As he spoke, she let herself fall. He had wiped her face and now she trusted him to pick her up, set her on her feet, take her wherever she ought to be. He pulled her up and she stood, wordless, humble, as he brushed the snow from her tramp's clothes. Snow horizontally crossed the

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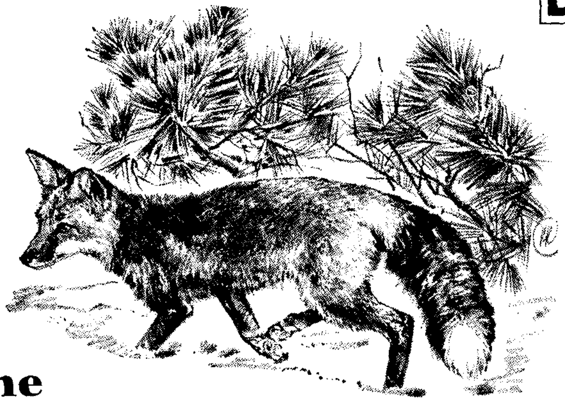

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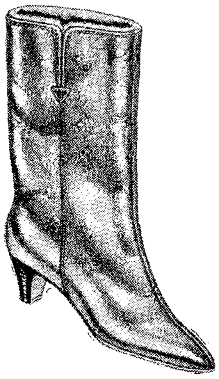

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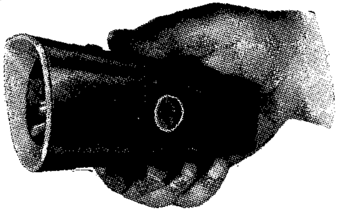

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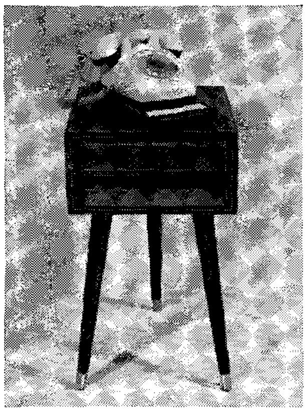

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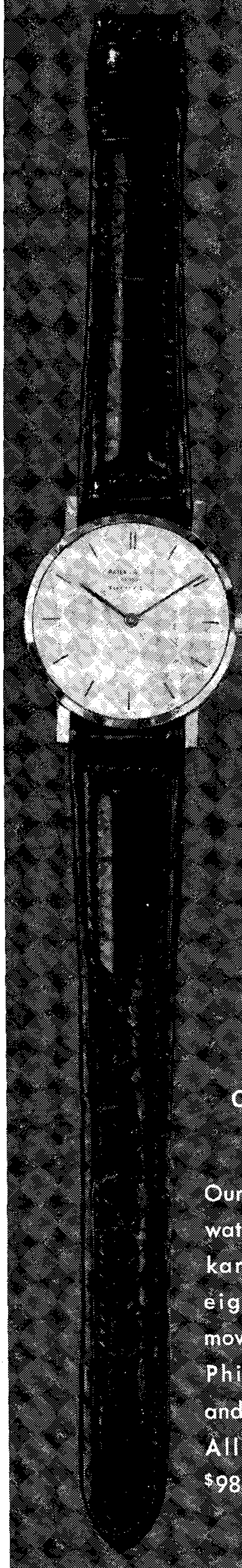

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lamplight. The street was silent. Agnes had lost her hat. His gesture of licking snow from her hands was formal as a handshake. He tasted snow on her hands and then they walked on.

"I never drink," she said. They stood on the edge of a broad avenue. The wrong turning now could lead them anywhere; it was the changeable avenue at the edge of towns that loses its houses and becomes a highway. She held his arm and spoke in a gentle voice. She said, "In our house we didn't smoke or drink. My mother was ambitious for me, more than for Harry and the others." She said, "I've never been alone before. When I was a kid, I would get up in the summer before the others, and I'd see the ice wagon going down the street. I'm alone now. Mrs. Burleigh's found me an apartment. It's only one room. She likes it because it's in the old part of town. I don't like old houses. Old houses are dirty. You don't know who was there before."

"I should have a car somewhere," Peter said. "I'm not sure where we are."

He remembers that on this avenue they climbed into a taxi, but nothing about the drive. Perhaps he fell asleep. He does remember that when he paid the driver Agnes clutched his arm, trying to stop him. She pressed extra coins into the driver's palm. The driver was paid twice.

"I'll tell *you* one thing about us," said Peter. "We pay everything twice." This was part of a much longer theory concerning North American behavior, and it was not Peter's own. Mike Burleigh had held forth about it on summer afternoons.

Agnes pushed open a door between a stationer's shop and a grocery, and led the way up a narrow inside stair. They climbed one flight, frightening beetles. She had to search every pocket for the latchkey. She was shaking with cold. Her apartment seemed little warmer than the street. Without speaking to Peter, she turned on all the lights. She looked inside the kitchen and the bathroom and then got down on her hands and knees and looked under the sofa. The room was neat and belonged to no one. She left him standing in this unclaimed room—she had forgotten him—and closed a door behind her. He looked for something to do—some useful action he could repeat to Madge. He turned on the electric radiator in the fireplace. Perhaps Agnes wouldn't thank him for it; perhaps she would rather undress in the cold. "I'll be on

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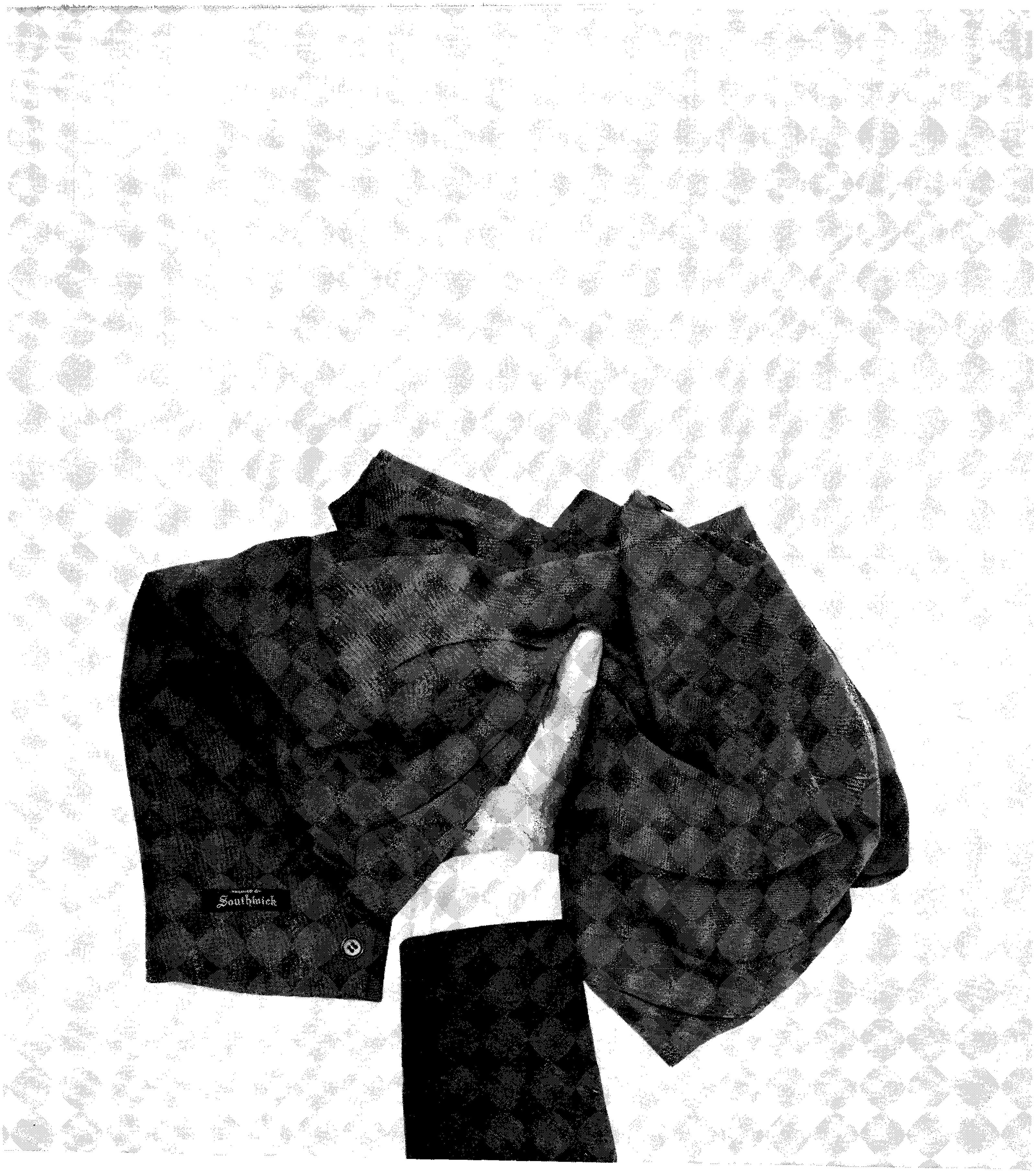

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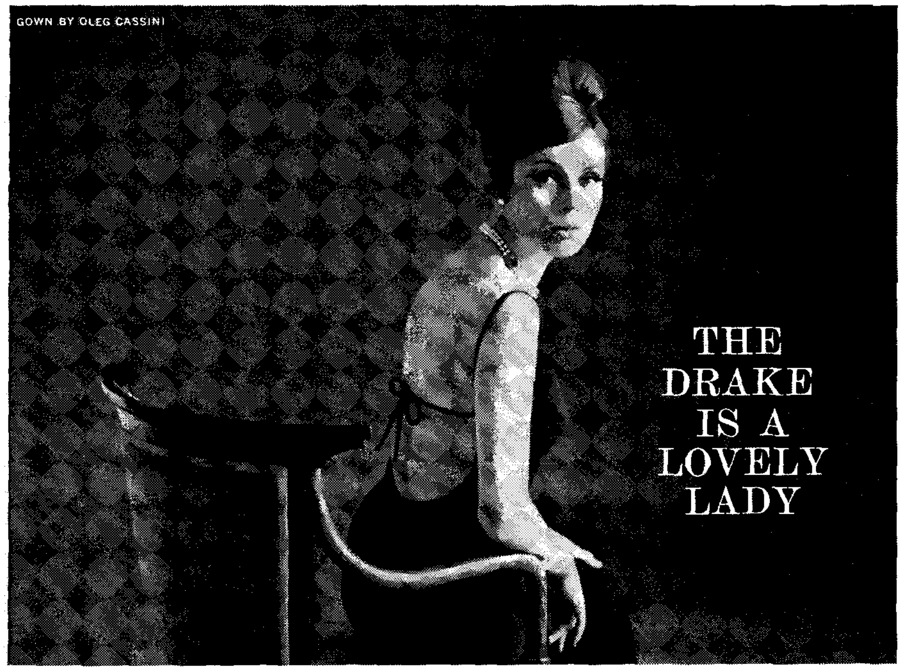
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my way," he called to the bathroom door.

She had taken off the tramp's clothes and put on a dressing gown of orphanage wool. She came out of the bathroom and straight toward him. She pressed her face and rubbed her cheek on his shoulder as if hoping the contact would leave a scar. He saw her back and her profile and his own face in the mirror over the fireplace. He thought, This is how disasters happen. He saw floods of sea water moving with perfect punitive justice over reclaimed land; he saw lava covering vineyards and overtaking dogs and stragglers. A railroad bridge over an abyss snapped in two and the long express train, suddenly V-shaped, floated like snow. He thought amiably of every kind of disaster and thought, This is how they occur.

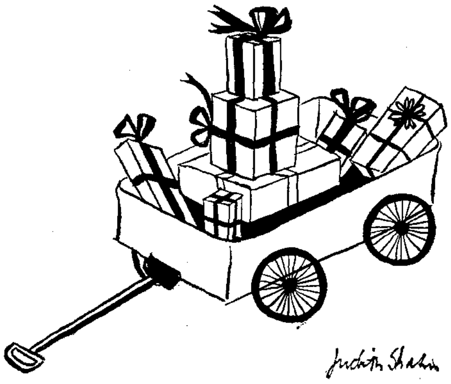
Her eyes were closed. She said, "I shouldn't be over here. In my family we didn't drink or smoke. My mother wanted a lot from me, more than from Harry and the others." But he knew all that; he had known from the day of the Bible, and because once, at the beginning, she had made him afraid. He was not afraid of her now. She said, "It's no use staying here, is it?"

"If you mean what I think, no."

"It wouldn't be better anywhere."

She let him see full on her blotched face. He was not expected to do anything. He was not required to pick her up when she fell, or wipe her tears. She was poor quality, really—he remembered having thought that once. She left him and went quietly into the bathroom and locked the door. He heard taps running and supposed it was a hot bath. He was pretty certain there would be no more tears. He looked at his watch. Sheilah must be home now, wondering what had become of him. He descended the beetles' staircase and for forty minutes crossed the city under a windless fall of snow.

The neighbor's child who had stayed with Peter's children was asleep on the living-room sofa. Peter woke her and sent her, sleepwalking, to her own



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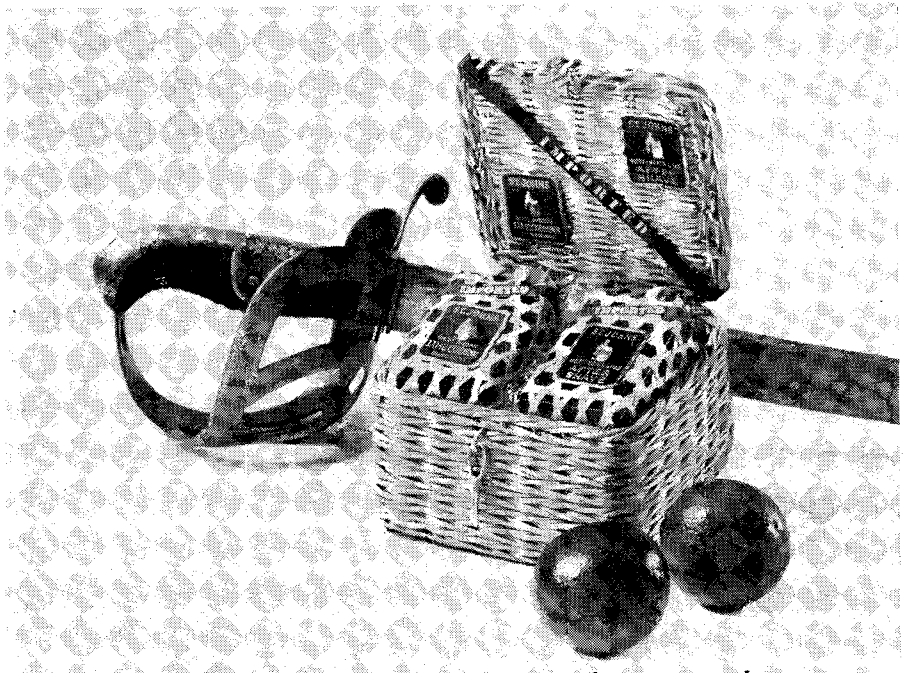

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door. He sat down, wet to the bone, thinking, I'll call the Burleighs. In half an hour I'll call the police. He heard a car stop and the engine running and a confusion of two voices laughing and calling good night. Presently, Sheilah let herself in, rosy-faced, smiling. She carried his trench coat over her arm. She said, "How's Agnes?"

"Where were you?" he said. "Whose car was that?"

Sheilah had gone into the children's room. He heard her shutting their window. She returned, undoing her dress, and said, "Was Agnes all right?"

"Agnes is all right. Sheilah, this is about the worst . . ."

She stepped out of the Balenciaga and threw it over a chair. She stopped and looked at him and said, "Poor old Pete, are you in love with Agnes?" And then, as if the answer were of so little importance she hadn't time for it, she locked her arms around him and said, "My love, we're going to Ceylon."

TWO days later, when Peter strolled into his office, Agnes was at her desk. She wore the blue dress with a spotless collar. White and yellow freesias were symmetrically arranged in the glass jar. The room was hot, and the spring snow, glued for a second when it touched the window, blurred the view of parked cars.

"Quite a party," Peter said.

She did not look up. He sighed, sat down, and thought if the snow held he would be skiing at the Burleighs' very soon. Impressed by his kindness to Agnes, Madge had invited the family for the first possible weekend.

Presently, Agnes said, "I'll never drink again or go to a house where people are drinking. And I'll never bother anyone the way I bothered you."

"You didn't bother me," he said. "I took you home. You were alone and it was late. It's normal."

"Normal for you, maybe, but I'm used to getting home by myself. Please never tell what happened."

He stared at her. He can still remember the freesias and the Bible and the heat in the room. She looked as if the elements had no power. She felt neither heat nor cold. "Nothing happened," he said.

"I behaved in a silly way. I had no right to. I led you to think I might do something wrong."

"*I* might have tried something," he said gallantly. "But that would be my fault and not yours."

She put her knuckle to her mouth and he could scarcely hear. "It was because of you. I was afraid you might be blamed, or else you'd blame yourself."

"There's no question of any blame," he said. "Nothing happened. We'd both had a lot to drink. Forget about it. Nothing *happened*. You'd remember if it had."

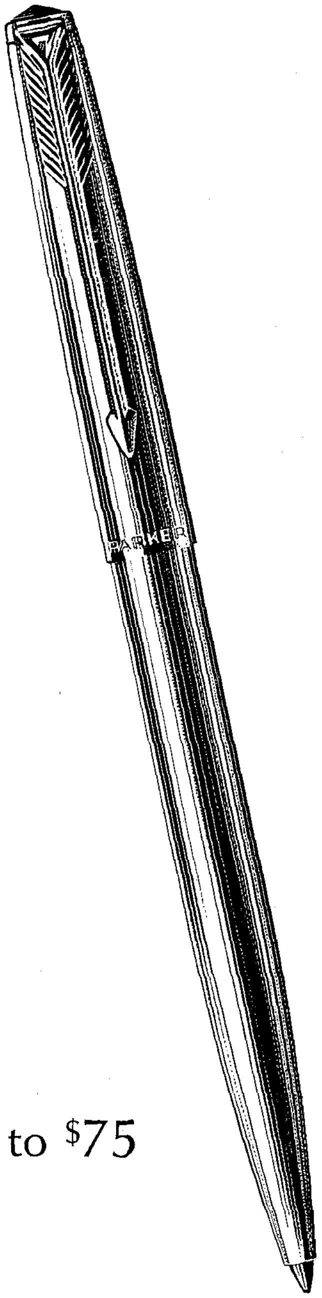
She put down her hand. There was an expression on her face. Now she sees me, he thought. She had never looked at him after the first day. (He has since tried to put a name to the look on her face; but how can he, now, after so many voyages, after Ceylon, and Hong Kong, and Sheilah's nearly leaving him, and all their difficulties—the money owed, the rows with hotel managers, the lost and found steamer trunk, the children throwing up the foreign food?) She sees me now, he thought. What does she see?

She said, "I'm from a big family. I'm not used to being alone. I'm not a suicidal person, but I could have done something after that party, just not to see any more, or think or listen or expect anything. What can I think when I see these people? All my life I heard, 'Educated people don't do this, educated people don't do that.' And now I'm here, and you're all educated people, and you're nothing but pigs. You're educated and you drink and do everything wrong and you know what you're doing, and that makes you worse than pigs. My family worked to make me an educated person, but they didn't know you. But what if I didn't see and hear and expect anything any more? It wouldn't change anything. You'd all be still the same. Only *you* might have thought it was your fault. You might have thought you were to blame. It could worry you all your life. It would have been wrong for me to worry you."

He remembered that the rented car was still along a snowy curb somewhere in Geneva. He wondered if Sheilah had the key in her purse and if she remembered where they'd parked.

"I told you about the ice wagon," Agnes said. "I don't remember everything, so you're wrong about remembering. But I remember telling you that. That was the best. It's the best you can hope to have. In a big family, if you want to be alone, you have to get up before the rest of them. You get up early in the morning in the summer and it's you, you, once in your life alone in the universe. You think you know everything that can happen. . . . Nothing is ever like that again."

He looked at the smeared window and wondered if this day could end



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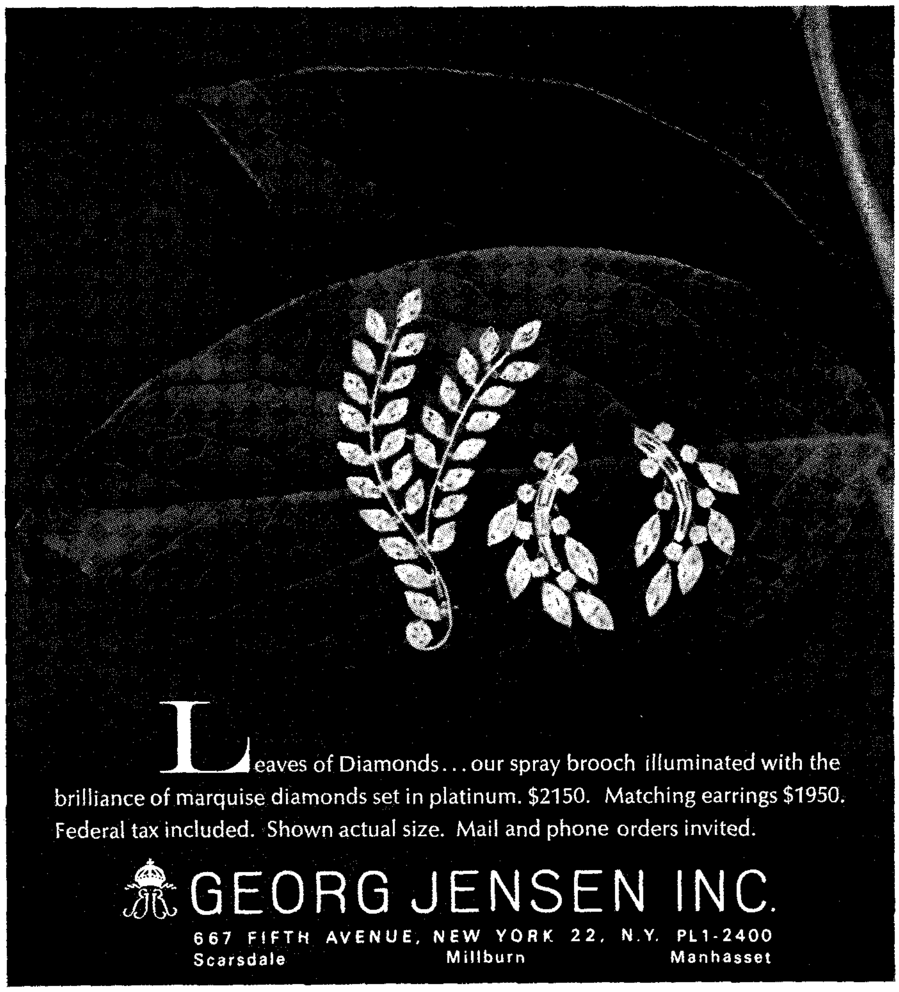
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without disaster. In his mind he saw her falling in the snow wearing a tramp's costume, and he saw her coming to him in the orphanage dressing gown. He saw her drowning face at the party. He was afraid for himself. The story was still unfinished. It had to come to a climax, something threatening to him.

But there was no climax. They talked that day, and afterward nothing else was said. They went on in the same office for a short time, until Peter left for Ceylon; until somebody read the right letter, passed it on for the right initials, and the Fraziers began the Oriental tour that should have made their fortune. Agnes and Peter were too tired to speak after that morning. They were like a married couple in danger, taking care.

But what were they talking about that day, so quietly, such old friends? They talked about dying, about being ambitious, about being religious, about different kinds of love. What did she see when she looked at him—taking her knuckle slowly away from her mouth, bringing her hand down to the desk, letting it rest there? They were both Canadians, so they had this much together—the knowledge of the little you dare admit. Death, near death, the best thing, the wrong thing—God knows what they were telling each other. Anyway, nothing happened.

WHEN, on Sunday mornings, Sheilah and Peter talk about those times, they take on the glamour of something still to come. It is then he remembers Agnes Brusen. He never says her name. Sheilah wouldn't remember Agnes. Agnes is the only secret Peter has from his wife, the only puzzle he pieces together without her help. He thinks about families in the West as they were fifteen, twenty years ago—the iron-cold ambition, and every member pushing the next one on. He thinks of his father's parties. When he thinks of his father, he imagines him with Sheilah, in a crowd. Actually, Sheilah and Peter's father never met, but they might have liked each other. His father admired good-looking women. Peter wonders what they were doing over there in Geneva—not Sheilah and Peter, *Agnes* and Peter. It is almost as if they had once run away together, silly as children, irresponsible as lovers. Peter and Sheilah are back where they started. While they were out in world affairs picking up microbes and debts, always on the fringe of disaster, the fringe of a fortune, Agnes went on and did—what? They lost each other. He thinks

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of the ice wagon going down the street. He sees something he has never seen in his life—a Western town that belongs to Agnes. Here is Agnes—small, mole-faced, round-shouldered because she has always carried a younger child. She watches the ice wagon and the trail of ice water in a morning invented for her: hers. He sees the weak prairie trees and the shadows on the sidewalk. Nothing moves except the shadows and the ice wagon and the changing amber of the child's eyes. The child is Peter. He has seen the grain of the cement sidewalk and the grass in the cracks, and the dust, and the dandelions at the edge of the road. He is there. He has taken the morning that belongs to Agnes, he is up before the others, and he knows everything. There is nothing he doesn't know. He could keep the morning, if he wanted to, but what can Peter do with the start of a summer day? Sheilah is here, it is a true Sunday morning, with its dimness and headache and remorse and regrets, and this is life. He says, "We have the Balenciaga." He touches Sheilah's hand. The children have their aunt now, and he and Sheilah have each other. Everything works out, somehow or other. Let Agnes have the start of the day. Let Agnes think it was invented for her. Who wants to be alone in the universe? No, begin at the beginning: Peter lost Agnes. Agnes says to herself somewhere, Peter is lost.

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

The five-story mansion at 33 West Fifty-Sixth Street, which has probably been the scene of more glamour than any building the size in New York, has been presented to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for use as its permanent headquarters by Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, and realtor E. M. (Mike) Simon, who owned it in partnership. . . .

There are so many legends surrounding the address that it is impossible today to separate the truth from the Broadway folk-lore, but it is known that the Woolworth family erected it for their city residence around the turn of the century. Appropriately for a place that was to see so much action later on, it was designed by Harry K. Thaw.—*Variety*.

That was before he got shot.

•

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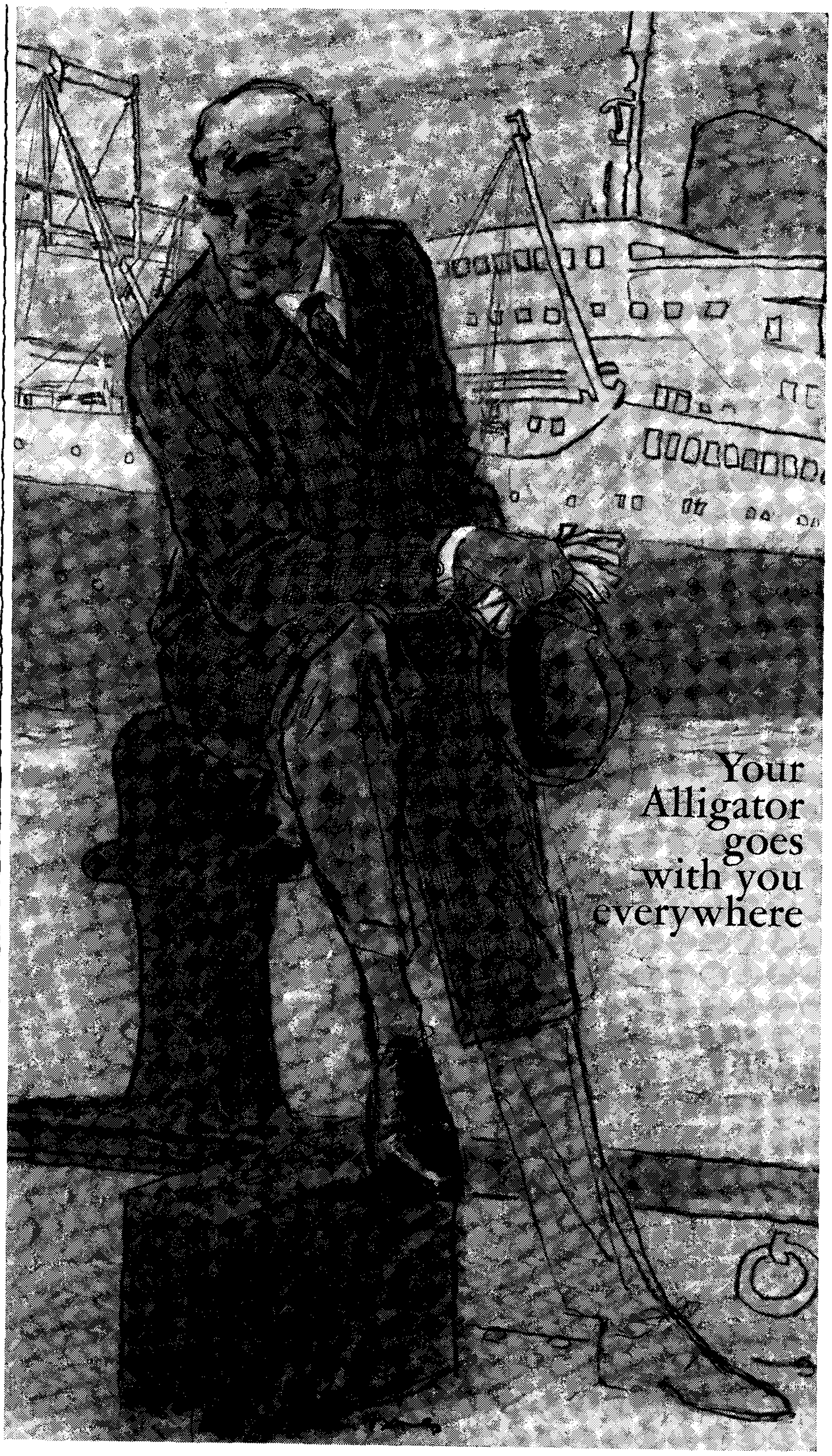

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THE THEATRE

WHERE'S THAT IRISH ROSE?

JEWISH familial comedy in the theatre runs to an almost mathematical formula. We have the kibitzing mother, the shoulder-shrugging father, the handsome young son or daughter, and the difficulty of getting the fledglings, male or female, wed. When Anne Nichols explored this foolishness in "Abie's Irish Rose," which was universally condemned and ran for about a thousand years, she introduced an Irish group, always an allegedly funny crowd when juxtaposed with Jews. Last week, a play came on view for a few lethargic minutes at the Music Box that tried to say Q.E.D. to the family routine but left out the Irish leaven. The name of the drama was "Have I Got a Girl for You!" and even if the author, Irving Cooper, had had the help of such a Gaelic flash as Brendan Behan, I doubt whether anything could have come of his inspiration. Mr. Cooper wanted us to believe that there is something comic about a Bronx Xanthippe given to browbeating her poor husband and determined to make her son, an attractive physical-education type, marry a girl with looks, money, and a credit card honored at Grossinger's. As played by Nancy R. Pollock, *Mamala* sedulously used adjectives for adverbs, but she never convinced me that she had any ear whatever for Yiddish dialect. For that matter, nobody else in the cast did, either. I pitied Simon Oakland, as the son in the piece, and Karen Thorsell, as his beloved, but charity can go no further. This thing ran for weeks in Los Angeles. I guess we had better put it down to the incomprehensible West.

—John McCarten

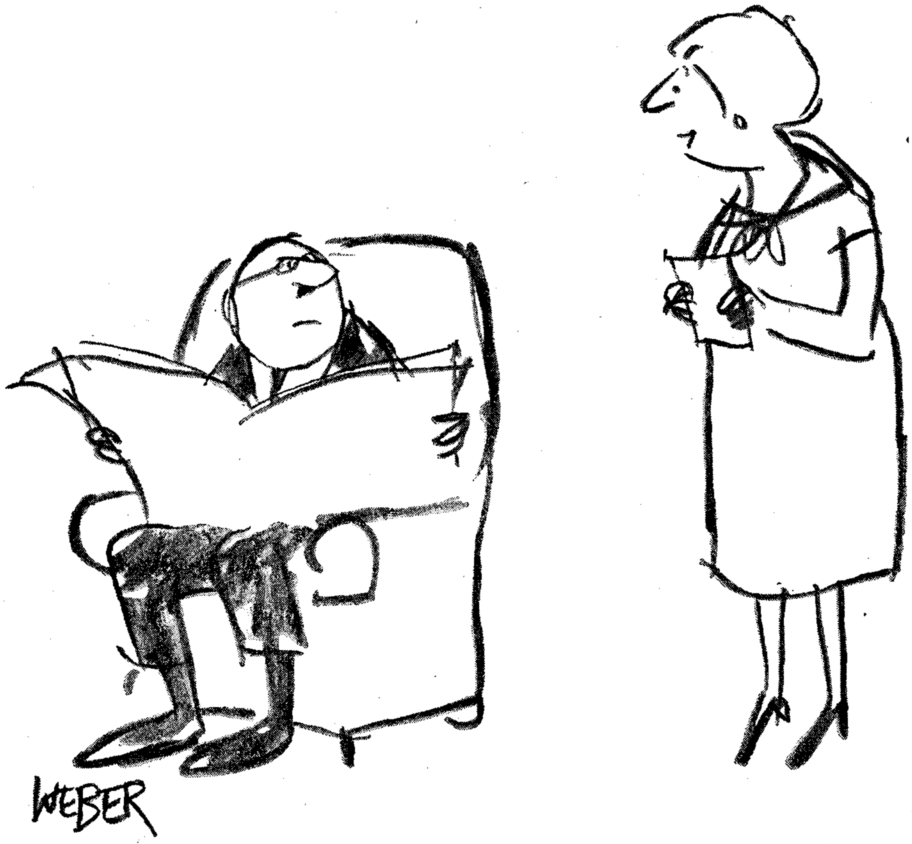
OFF BROADWAY

Only Warm

WALLACE HAMILTON'S "The Burning," at the York, is based on an actual episode that took place in 1321. It is about a colony of lepers who live on land set aside for them near the town of Limoux, in southern France, and about the attempts of a pair of conniving aristocrats and a passel of Church dignitaries to seize the land for private and ecclesiastical gain, by demonstrating first that the lepers are demon-ridden, and then that they are poisoning wells and must be burned alive. The lepers, who, in a general way, are under the protection of the Church and in the care of a conscientious, though squeamish, priest named Brother Charles, do attempt to poison a few wells (and who can blame them, since their haystacks are set afire, their cattle killed, and one of them is shot by an arrow?), but their poison turns out to be harmless—not that that does them any good. Most of the action takes place in the kitchen and chapel of the leper house and in the office of the local bishop. The play opens with a funeral Mass, after which the presiding priest throws a few handfuls of earth into the open coffin of a leprous girl and then orders her to get up and go off to the leprosarium, which she does, and it ends with the lepers and Brother Charles waiting for soldiers from Carcassonne to escort them to the public square, where the burning is about to take place. Of the characters concerned, the lepers are certainly the most loose-limbed and, all things considered, the most cheerful.

I cannot express much of an opinion on "The Burning," because I don't have one. It all seems so remote, but it does have a number of merits, some of them negative—no cheap or sensational moments, for instance, no obvious hinting at modern parallels, no illiterate or implausible lines. The scenes are real scenes. With a few exceptions, the performances are unusually professional for Off Broadway, and so is the direction, by Stephen Aaron. Among the lepers, the bulky Clifton James is humorous and almost credible as a rebellious, high-spirited lord who is the ringleader of the group, and Alan Oppenheimer is quite touching as a thoughtful, levelheaded family man. The Brother Charles of Jerome Guardino is more hysterical than clerical, but the other actors, as priests and aristocrats, do well enough, and Guy Sorel is impressive as the wise, compassionate bishop who must unwillingly knuckle under to his superiors. All told, the evening is seldom boring, but I was not fooled for one minute into believing that the action onstage had any life of its own.

"THE WORLDS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE" opens on a stage—the little, raked stage of the Carnegie Recital Hall—that is bare except for a worn theatre trunk against the back wall. The lights go out, and when they come on again, Earle Hyman and Vinie Burrows are perched on either end of the trunk. He is wearing doublet and hose; she is wearing a simple long



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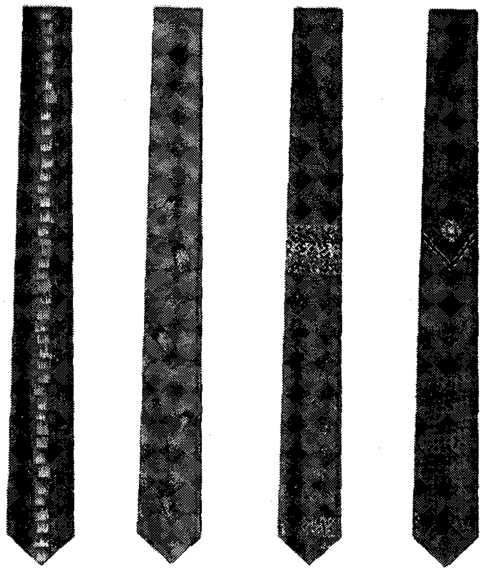

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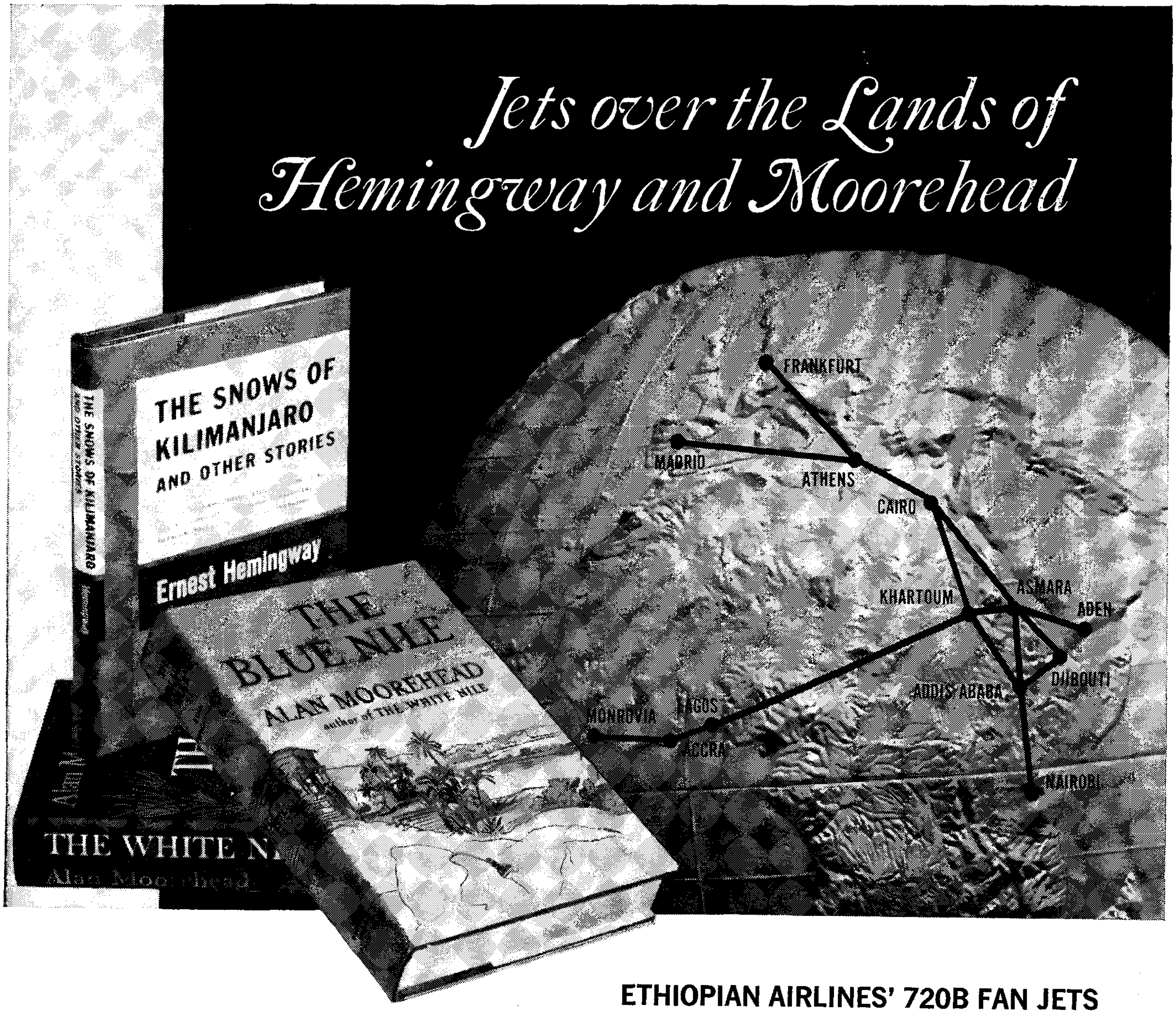
dress. The show is an arrangement, by Marchette Chute and Ernestine Perrie, of scenes from the plays, all but a couple of them dialogues. Mr. Hyman and Miss Burrows, as they change character, take whatever props or bits of costume they need from the trunk. The fact that both of the actors are Negroes gives their performances an extra interest (or did for me until I forgot about it). The performances fall about midway between acting and reciting. The arrangers have supplied introductions to the material that are occasionally helpful but are mostly just enraptured-English-teacher. The evening is somewhat arbitrarily divided into two parts: "The World of Love," which is sensible, and "The World of Music," which is silly—"The harp (from 'The Merchant of Venice,' Act V, Scene 1). . . . The beat of a drum (from 'Macbeth,' Act IV, Scene 1). . . . The trumpet (from 'Henry V,' Act III, Scene 1)." Rubbish! Part I is much better than Part II anyway.

What is irresistible throughout is the boldness of the two players in undertaking such an extensive program, and their evident love and understanding of the words they speak. Every scene is at least clear. Mr. Hyman, according to the program notes, has had considerable experience in Shakespeare, and even when he is only fair or all wrong, he is certainly at home in it. His speech is good. He has humor and temperament and some power, and he may be on his way to style. His Henry V proposing to Katharine in a mixture of English and strained, embarrassed French is both regal and charming, his lovesick Orlando is attractive and funny, and his Othello, in the murder scene, is a near triumph. He hasn't listened to anybody's recording of this scene; it is all his own. Miss Burrows is a newcomer to Shakespeare (the program notes again), though not to acting, and much of the time, especially in emotional passages, she seems rather at a loss, which unfortunately leaves Mr. Hyman without the support he needs. She does quite well, though, in anything that gives her intelligence and natural wit a chance, like Rosalind. Both players are at their best in the strange love scene between Troilus and Cressida, the only relatively unfamiliar selection in the lot. The worst selection is the final one, a monstrous abbreviated "King Lear," with Miss Burrows as all three daughters. It is a foolish notion—"Lear" doesn't abbreviate—and I wish they would drop it. I'd like to see them have a go at Katharine and Petruchio.

—EDITH OLIVER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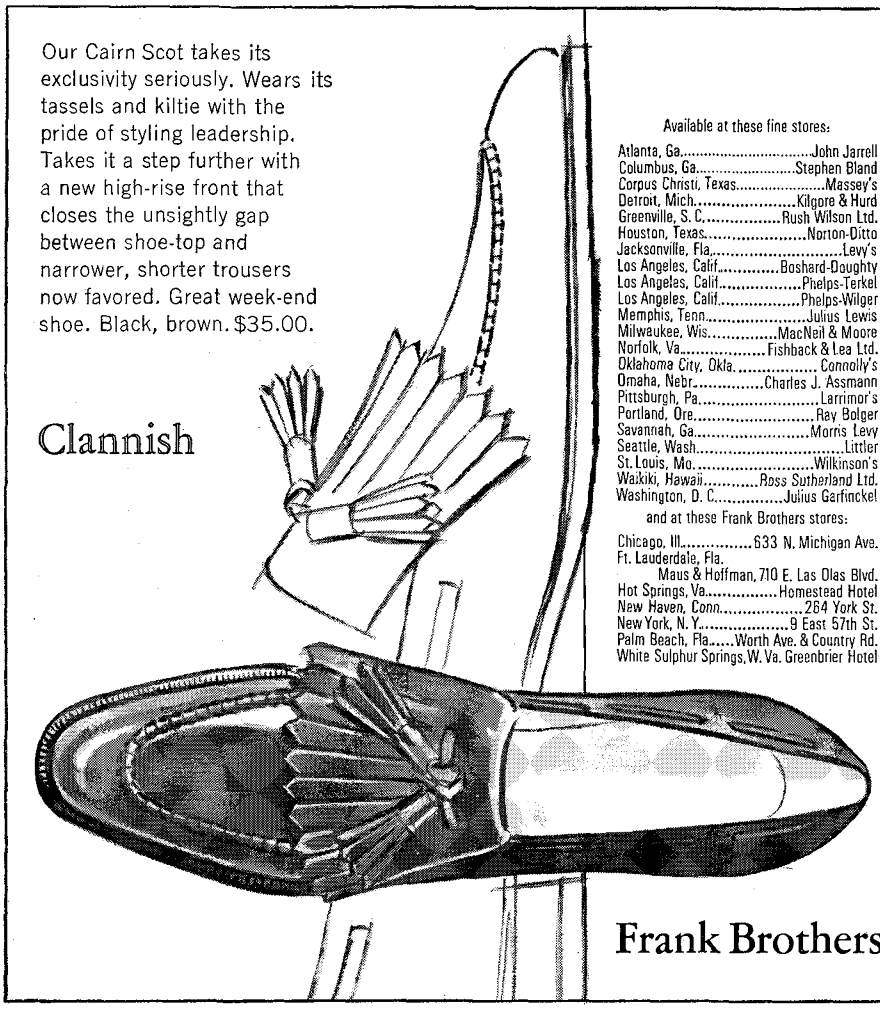

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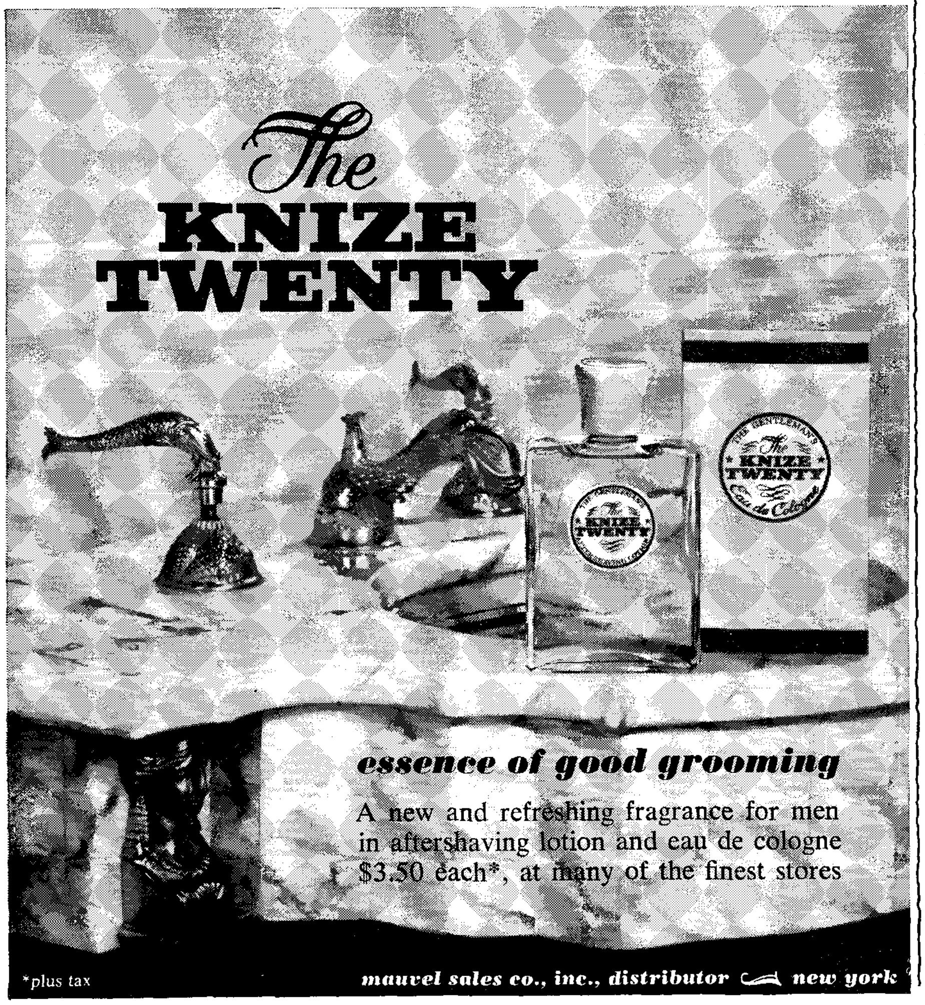

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FOOTBALL

One Against the Gods

"LITTLE" is the adjective that comes to mind when one contemplates Carl Stichweh, the Army quarterback who was in sole command of his troops on the day last week-end when they almost came from behind to overtake Navy. A hundred and eighty-five pounds and six feet went into the construction of Stichweh, it is true. But, putting oneself in his place as he threaded his difficult way among the giants who had enlisted in the Navy, one felt again the personal insignificance that sweeps over one when, after breakfast, one ascends to the observation dome of the westbound Denver Zephyr and catches a first glimpse of the Rockies. There were giants on the Army roster as well—twenty-four of them, at two hundred pounds or better—but the spectator was more aware of the Navy giants, of whom a mere seventeen could break two hundred pounds, because Stichweh, who was onstage whether Army was on the attack or on the defense, was constantly in their shadow. On occasion, indeed, Navy seemed to be tossing him in a blanket; we'll all be a long time forgetting the scene in which Stichweh, uprooted by Sai and Orr, two of Navy's collection of astonishingly rapid and rapacious backs, somersaulted over them and into the end zone for the first of his two touchdowns.

In the life that T-formation quarterbacks lead, protection is nine points of the war. Staubach, who operates as Navy's T man, is the most celebrated football player in the country this year, and on Saturday it wasn't hard to see why; Army was conspicuous by its absence whenever he was deciding what to do with the ball. At that, he twice made the wrong decision and tossed the ball to an Army man. Stichweh, who is Army's T man, is celebrated, too, as the quarterback least likely to throw a pass. On Saturday, it wasn't hard to see the reason for that, either; Navy hardly ever gave him time enough to get set. But it was not Stichweh's fault that the match didn't end up even all, at 21–21, or that Army didn't win, 22–21, instead of losing, 21–15. Time was a-wasting as, in the final moments of the match, he drove his team to the Navy two-yard line—a-wasting because he kept lifting his arms in an effort to hush the uproar in the cheering section. My

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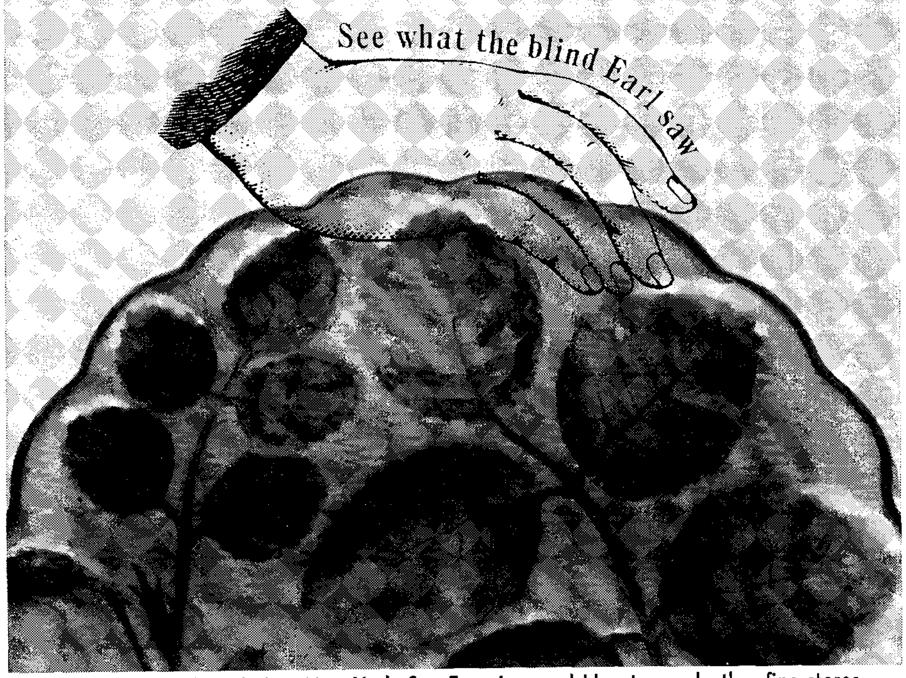
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perch, high on the Navy side of the field, was well removed from the most madding portion of the crowd, but what I heard made it easy to believe that Stichweh's men couldn't make out his commands.

I HAVE never had the opportunity of watching the Air Force Academy; my knowledge of it comes second-hand from an Ivy League expatriate who is now, presumably to his regret, headmaster of a Colorado boys' school that does *not* play football. The encounter between Air Force and Colorado, he reports (and his word is amply confirmed by the press), was decided by fisticuffs, inasmuch as a Colorado misdemeanor in this regard gave Air Force the ball on Colorado's six-yard line. Air Force kept on going, to win, 17–14, and—like Navy—it will be seen later on in the season in one of those Bowl games.

While I must rely on a view by proxy of the Air Force football team, I have first-hand knowledge of how, in its brief years of existence, Air Force has worked a change on its local scenery. The architecture of its campus, or whatever it should be called, is outgoing World's Fair rather than austere Gothic, and Colorado Springs, its nearest neighbor, a dozen miles to the southeast, has become a new town. Where once strolled the elderly who went there from our part of the world for their lungs or their leisure, young wives and young fiancées stroll arm in arm with Air Force uniforms, and the Antlers, the main-street hotel that housed the elderly, has set aside an area once devoted to the addressing of postcards and the playing of whist for an ornate enterprise christened, in honor of the Air Force football team, the Falcon Room. The lawn of the Antlers sloped down all the way to the Denver & Rio Grande station, so the elderly were already at home the instant they stepped off their train. But the homely sound of the trains (there are precious few now) and of the trolley cars (there are none now) that converged, for the convenience of all, upon the Antlers has been replaced by a new and overhead sound—the sound of Air Force jets on practice runs. One is now as aware of Air Force in the old town of Colorado Springs as one is aware of Navy in the far older town of Annapolis.

—J. W. L.

•

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MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE

Cappuccino

Néapolitan style: Serve piping hot Medaglia d'Oro Espresso Coffee in demi-tasse cups with a topping of warm (not boiled) milk. A continental favorite. Cappuccino Capri: Top steaming hot Espresso with whipped cream, sprinkle with grated orange peel, cinnamon. And for the Cappuccino Bravo, add Anisette. Think La Dolce Vita.

Café Soirée

Prepare Medaglia d'Oro for 6 demi-tasse cups. Place in saucepan 6 tsps. sugar, 1-inch stick cinnamon, 4 cloves, 1 curl orange peel. Add Medaglia d'Oro, heat *(don't boil)*. Add 4 ounces rum, strain, serve. Top with *unsweetened whipped cream.* Think finale.

P.S. You can make all of these recipes with Instant or Regular Medaglia d'Oro. / S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. Palisades Park, N. J. Established 1899

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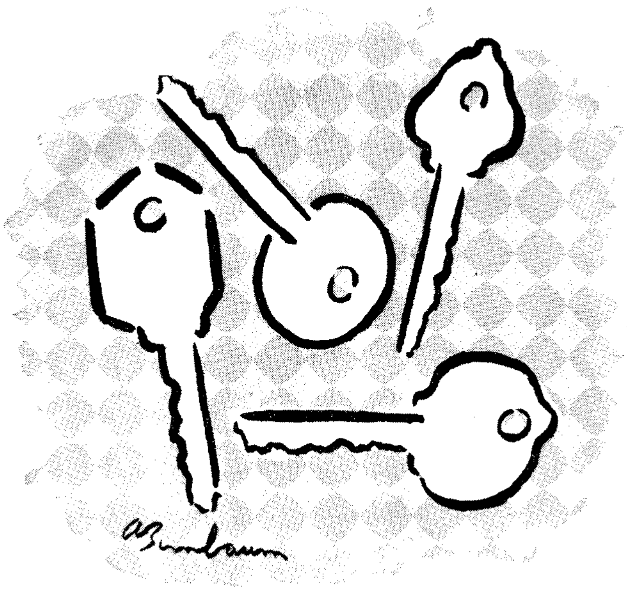
A REPORTER AT LARGE

BURGLARY—II

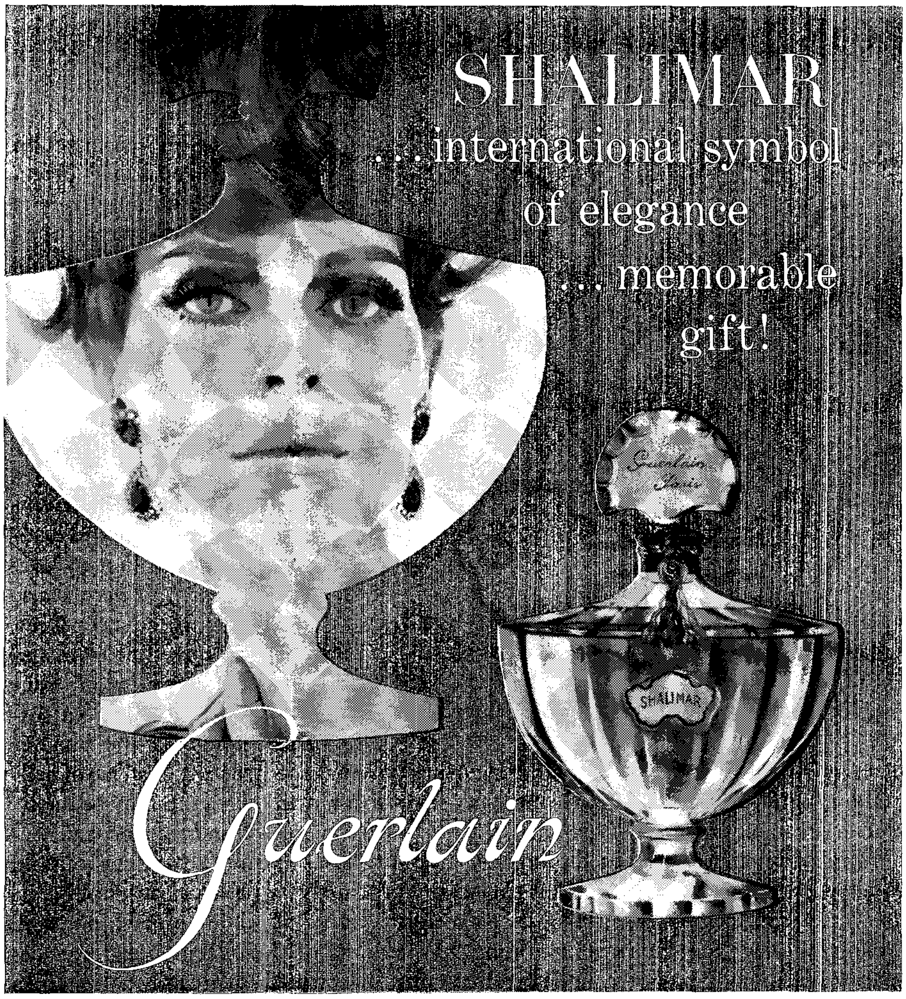


IN the last few months, the newspapers have been full of accounts of burglaries committed in New York City. Many of these crimes may strike the reader as droll (a portrait of Zsa Zsa Gabor stolen from Zsa Zsa Gabor) or brassy (three burglaries in three weeks at the Headquarters Tavern, just behind Police Headquarters). Actually, the overwhelming majority of burglaries, though a constant topic of conversation for the victims, are of little intrinsic interest and go unreported in the press; they take a silent place in the sea of statistics compiled annually by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which regards burglary as one of seven serious crimes that serve as an index to the prevalence of criminality in the United States. In New York, and in the country as a whole, burglary is by far the most frequent of these seven crimes, and in 1962 there were 40,568 burglaries here—a figure that works out to 111.1 a day, or one every thirteen minutes. With the police force at its present size, there is little hope of detecting the perpetrators of so many crimes, much less of deterring them. All told, only 6,916 burglars were arrested in the city in 1962, clearing up 11,603 of the burglaries, or 28.6 per cent. An estimated thirty-three per cent of the $25,391,583 in stolen property was recovered.

The majority of the city's burglaries occur in residences, and the victim, upon discovering that someone has broken into his home and stolen some of his belongings, usually picks up the telephone and dials the operator, who directs the call to police headquarters, which, in turn, directs it to the local precinct. After getting the basic facts, the policeman at the desk usually switches the caller to the detective squad attached to the precinct. If it appears that something may be learned from a visit to the scene of the crime, a detective from the local squad (or, sometimes, a team of two) goes out to investigate. There is a complaint form to fill out, and there is a certain routine to the investigation. The detective determines the burglar's method of entry and what tools, if any, he used to effect it; he tries to establish the time when the burglary occurred; and he may canvass the neighbors and the building employees to ask if anyone has seen a stranger around. Ordinarily, a burglar will not enter occupied premises, so he will ring doorbells, and if his rings are answered, will pretend to be collecting money for charity or selling magazines or looking for a nonexistent Mr. Scott. It is just possible that one or more neighbors will remember such a doorbell ringer and will be able to identify him from photographs in the police files. The squad detective will look for anything the burglar may have left behind—a handkerchief with a laundry mark, for example—and will decide whether to call in one of the special services of the Police Department, such as the Police Laboratory, which might, among other things, make casts of footprints, and the Photographic Unit, which might, among other things, take pictures of visible fingerprints. The routine post-burglary investigation is brief—partly because the police lack manpower, and partly because any investigation, short or long, is apt to be futile. There *are* cases on record where the burglar lost memoranda or left fingerprints or other clues that led to his apprehension, and there *are* cases that have been solved by canvassing, but most of the time the burglar leaves no clues and the neighbors either haven't seen or don't remember having seen anything. And all too often the burglar's *modus operandi*—or M.O., as the police call it—has nothing distinctive about it; any one of a vast number of burglars might have jimmied or "loided" (opened with a celluloid strip) a particular door in a particular way. What the squad detective does that is more likely to be of help to the victim than anything else is to attempt to trace the stolen property. He gets as complete and accurate a description of the property as possible, and this information is passed on to the Lost Property Unit, which receives a daily list from every licensed pawnbroker and second-hand dealer of all items taken in purchase or pawn. There is also a Property Recovery Unit, which visits pawnbrokers and second-hand dealers in order to look for and check on suspicious items. If the burglar has pawned the property instead of selling it to a fence, the victim may be lucky.

There were a hundred and twenty-six burglaries of more than ten thousand dollars in New York City last year, eighty-eight of them in Manhattan. When one of these large burglaries occurs, the squad detective conducts a much more thorough preliminary investigation. The victim is subjected to more intensive questioning (Exactly when was the apartment unoccupied? For how long? Have there been any mysterious phone calls?); the neighbors and the building employees are questioned at greater length, too; in the case of a hotel burglary, the manager's knowledge of other guests is checked; and the burglar's method of entry is analyzed more carefully. The F.B.I. is called in on some big burglaries, on the assumption that the stolen property has been taken out of the state; insurance investigators are often involved, and several of the Police Department's specialized squads, particularly the burglary squad, may be asked to help. Even if there are no visible prints, the Photo Unit dusts everything that the burglar may have touched for latent prints. Most large burglaries these days are accomplished by surreptitious entry—rather than forcible entry, like jimmying—and the Police Lab is asked to try to establish whether the entry was made by a key, or by celluloid, or by the burglar's tool known as the pick, which leaves scratch marks inside lock cylinders. If it can be established that the lock was picked, the police will not need to check up on all the people who may have had access to the key—hotel or building employees, the victim's maid and former maids, and the maids' boy friends. (If there is any reason to suspect employees, they may be investigated for signs of unaccountable wealth or dubious friends; detectives may even be planted as new hotel or building employees to keep tabs on them.) If a lock has been picked, the field is narrowed in another way, because only a small percentage of burglars have the skill to pick locks, and the common run of burglars can be eliminated. On the other hand, if detectives can establish that celluloid was used (celluloid doesn't necessarily leave marks, but sometimes it may scrape the paint on the door or the frame), the pick man cannot be eliminated, because he may try celluloid first; it simply lets out people with access to a key.

The police conduct these investigations in a matter-of-fact, not to say hard-boiled, fashion. One recent victim, Mrs. June Oppen Degnan, of San Francisco, who is associated with the New Directions publishing firm, and who publishes the *San Francisco Review Annual*, says that the police were, on the whole, very courteous and helpful but that their investigation of her burglary had its trying moments. Mrs. Degnan spends a few months of each year in New York, and last spring she was staying in a suite at the Hampshire House. On the morning of April 29th, a Monday, when she was getting dressed to go out, she noticed that a few of her best pieces of jewelry were missing. She kept her jewelry in the small dressing room of her suite, between the bedroom and the living room—some of it in a green leather box, and some in a plastic bag that also contained hair nets and curlers. The burglar went through both the box and the bag, taking only pieces that contained diamonds. There were eight of them, and they were insured for forty-two thousand dollars. He left behind about five thousand dollars' worth of gold jewelry, some of which contained amethysts or rubies, and he ignored some cultured pearls. Mrs. Degnan had been out on the previous day from twelve-forty-five in the afternoon until eight-fifteen, and she felt quite sure that the burglary had occurred during those hours. "My jewelry was there when I left on Sunday and put on a diamond ring and a watch," she says. "I couldn't have been burglarized after I got home at night, because even if I hadn't heard the burglar, Tinker, my Siamese cat, would have heard him and awakened me." The burglar hadn't disturbed anything in the suite and had entered surreptitiously. The door had not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been double-locked, because Mrs. Degnan, like most people, didn't know that it could be. She hadn't put her jewelry in the hotel safe, because the hotel safe was right in the lobby and she thought that it would be conspicuous and dangerous for her to ask for things from the safe.

Immediately after Mrs. Degnan discovered the burglary, she phoned the hotel's general manager to report it. While she was waiting for the police to appear, she phoned her insurance agent and gave him a list of what she had lost: two pins, two sets of earrings, a bracelet, and a necklace. The police responded quickly. "A detective from the local precinct came first," Mrs. Degnan says. "He asked about the jewelry and then, almost immediately, whether it was insured. I gave him the list of the missing pieces, and he asked what each piece was worth. He added up the figures with the speed of light. He asked me to go over my activities on Sunday several times. I did. He finally asked me how I happened to know the time I'd left the hotel, and I explained that since we'd changed to daylight-saving time between Saturday night and Sunday morning, I had had to reset my watch and clock when I got up. He then wanted to know how I happened to remember the time I'd returned to the hotel in the evening, and I explained that I had had dinner at the Oyster Bar in Grand Central and had left at eight, when it closed. The detective asked if he could use the phone to call his precinct. Before long, some other detectives from the local station came, and then two burglary-squad detectives and two fingerprint men, who dusted the dressing room area for fingerprints—for a while everyone seemed to arrive in pairs—and then one F.B.I. man, an insurance investigator, and a man from my insurance company. They came and went, came and went, and at one point, I remember, there were eleven policemen in my living room. When the detectives arrived, they walked up to me, gave me a quick handshake, and said, 'I'm very sorry about your loss,' as if they were at a wake. I said, 'Thank you,' like a proper relative of the deceased."

Mrs. Degnan is an attractive lady in her forties, and she is divorced. "The detectives asked me, as politely as they could, if I had a boy friend who was in need of cash," she says. "They asked me whom I'd been out with the night before. It seemed to sadden them that I'd been out to eat with my brother. And the night before that? I told them I'd been to the theatre with some friends in the diplomatic corps. That was also dis-

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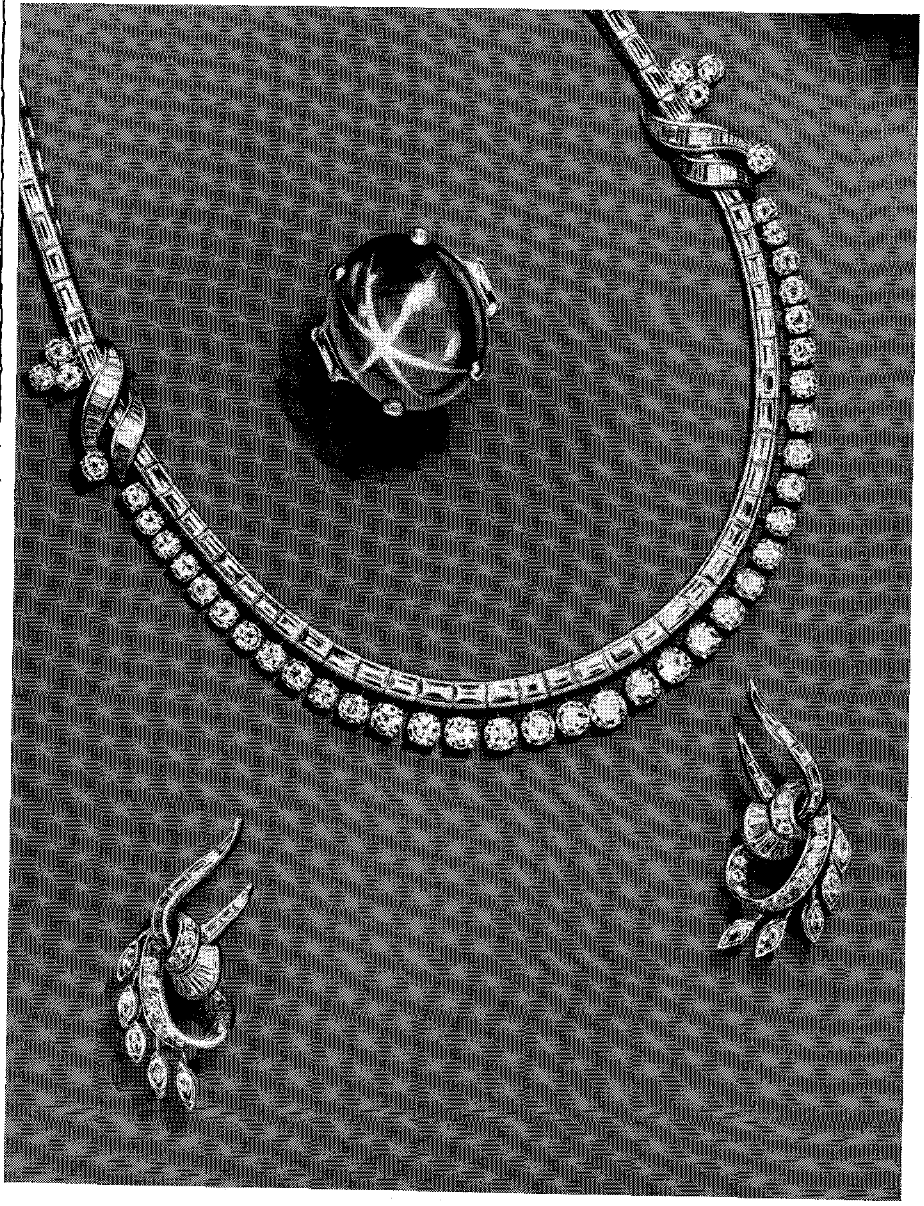

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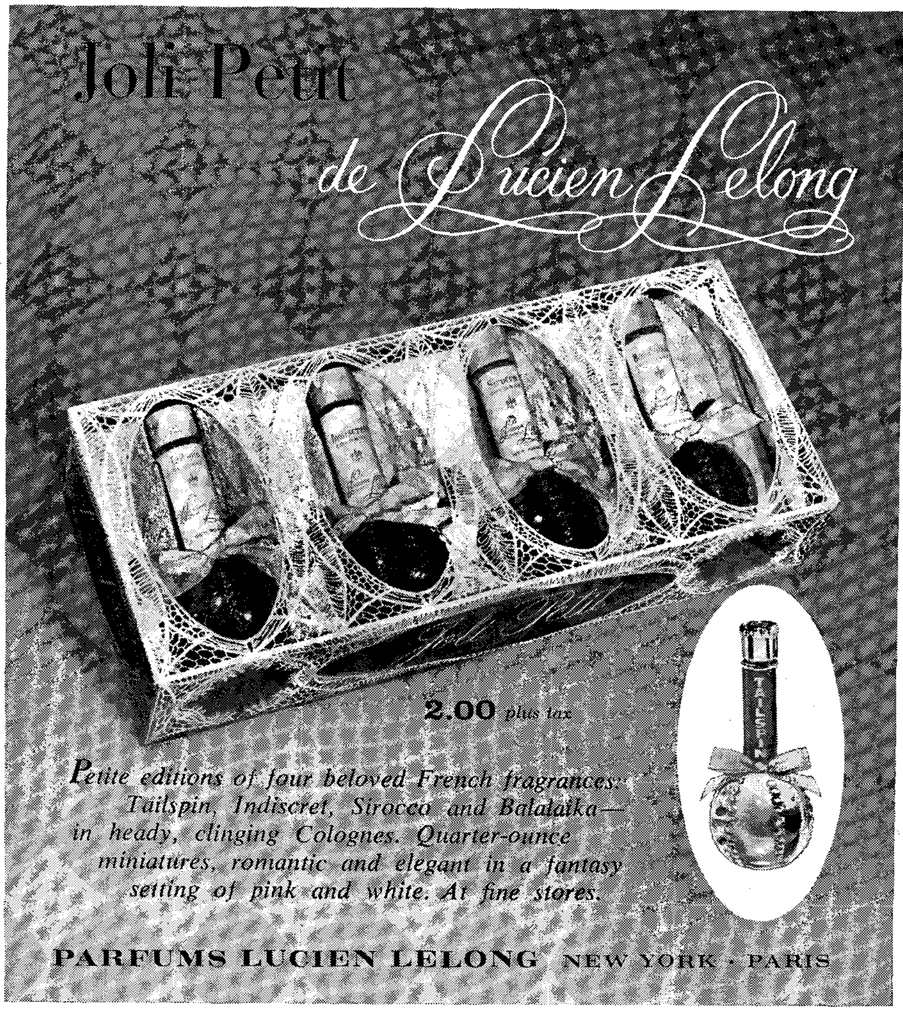

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couraging to them. Had I had any strangers up to the apartment? No. Had I been to any night clubs lately? No. Did I have a photo of myself with *everything* that was stolen on? I said I thought I'd look pretty silly with a necklace, a bracelet, two pins, and two sets of earrings on. I had no photos of the missing pieces, but I offered to draw some sketches of them. They didn't seem to want me to do that, but one detective reached into his pocket and pulled out a pamphlet called 'Diamonds Are Forever,' or something like that. It was full of pictures of diamonds, and he asked me to point out the pictures of diamonds that were the approximate shape and size of the various stones in my jewelry. Even before one of the detectives had removed the lock cylinder, I'd been told by different detectives that the burglary was a pick job, a celluloid job, and a key job. Each detective made me repeat my account of the burglary. I must have told them seventeen times where I was out on Sunday and what I did. I suppose if you were lying you'd eventually slip up."

A few hours after the policemen left, the newspapers started phoning, and Mrs. Degnan was put through another kind of quiz. She was asked, for instance, "Are you a socialite?" On Tuesday, the detectives went over the same ground with Mrs. Degnan time and time again. On Wednesday, more detectives arrived, to ask the same old questions, and there were also a few crank phone calls from would-be authors. On Thursday, there was a crank letter. On Friday, Mrs. Degnan left the city on a business trip to Washington. The jewelry has not been recovered. The insurance people sent her a check in June.

DETECTIVES attached to local squads spend some of their working hours in the station house, on various day and night shifts, answering phones to receive complaints. This duty is described as "catching squeals," but while the complaint is known as a squeal, detectives don't go so far as to call the complainant a squealer. Upon catching a squeal—a matter of shoplifting, perhaps, or a brawl, or a prowler on a fire escape—one detective or a pair of detectives will go to the scene. Squad detectives work only in their own precinct; they work fixed, regularly alternating shifts; and they have an assortment of tasks to attend to, involving a great deal of paperwork. They haven't the time to concentrate only on burglaries, but there are detectives who do. In an age of specialized criminals, it is only fitting that there should be specialized pursuers of criminals. Queens and the Bronx have one burglary squad apiece, and Brooklyn has two. Until recently, Manhattan had a Burglary South Squad, with seven pairs of male detectives and one pair of female detectives, which handled cases below Sixty-fifth Street, and a Burglary North Squad, with six pairs of male detectives, which handled cases above Sixty-fifth Street. A month ago, however, both Manhattan squads were experimentally attached to the city's Safe, Loft, and Truck Squad. The burglary-squad detective has no fixed alternating day and night shifts, and no shoplifters to concern himself with. He is free to concentrate on burglars, and he and his partner spend most of their working hours riding around in an unmarked car, spotting suspects on the street, and following them.

Assistant Chief Inspector James J. Walsh, an amiable and highly articulate Irishman of fifty-five, who has served in the Police Department for thirty-two years, is considered one of the most knowledgeable people in the department on the subject of burglary. Chief Walsh says that a detective is chosen to specialize in burglary for a number of reasons. He should be the sort of man to whom time means nothing when he is on a case; he should be willing to work around the clock and over weekends and on holidays, and he should have the patience and enthusiasm required to tail two burglars around the country for a month or two, without a day off, or just to tail two men in the city for seven days and nights, sleeping alternate shifts with his partner in a car parked near the burglar's residence for the night. He should be a good "tailman" (a "shadow," if you read detective fiction). And he should have shown, in his days as a patrolman and a squad detective, an ability to make observational arrests of criminals, especially burglars. "It's hard to explain to the layman what the ability to recognize a burglar on sight is," Chief Walsh says. "If the average person joined a pair of burglary-squad detectives and rode around with them, and there were ten men walking along the street, nine of them honest citizens and one of them a burglar with a record as long as the Arabian Nights, the average person would pick one of the nine honest men every time; the burglary-squad detective would pick out the burglar almost every time. The burglary-squad detective will see a guy on the street who has an air or a mannerism that arouses his suspicion and makes him want to take a second look. He usually spots something that most people wouldn't

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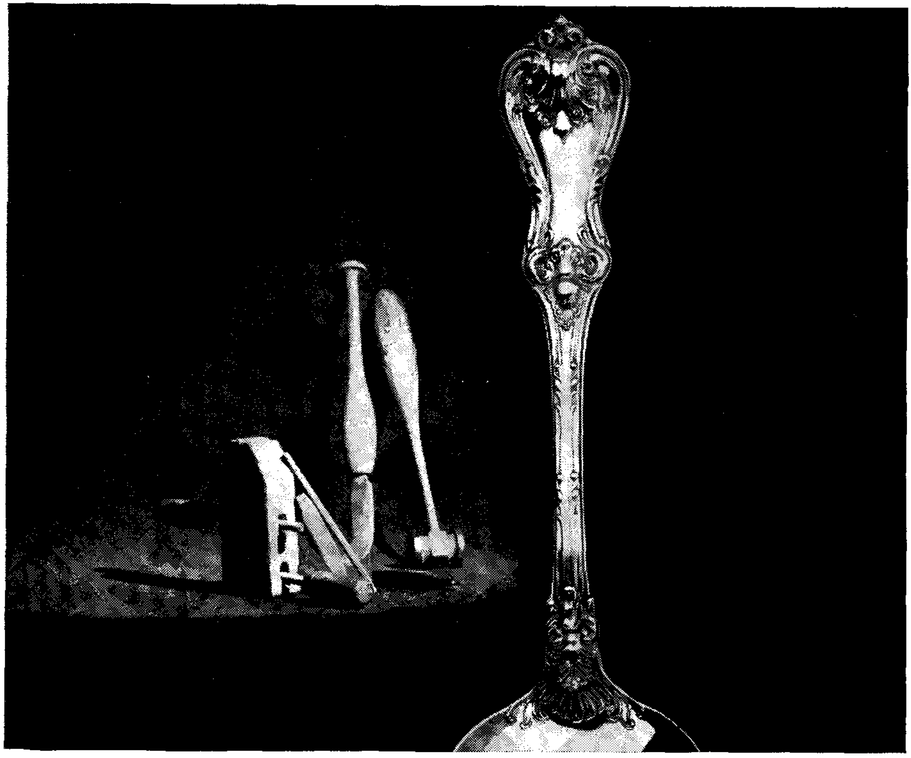

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notice. Maybe the fellow's in an area where he doesn't seem to have any business. Maybe he keeps turning his head, looking from one side of the street to another for a likely place to burglarize. Maybe he appears to be very nervous; burglars are as full of adrenalin as the rest of us would be if we were doing what we shouldn't be doing, and it shows. Anyway, the knack can't be explained scientifically, though it has often been called 'radar' by the D.A. when he's telling a jury what made a detective follow a suspect who was subsequently arrested for committing a burglary."

Tailing is difficult, because most burglars are always on their guard against it. If a tail-conscious burglar wants to get from West Ninety-sixth Street to East Forty-eighth Street, he won't go by a direct route; he may go up to East 125th Street by taxi, take an express train down to East Forty-second Street, switch to a downtown local, get out a few stops later, change to an uptown train, leave the subway, and then take a couple of cabs. Detectives admit that most burglars are able to "smell a cop." If a burglar thinks he has caught the scent of a detective, he will try to draw him out. He will walk quickly around a corner, stop suddenly, and look back, or he'll enter a building lobby and "eye-up" every person who follows him in. He'll do this two or three times, and if he sees the same person each time he'll know that this is probably the law. The police talk of three classes of burglar, rated according to skill, appearance, and other factors having nothing to do with moral virtues—the good, the run-of-the-mill, and the crude burglar. One of the characteristics of a good burglar, Chief Walsh says, is that he's practically impossible to tail. Less skillful criminals, however, have been tailed for days at a time without their knowledge. In 1951, detectives of the Safe, Loft, and Truck Squad kept a trio of burglars under surveillance for weeks, waiting for them to commit a crime. One morning, the three were joined by another man, and later in the day the four were caught committing a burglary. To the surprise and disgust of the police, the fourth man turned out to be a detective who had been with the Police Department for six years. Under questioning, he revealed that although he had often tailed other burglars himself, he never suspected that he and his confederates were being followed.

A pair of burglary-squad detectives makes about seven arrests a month just by patrolling and tailing. When they encounter a suspicious-looking character, they will tail him for a while. Some-

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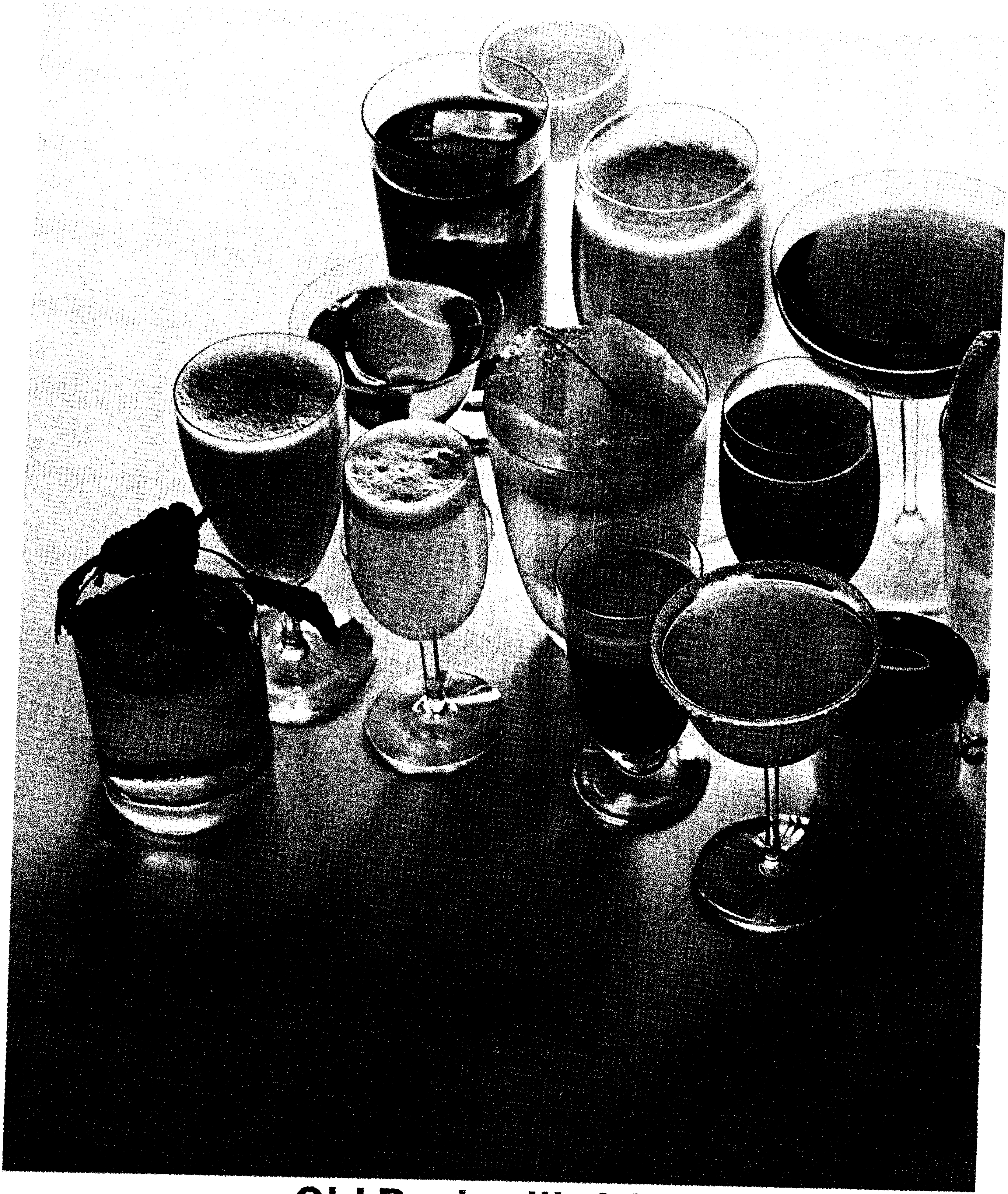
Good things from the garden



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If you want to know what goes into these holiday drinks besides Old Bushmills (yes, even the pink frothy one is a holiday drink—yes, it is made with whiskey), write to us. We'll send you the recipes.

If we missed your favorite holiday drink, make it with Old Bushmills anyway, then send us your recipe. We plan to do this again next year and we don't want to miss a favorite just because we don't know about it. And we

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And if you're wondering why that whiskey straight, Whiskey Sour, Manhattan, Old Fashioned, whiskey on the rocks, and Irish Coffee are in the picture—well, as we said, Old Bushmills can do anything, any time, any place.

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JAMAICA

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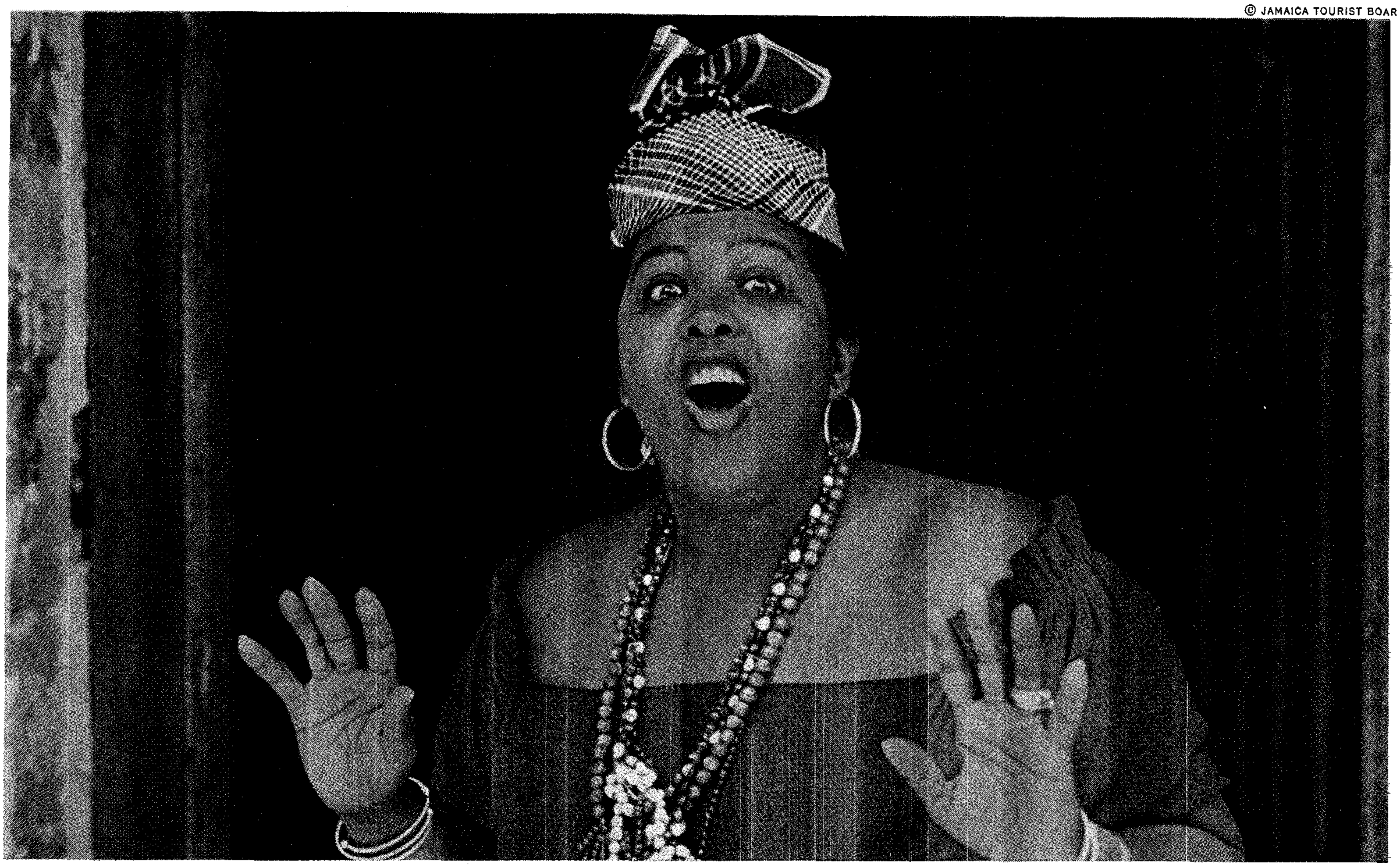

You haven't heard anything, until you've heard a soap opera in Jamaican dialect. Louise Bennett Coverly is the incomprehensible leading lady.

If you arrive in Jamaica on a Tuesday, borrow a radio. And at 8 PM, along with thousands of Jamaicans, turn to the Lou and Ranny Show. Be prepared for a shock, though, if you expect to understand it. When Louise, as Lou, delivers lines like "Unoo bettah fit fe arks, A whey fe do, Mass Ran!" you won't have the foggiest notion of what's happening to our heroine—in the clutches of her scalawag of a husband. But somehow, it doesn't matter. The music and gaiety of Jamaican life come through anyway. And "you dead from laugh."

Later that same night, you may watch your hotel pier being invaded by a boatload of scare-the-baby John Canoes, whose grotesque costumes and ritual dances are a cross between slave-trade Africa and Elizabethan England. You'll jump back as the fire-breather shoots flames four feet from his mouth (a trick you may be doing yourself, if you don't watch your intake of our 150 proof white Jamaican rum). You'll see West India rubber women ooooze their bodies under the low limbo.

And hear Lord Jellico or Th
Calypso Cowboy bounce throug
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Back, Belly to Belly."

But entertainment in Jamaic
doesn't end with radio and hc
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might find a paving crew chant
ing "Go down a Manuel Road.

Mon, you haven't heard any
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times both detectives will stay in the prowl car; sometimes one will drive and one will go on foot; sometimes they will park the car and both will go on foot. If they happen to be following a respectable citizen (the suspect could keep turning his head because he is a sightseer, or he could appear to be nervous because he just naturally *is* nervous), they will soon realize their mistake. But if their instinct is right, every move the suspect makes will mean something to them. If he is a burglar and is working, they will wait until he emerges from the premises he has burglarized, and then arrest him, because of the evidential value of catching him with the loot.

The burglary-squad detectives may choose to pay particular attention to a section of town that has been having an unusually large number of burglaries. They may concentrate on an area of ten or fifteen blocks, or may "plant"—that is, settle down—on a block, or a particular hotel, or even an apartment or a room. If they find that several recent victims of large burglaries were visitors to New York who were listed in the *Celebrity Bulletin*, they may "plant" on the hotel room of somebody else on the list who is visiting New York. Burglary-squad detectives don't wear elaborate Sherlock Holmes disguises, but, like burglars, they dress according to the neighborhood in which they're working—coats and ties in prosperous sections, sports shirts and slacks in poorer sections. Occasionally, they will employ a mild gimmick. Earlier this year, Chief Walsh had one detective dress as a bellhop, and on occasion burglary-squad detectives watching someone in an apartment house across the street from a grocery or a hotel have borrowed aprons or doormen's coats. One detective, now retired, used to walk around the East Side carrying a tennis racket.

Condensed into half an hour on television, this surveillance type of police work may seem thrilling, but it isn't thrilling in practice; indeed, it's considered just about the most monotonous and yet nerve-racking police work there is. It is also reasonably effective. One former New York detective, William J. Mulligan, recovered at least a million dollars' worth of jewels by relentless patrolling and tailing. On October 4, 1926, when Mulligan, a twenty-two-year-old rookie patrolman of one week's standing, was walking his beat, he saw a man shuffling along the street carrying a couple of bundles. There was nothing special about the man, but to Mulligan he looked furtive. Mulligan closed in on the suspect, who reached for a gun, whereupon Mulligan laid him out cold

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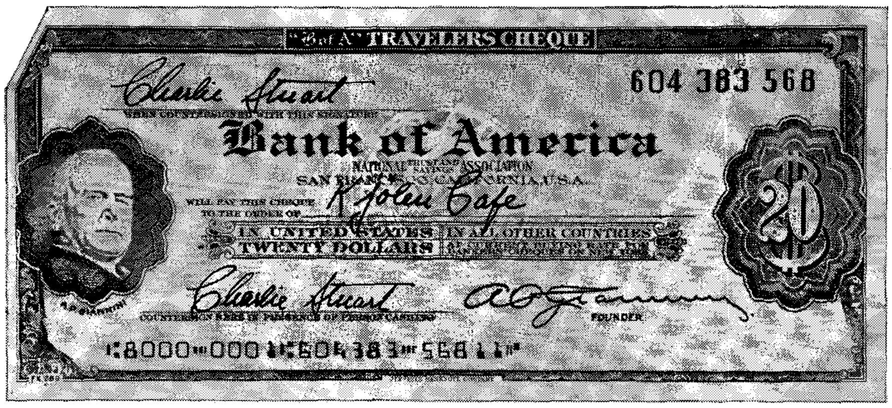
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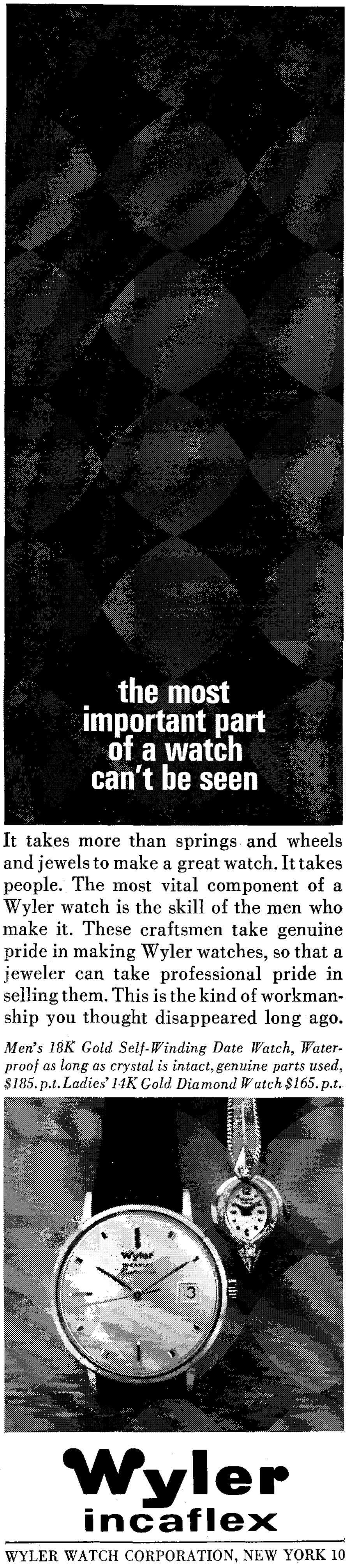
with a sock on the jaw. Later, in the police station, the prisoner confessed to having committed fifty burglaries in a year. Mulligan was promoted to detective, achieving the rise from rookie to detective in the record time of eleven days. In 1948, when a burglary squad was organized in Manhattan, Mulligan was put in charge of it. It proved so successful that others soon followed. Many burglary-squad men in the various boroughs were selected and broken in by Mulligan, who retired in 1954.

With the passage of time, a burglary-squad detective comes to recognize many of the major active burglars, and if he sees any one of them on the street, he will drop everything and follow the man, even when it means (as it often meant for Mulligan in his twenty-eight years on the force) deserting his wife on the way to the theatre. And when a major burglary occurs, the burglary squad usually has a good idea of whom to question. One of the important aspects of the burglary-squad detective's job is knowing the identity of as many burglars as possible, being familiar with their M.O.s, and keeping up to date on whether they are in jail or out, whether they are in the city, whether they are active, and where they live. In the investigation of a big burglary, one of the routine steps is to locate and question known burglars whose M.O.s fit the job. Detectives say that when a big surreptitious-entry jewel burglary is reported in a good New York hotel these days, fifty to a hundred burglars come to mind. Some are questioned briefly at home, and some are put under surveillance; if their alibis sound fishy, or their activities seem suspicious, they are taken to the station house for questioning.

At first glance, the relationship between burglary-squad detectives and some burglars, especially the good burglars and the more personable run-of-the-mill burglars, seems rather curious. When, immediately after a big burglary, detectives arrive at a burglar's home in the middle of the night, the burglar knows that without a search warrant they may not legally search the place, or even enter it, against his will, and that at that hour they probably haven't gone to court to obtain one. Nevertheless—and this is often true even when the burglar is guilty of the crime in question—he usually invites the detectives in. This working relationship, which critics of the police describe as a "symbiotic" one and champions of the police refer to as "camaraderie," isn't really all that curious. Burglars and detectives often do each other a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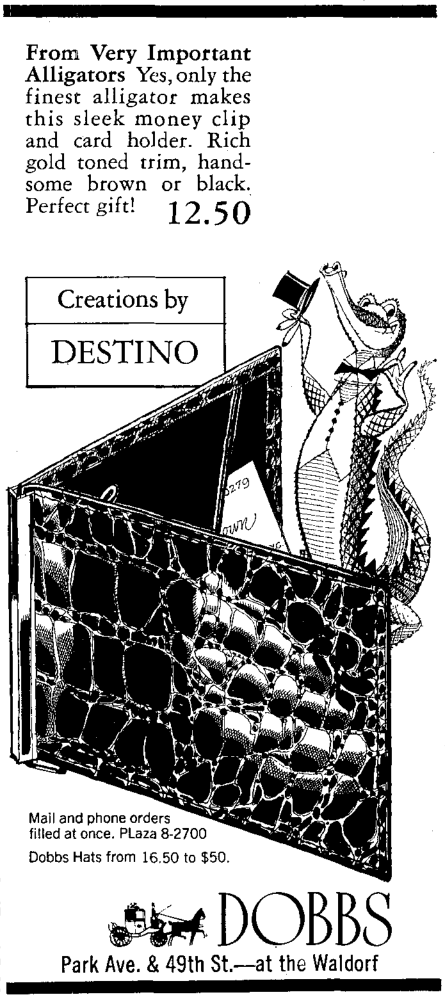
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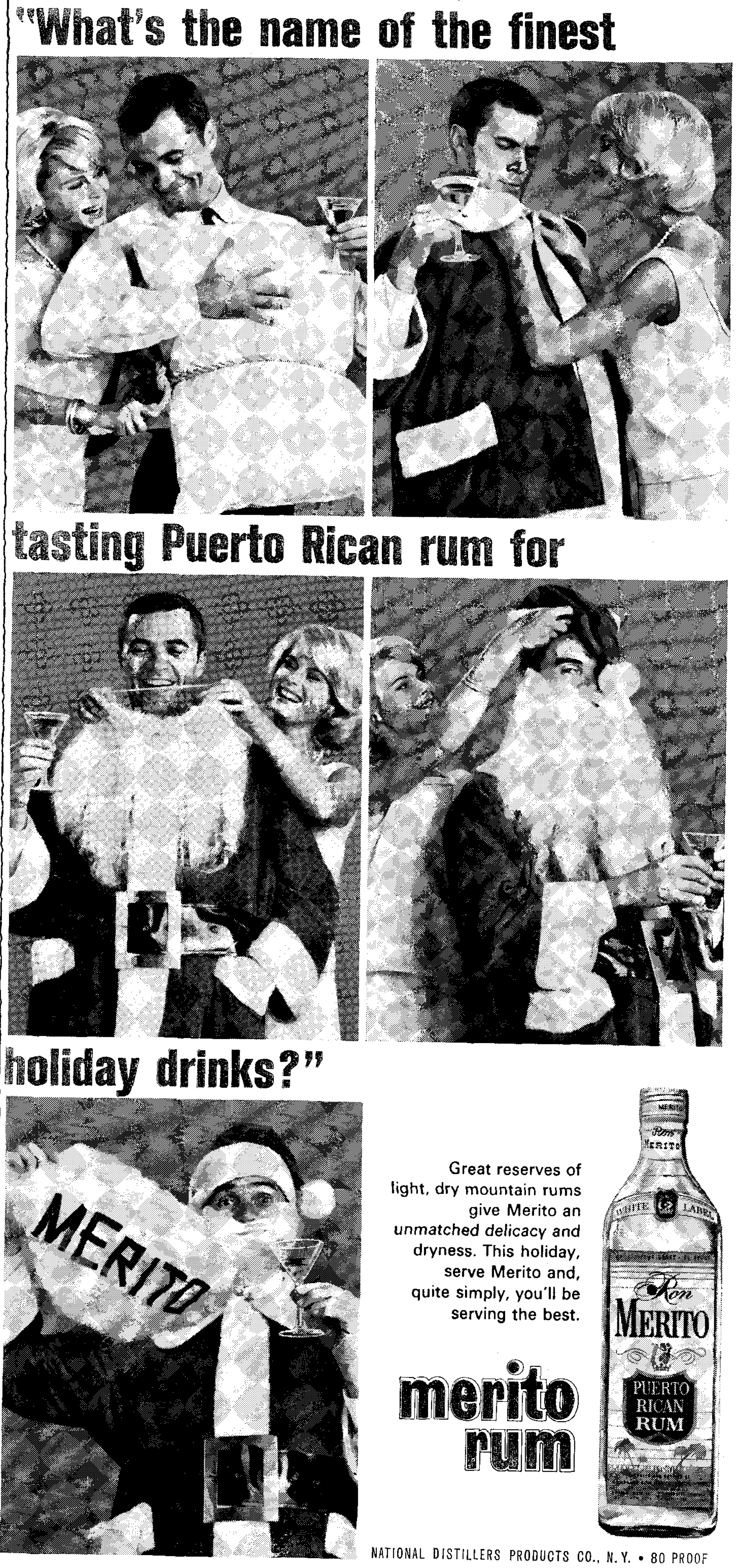
good turn that they don't mind doing. If a policeman is killed in the line of duty, a burglar may use his underworld connections to help the force find the murderer; if a burglar's wife and children need money while he is in jail, a detective will often lend it to them. In general, of course, detectives and burglars hold harsh opinions of each other—detectives will tell you that burglars aren't intelligent but simply "shrewd" or "gutter-smart" at best, while burglars will tell you that detectives, including the ones who catch them, are just "dumb cops"—but the two groups bear a closer resemblance to adversaries in baseball than to adversaries on opposite sides of the law. "We play them, they play us," a detective has said. "They beat us nine times out of ten, but if we catch them that tenth time, we think we've won the game—and they know they've lost it."

Each detective seems to have a favorite burglar. William Mulligan's was Milky Hahn, whom he and his partner, the late Patrick Hogan, arrested several times. Mulligan, a slender Irishman with graying hair and silver-rimmed spectacles, who now works as Superintendent of Security for the United Fruit Company, recalls that Hahn, during one of his appearances in the lineup, was asked "Who do you work with?" and answered "Hogan and Mulligan." "Another time in the lineup, Hahn was asked about his previous arrests," Mulligan says. "He wasn't in a talkative mood, and referred all questions to Pat and me, saying 'Both of them know all about me. They've been following me for twenty years.' " In 1951, when Mulligan and his wife were living in a hotel, Hahn called him from the lobby, saying he had to see his detective friend on a matter of importance. Burglars often find out detectives' home addresses, so Mulligan wasn't surprised. He told Hahn to come on up. (Burglars don't carry grudges, and detectives aren't afraid for themselves or their families when burglars they know come to call.) Mulligan said he was in Room 1407, and told Hahn what turns in the corridor to take after getting off the elevator. Then he waited for Hahn to appear. When there was no sign of him after five minutes, Mulligan quietly opened his door and peeked out into the hall. He saw Hahn trying each door on the way. "You're working pretty close, aren't you?" he asked the burglar. "I couldn't remember what room you lived in," Hahn replied, not at all discomfited. So far from discomfited was he, indeed, that he proceeded to inform Mulligan that the purpose of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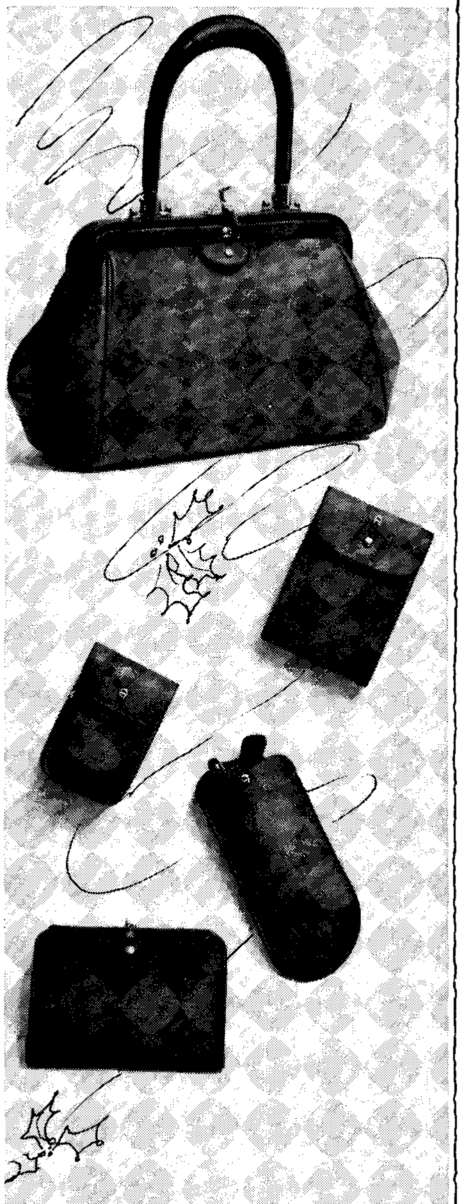
his call was to let him know that he was finished with burglary forever and that Mulligan could stop worrying about him. Some time after that, when Mulligan caught Hahn pulling off a job, Hahn looked at him in surprise and said, "Mr. Mulligan! I heard you'd retired."

After a successful burglary, police will not only question known burglars but watch known fences, and they will also get in touch with their informers. Asking a detective who his informers are is almost as fatuous as asking him whether police take graft or use brutality to extract confessions. Their answer to the question about graft is likely to be "It's exaggerated," and their answer to the brutality question either the same "It's exaggerated" or some such evasion as "My definition of police brutality is that it's what the defense introduces into a case when there *is* no defense;" their answer to the question about informers is a mild "You hear a piece from everyone." Last year, a novel called "The Commissioner" was published here. The author, Richard Dougherty, had been for two years the Police Department's Deputy Commissioner in Charge of Community Relations—one of the highest posts that a civilian can hold. Mr. Dougherty devotes a passage in his novel to this matter of informers, and the passage has been admitted by members of the department to be an accurate one. Two of his fictional detectives were particularly skilled in:

> . . . the development and maintenance of a fruitful corps of informers. While the Rules and Regulations of the Department proscribed the association or fraternization of members of the Force with "known criminals," they also provided at least tacit recognition of the need for detectives to maintain what were euphemistically termed "sources of information." Such sources were generally marginal members of the underworld, living half in and half outside the law; but many were, at least nominally, professional lawbreakers. In this latter group members of the gambling fraternity were well represented—bookmakers, policy operators, and impresarios of high-stake games. Bootleggers, confidence men, thieves of the non-violent school such as pickpockets and shoplifters, narcotics addicts, pimps, even narcotics pushers occasionally—all these categories held practitioners who were willing to lend the law a helping hand now and then. The less palpably criminal group included representatives from that not inconsiderable element of the population which operated poolrooms, cheap bars, seedy hotels, garages and parking lots where one could place a bet—in short, people who were "operators" of one kind or another and who, for good reasons and bad, regarded the law with cynicism and civic life as a game to try to beat. A strange effect of this—for detectives—essential relationship was that it sometimes found the Detective Division making private appeals



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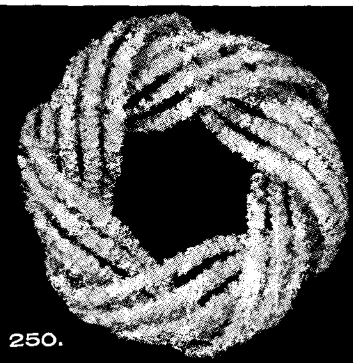

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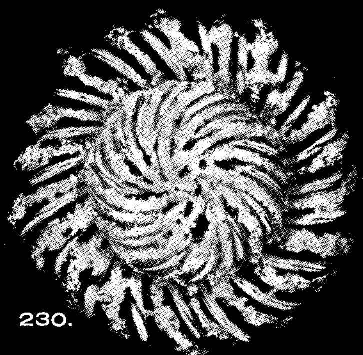

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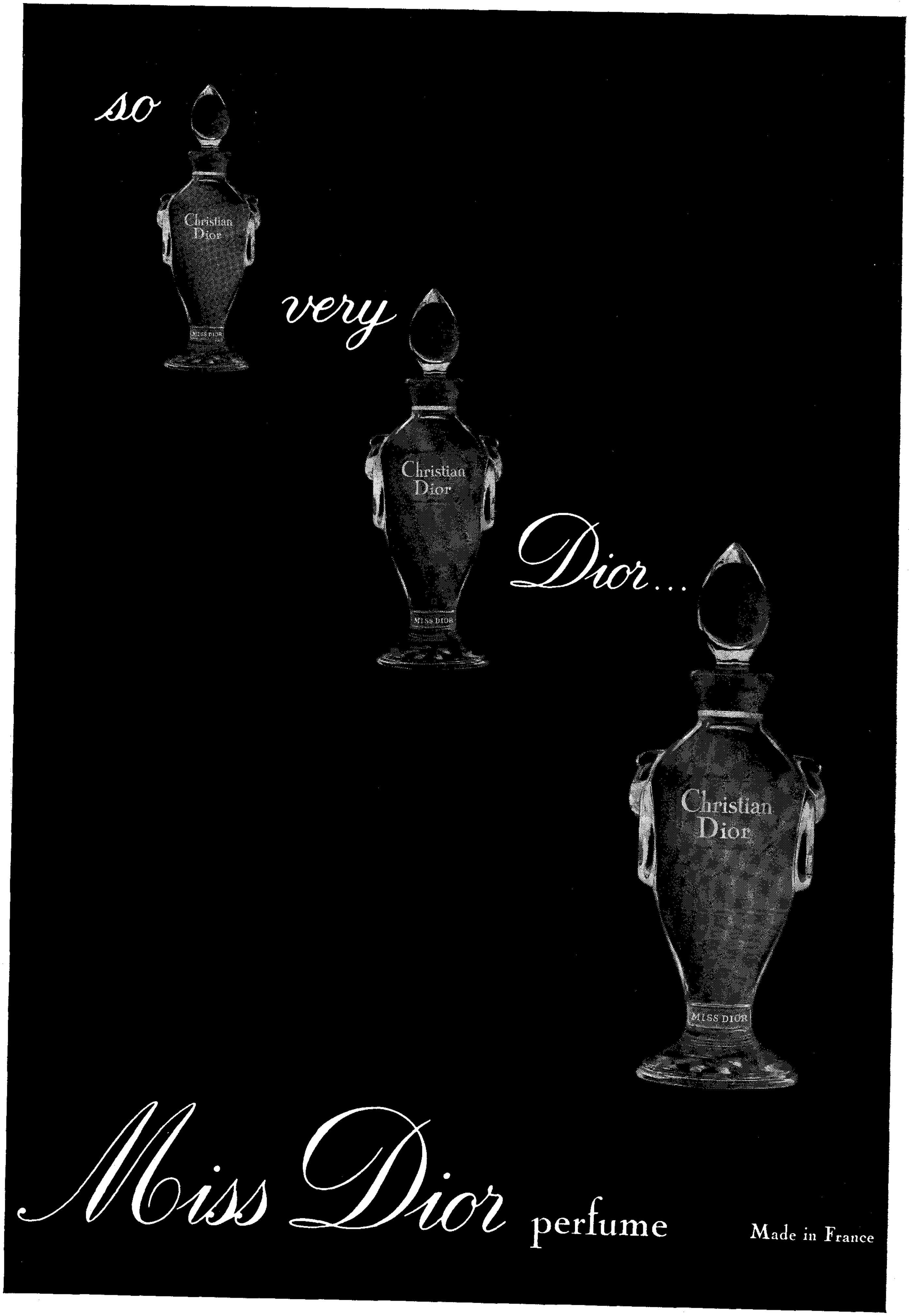
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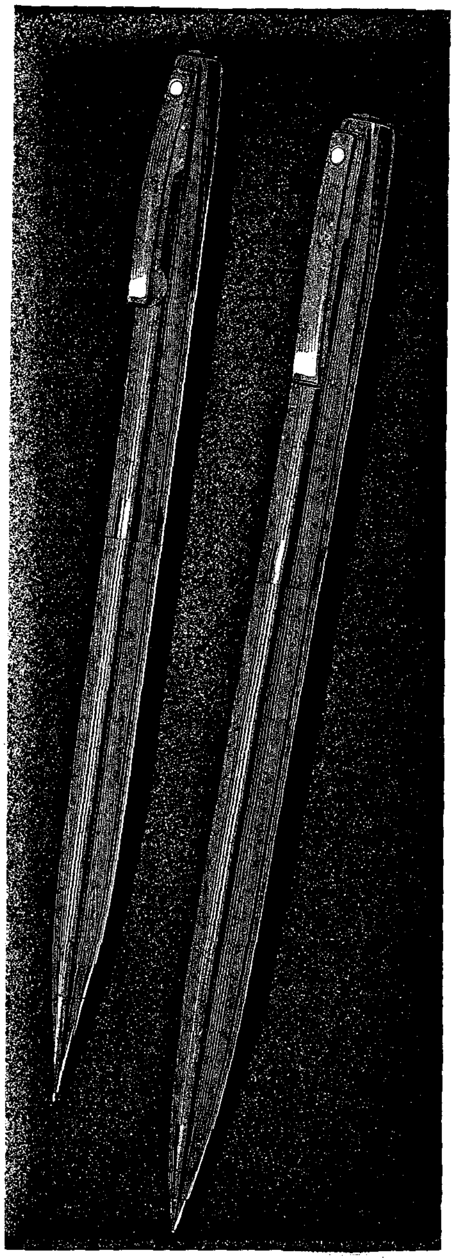

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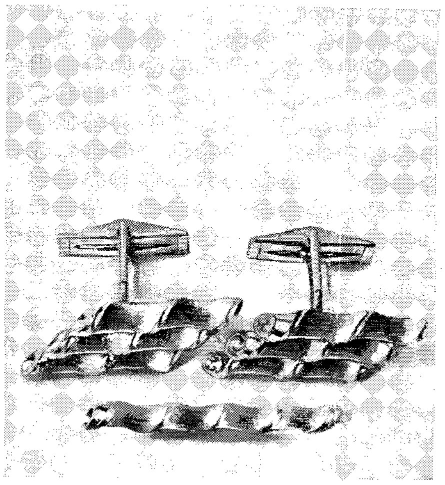
to prosecuting agencies for leniency toward an arrested man who was a valuable informer. In cases where the arrest might have been for a relatively innocuous offense, such appeals were heard with sympathy.

TOWARD the end of 1962, the Manhattan South burglary squad was faced with about two million dollars' worth of major unsolved burglaries, all committed within the year. Many of them were hotel burglaries. Patrolling, post-burglary investigations, and planting didn't seem to be enough, so on the evening of Monday, November 26, 1962, Assistant Chief Inspector Walsh, Commanding Officer of Borough Manhattan South Detectives, Lieutenant John P. McKenna, Commanding Officer of the Manhattan South Burglary Squad, and three of the detectives in Burglary South—Jerry Mullane, John Mullins, and Stanley Tracey—got together with five F.B.I. agents to discuss a slightly different method of dealing with some of these major unsolved hotel burglaries. They decided to try a little "selective enforcement," in accordance with the by no means revolutionary principle that one must set a thief to catch a thief. They would put a tail on a hotel burglar of a particular sort—a burglar who, if he was caught doing a job, would probably coöperate with them by telling them who was responsible for some of the other hotel burglaries, in the hope of getting his charge reduced. Out of a large number of active hotel burglars, they chose a man named Robert E. Lee Hook. Mullane and Mullins had picked up Hook and another known burglar on August 24th for possession of burglar's tools (strips of celluloid and a set of hotel keys), and on that occasion had marked him as a very free talker.

When detectives set out to tail a known burglar, they may tail him on a twenty-four-hour basis or on an all-day basis, "getting him up in the morning and putting him to bed at night," or, if his M.O. shows that he works in the evening, they may begin to tail him only in the afternoon. Hook was an evening worker, so the detectives and the F.B.I. agents started following him in cars during the afternoons, picking up his trail either at a hotel in the Twenties, where he was then living, or at one of his hangouts. When they had kept a close watch on him for about ten days, it became apparent that although he was meeting with other known thieves, he wasn't working. Careful as they were not to let Hook see them, they figured that after so many days he might well have seen them, or "made the tail." Still,



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Johnny knows more because science knows more. And that's because a lot of people like Johnny took thousands of years to learn one small fact after another. In ancient days all learning, science included, was philosophy. Aristotle, in fact, was the first person to separate the two. By classifying and relating all the small bits of information, he established as distinct disciplines the first scientific specialties. Among them were anatomy, biology, meteorology, physics and physiology. In addition, he invented logic and psychology.

Even so, scientific progress was pretty haphazard. But in the early 1900's there were enough scientists to produce what might be called a "critical mass of ideas." Then, with the help of improved communications, these ideas interacted to form new ones. A chain reaction began. Today, science is literally exploding with new ideas and attacking a lot of ignorance, poverty and disease in the process. It happened none too soon. For example, it is estimated the world population will increase from its present 3 billion to 50 billion in fewer than 70 years. Think of the food and energy we'll need. Fortunately, science is already beginning to produce it.

Science takes these great strides with the help of specialization. But if specialization is the seven-league boot, industry is the cobbler. For just as the cobbler fits the boot to the foot, companies like Cyanamid fit knowledge to human needs. Today, for example, 33 different scientific specialties are represented at Cyanamid alone. They range from analytical chemists, who find out what things are made of, to zoologists who determine which animals help man, which ones hurt him, and how.

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It is obvious that whatever benefit Johnny derives from Cyanamid comes primarily from its products and the knowledge generated in their development. But we're not content to leave it at that. To help Johnny get acquainted with science, with its excitement and humanity as well as its career potential, we ask educators: "Where can Cyanamid help?" In answer, teachers and students sent 12,000 requests for information last year. And Cyanamid sent 12,000 replies.

In addition, Cyanamid has hosted over 200 visits by local schools and college groups to its Central Research Laboratories at Stamford, Connecticut. After visits like these, some students even get to "shadow" a scientist during a half-day's work.

To bring science to the classroom several hundred Cyanamid people visit science clubs and classes to talk with students about science and engineering, and to counsel them if they show an interest.

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it's generally safe to assume that if you stay on a burglar long enough, he will have to get some money, and so, even if he is aware of being observed, will be driven to take reckless chances. On December 13th, Hook was picked up during the day and followed to his hotel at around five in the afternoon. When he came out, an hour or so later, he was wearing not the sporty jacket they had seen him in so far but a hat and overcoat. They deduced that he was going out to work. Hook took a cab at Forty-second Street, and the police followed. Hook ventured into half a dozen hotels but came out of each of them within a few minutes. "Burglars are great for feel," Chief Walsh explains. "If a thing doesn't *feel* right—if the burglar thinks a clerk looked at him cross-eyed or an elevator man asked him what floor he wanted in a peculiar tone of voice—he will leave the hotel." Knowing this, detectives stand back for the first ten minutes that a burglar is in a hotel, and then move in, covering all the exits. (Burglary-squad detectives take it upon themselves to make personal surveys of all the leading hotels in Manhattan and of the luxury apartment houses, examining their exits and looking for their weak spots.) The seventh hotel that Hook entered was the Park-Sheraton, and he remained inside a little over ten minutes. The police then followed him in and, to their surprise, found that Hook hadn't yet gone upstairs; he was still looking around and getting the feel. One of the detectives, not having expected to find Hook in the lobby, came too close to him. Hook turned and, though he failed to recognize the detective near him, spotted Mullane in the distance. Mullane, assuming that Hook had recognized him, left the hotel, and Hook followed him outside, calling his name. Mullane didn't answer until Hook raised his voice to a shout; then, acknowledging the greeting, he invited Hook into a nearby Bickford's for a cup of coffee. While they were having their coffee, the F.B.I. agents and the other detectives "set up" on Hook again. In this instance, Hook's recognizing Mullane didn't prove a handicap to the police. After coffee and a pleasant chat, Mullane took leave of Hook, and Hook, figuring that he was tail-free, went back to work. His next stop was the Hotel Winslow, and he remained there fifty-five minutes. One of the detectives caught up with him as he left the hotel through the cocktail-lounge exit, and placed him under arrest.

Hook was indeed a talker. The first thing he tried to do was to talk himself

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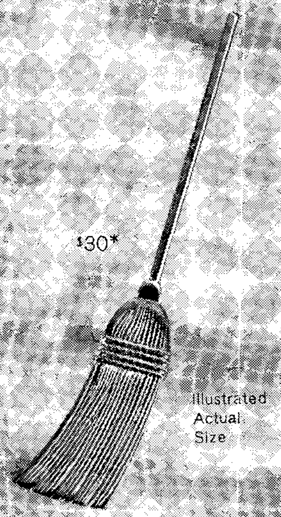

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Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"

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25 YEARS OF CRAVAT FASHIONS **Countess Mara** out of the situation; he explained his presence at the Winslow by saying that he'd just seen his friend Mullane and that Mullane had told him a friend of his might be staying there. Hook was taken back to the Burglary South office, in the West Fifty-fourth Street police station, and searched. He had fifteen hundred dollars' worth of jewelry on him. Hook admitted that he'd loided thirteen rooms in the fifty-five minutes he was in the Winslow. Ten of them either were unoccupied or contained nothing he liked well enough to steal; the fifteen hundred dollars' worth of jewelry came from just three rooms. Hook said he had knocked on various doors, and if no one answered, he loided them, and he added that he had thrown his used loids out a window just before leaving the hotel, so as not to be charged with possession of burglar's tools if he should be caught. For every burglar who will reveal this much, a dozen will volunteer nothing, and a good burglar who is caught in a hotel with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his pocket is likely to ask, "What hotel? What diamonds?" The detectives had assessed Hook correctly. After they had let him brag for a while ("I'm considered the best Negro burglar on the East Coast"), and complain about the racial situation as it affects Negro hotel burglars in New York ("I stick out like a fly in buttermilk in the better hotels. I was always being stopped if I went in ordinary clothes, and if I wore a turban and tried to pretend I was a foreign dignitary, I was stopped even more often to ask if I needed help. Everyone was so damn *helpful*"), he asked what kind of deal he could make. Police can't promise a burglar anything, but a burglar knows that if police tell the District Attorney he was coöpera-

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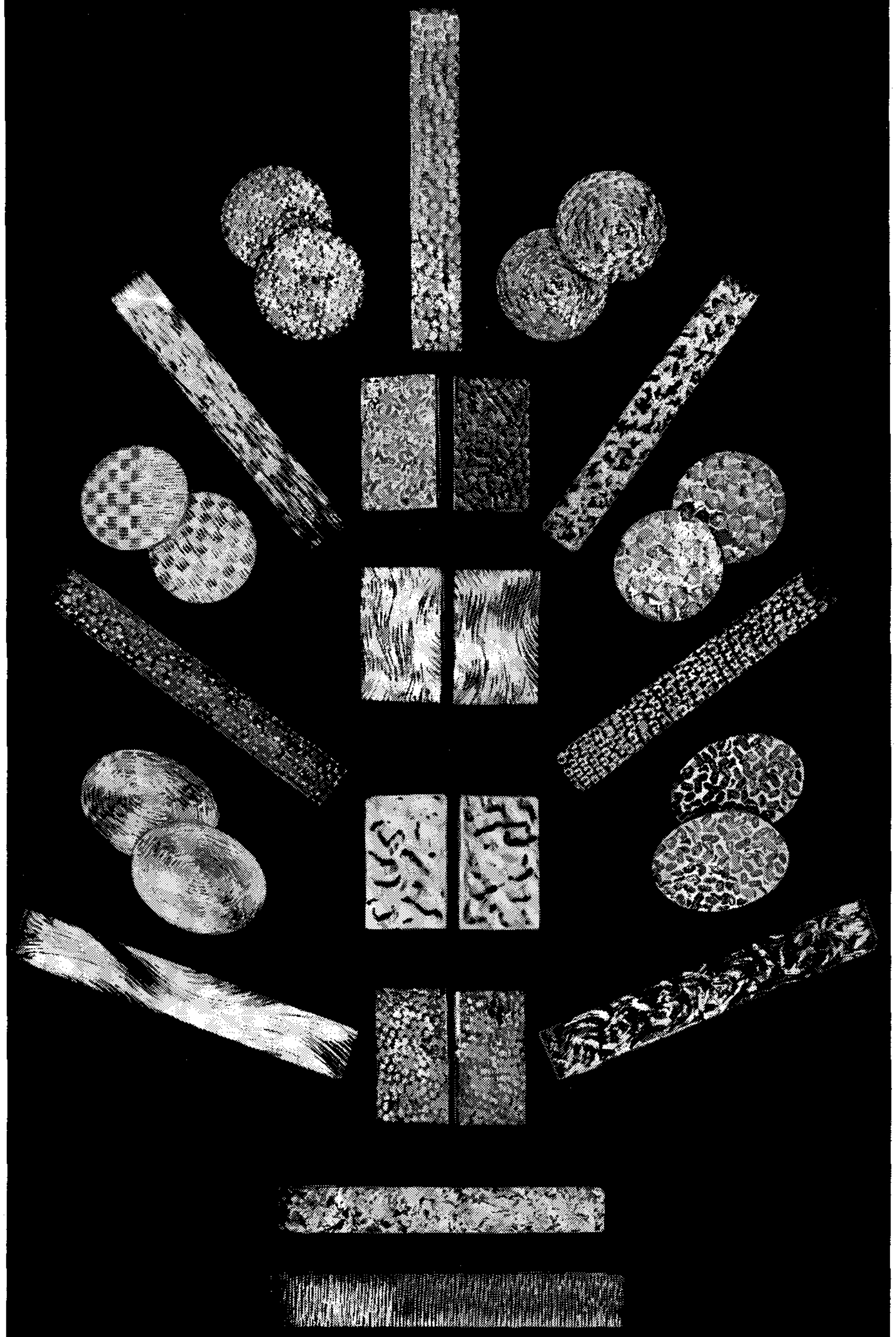

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tive, the District Attorney will pass the word on to the judge, and the judge may take this into account in setting bail and, later, in imposing a sentence. When the police asked Hook who was doing all the hotel burglaries, one of the things he told them was, "Al Madsen is pulling off some good scores." Alfred Kenneth Madsen was the man who had been arrested along with Hook by Mullane and Mullins, but since that time Hook and Madsen had split up; they'd had a number of differences, and Madsen, who was a loner by nature, thought he could do better on his own.

Hook was taken to court on December 14th and given a very low bail, which he was able to raise that same day. A few days later, the detectives located Madsen and began to tail him. He had become quite well known to the police during the last half of 1962. Only seven days before his arrest with Hook, he'd been picked up for "criminally receiving," or the knowing reception of stolen goods, and on November 9th he was charged with forgery—signing a false name on police documents both times he was arrested. Madsen was sharing an apartment on the West Side with a girl friend. The detectives tailing him found that he slept most of the day, came out between four and six in the afternoon, and did a lot of night-clubbing with his girl. The detectives assumed that he knew he was being tailed; one night he went to Queens and wandered about with another man for three hours, and the police eventually realized that this random sightseeing tour had been staged for their benefit. Some evenings when Madsen seemed to be starting to work, he made the tail, "burned" the detectives with a look, and took the night off. Some days, the detectives "put Madsen to sleep" at three in the morning and left him; he would foil them by going out again at five in the morning, and they wouldn't catch up with him again until he came home the next night. But on the evening of January 3, 1963, both the detectives and the agents were with him when he left his apartment and boarded a downtown subway. They followed him to the Great Northern Hotel (he was inside only five minutes, so they remained outside), and then to the Hotel Chatham. He remained there fifty-five minutes, and Detectives Tracey and Mullane picked him up as he came out. Two loids from the Great Northern, in the form of "Do Not Disturb" signs, were found on him; it turned out that he had spent his five minutes at that hotel acquiring them, and had neglected to discard them be-

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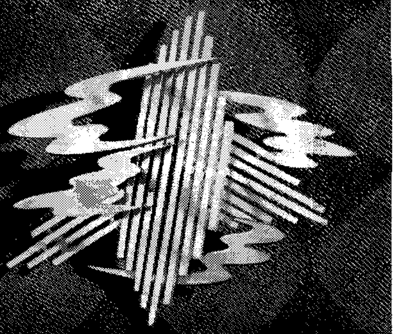

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fore leaving the Chatham. Madsen admitted that he had been in several unoccupied suites in the Chatham and had been scared out of the hotel when he started to work on the door of a suite that proved to be occupied; anticipating that the occupant might summon the house detective downstairs, he had got nervous and fled. Madsen, a fair, baby-faced young man of twenty-one, had had to talk himself out of this kind of predicament on several occasions. Once he was inside a room, he made a practice of bolting the door in such a way that if the legitimate occupant returned, he would be unable to open the door and would have to go downstairs to get assistance. Madsen would leave as soon as he heard the guest's footsteps going away. On one occasion, though, a victim who returned as Madsen was completing his haul didn't seek help downstairs but, instead, used a phone in a friend's room nearby and waited in the hall for the hotel security officer to come to his assistance. Madsen, realizing that he was trapped, unbolted the door but remained in the room. When the occupant and the hotel security officer entered, he was nonchalantly sitting in an armchair. On being asked what he was doing there, he said, with an air of confessing something he would rather have kept secret, that while he was having a drink in the bar downstairs, he had been solicited by a man who had promised to provide him with a girl for fifty dollars. He had given the man fifty dollars and had been told to come up to such-and-such a room. The man had told him that the door would be open and that a girl would join him there in fifteen minutes. The door *had* been open, Madsen said, but he had already been waiting for an hour and no girl had appeared. The three men laughed the incident off and had a drink together, and Madsen left, his pockets bulging with loot from another room.

On January 3rd, Madsen was charged with attempted burglary in the Hotel Chatham and was locked up for the night. Upon being taken to court the next morning, he was able to make bail and was out again in the afternoon. The detectives decided to "cool him" for a while—take the heat off, that is, and stop tailing him. During the cooling period, the F.B.I. agents were obliged to drop out of the case and take on another assignment, but the three burglary-squad detectives were eventually joined by two others, Marie Cirile and Donald McCarthy.

On the night of January 23rd, there were burglaries in both the Hotel Plaza and the nearby Hotel Savoy Hil-

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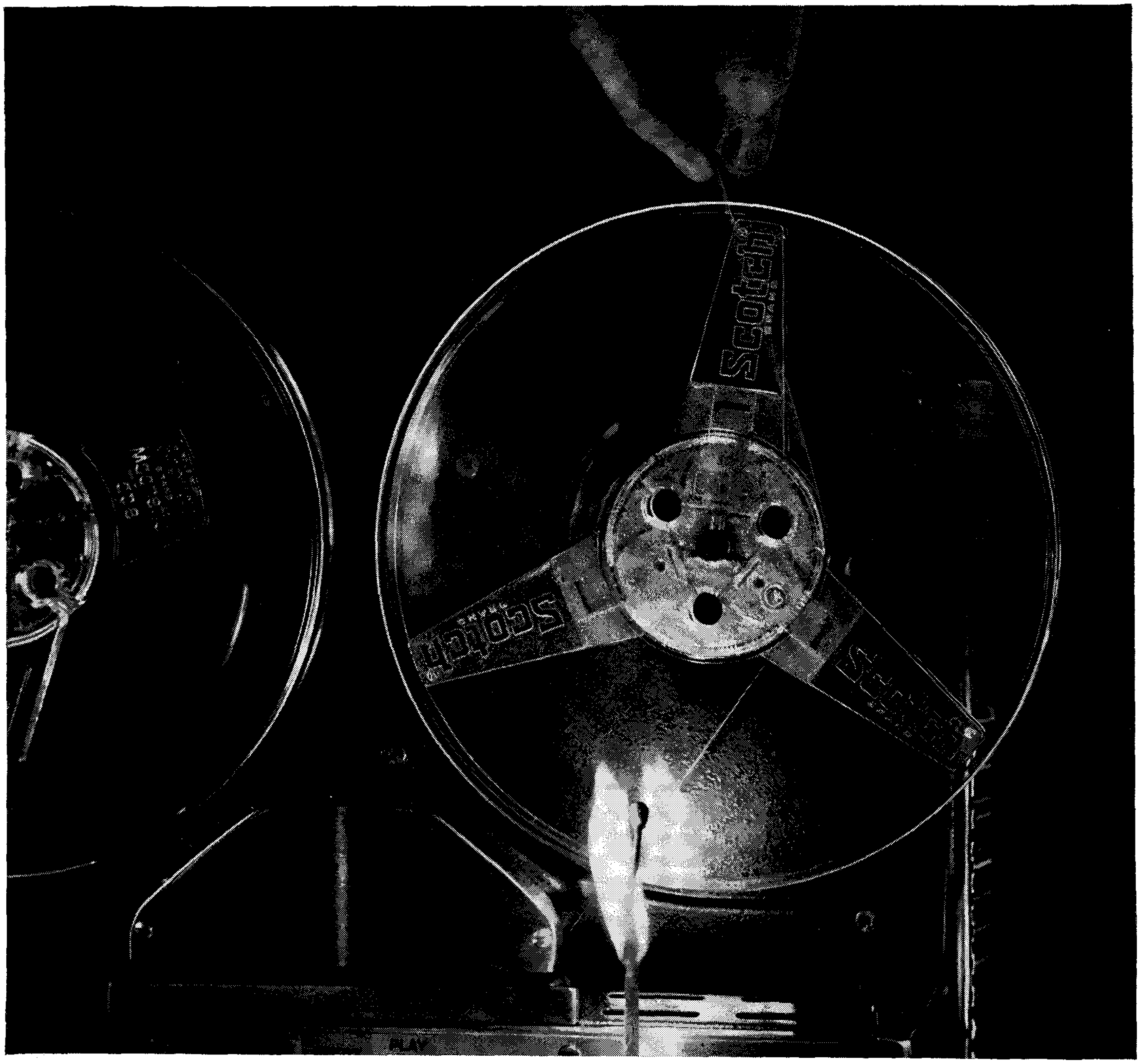

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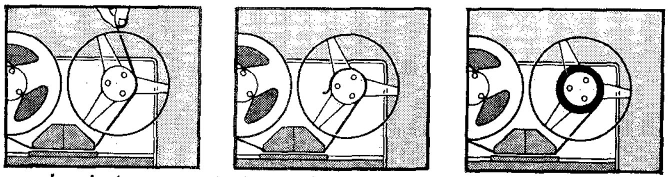

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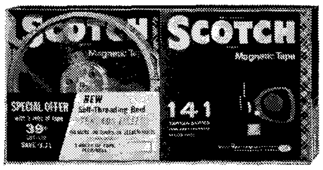

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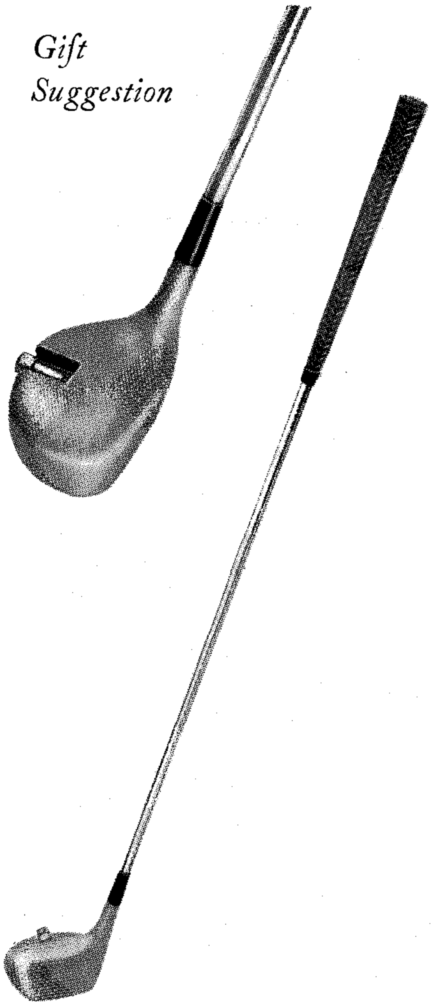

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ton. Madsen was one of the burglars whom the burglary squad called on. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, Detectives Tracey and Mullane went to his apartment, and he invited them in and offered them coffee. "He was as calm as he could be," the detectives say. One of the things they happened to see while they were there was a mink stole, hanging in an open closet. They asked Madsen where he got it, and he said he was holding it for someone. When they asked him who he was holding it for, he changed his mind and said he had bought it the afternoon before. The detectives knew that a mink stole was among the objects taken from the Savoy Hilton. They brought Madsen and the stole to the police station, where the victim identified the fur piece. Madsen wouldn't admit to the burglary right away, but when the detectives implied that his girl friend would be locked up for criminally receiving, he confessed. Madsen was asked if he had done the Plaza burglary as well, and he said, "No, I was plenty busy working across the street." Again Madsen was locked up, again he made bail, again he was out the next afternoon, and again the detectives decided to lay off him for a while. On the evening of February 7th, four hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, including a twenty-carat diamond ring, was stolen from a suite at the Hotel Pierre occupied by Mrs. Irene Selznick, the theatrical producer, while she was out seeing "Lawrence of Arabia." Madsen was among the burglars questioned during the next few hours. This time, Detectives Tracey and McCarthy called on him at two-thirty in the morning. He invited them in, offered them coffee, and allowed them to search the place. They found nothing, but took him down to the station house for further questioning. He raised a big fuss, complaining that they were "hounding" him. Although the police felt fairly sure that he had committed the burglary ("He loved the area and it was his M.O.," the detectives said), they had to let him go. All that the subsequent investigation of the Selznick burglary yielded was the fact that the lock hadn't been picked; the fact that Mrs. Selznick wasn't in the *Celebrity Bulletin;* the fact that Mrs. Selznick, who had once been the victim of a burglary in Paris, had had her own lock put on the door of her suite at the Hotel Pierre some years before; and the fact that she had failed to double-lock the door.

Early in March, Chief Walsh told the District Attorney's office that bur-

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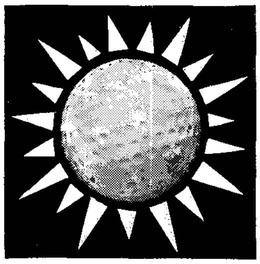

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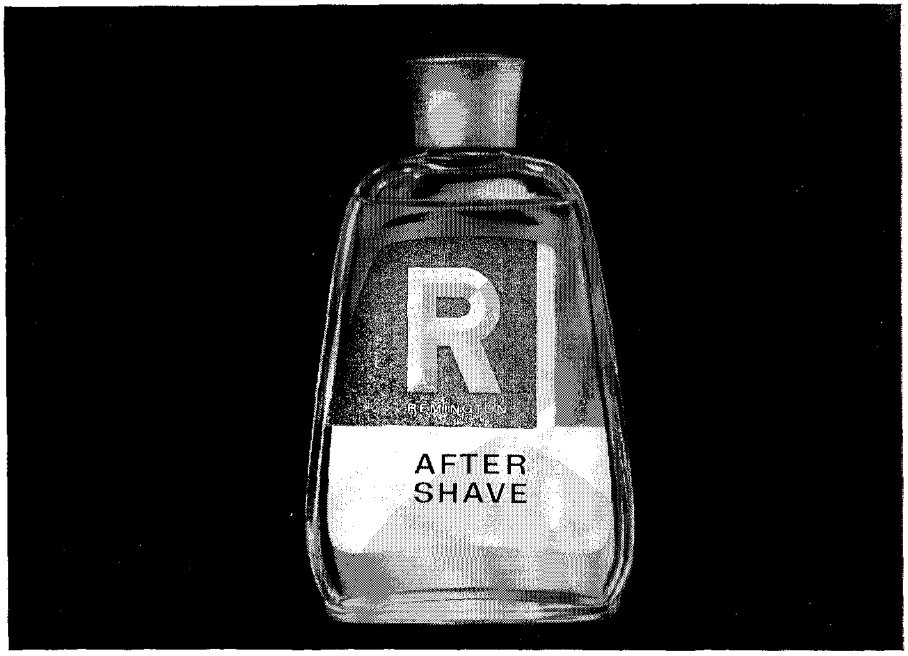
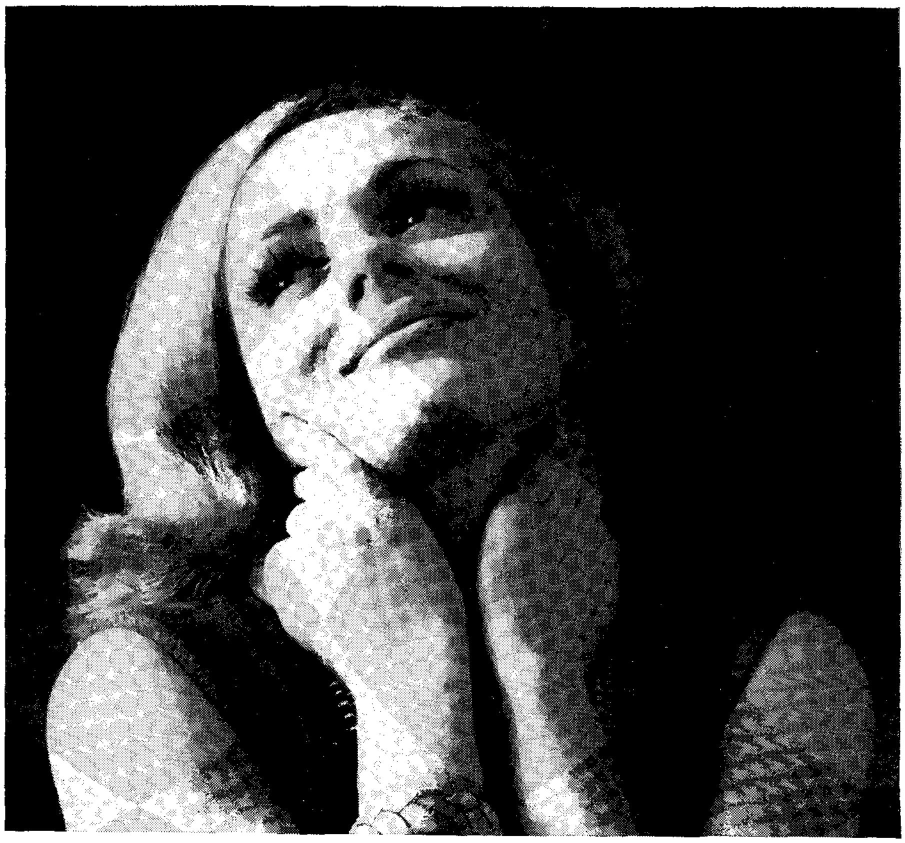
glars were getting such low bails that they could raise them in no time and that they were known to be going back to work the moment they were free. A few days later, both Madsen and Hook were back in jail on previous charges; Hook was remanded (put in jail without bail), and Madsen's bail was made prohibitively high. On March 13th, Detectives Tracey and Mullane went to visit Hook in jail and asked him who had done the Selznick job. Hook, after declaring that this was the very last piece of information he was going to supply, told them that Madsen had done it. When they asked him what Madsen had stolen, he first mentioned the twenty-carat diamond, the biggest piece in the burglary, and the detectives told him he could have heard about the diamond on the radio. (The newspaper strike was then on.) Hook then mentioned several small pieces, including a bracelet with charms in the form of inscribed rings. As it happened, the bracelet hadn't been missed immediately—a supplementary report on it came in later. It hadn't been included in the original loss statement, which was broadcast, so the detectives were fairly well convinced that Hook knew what he was talking about. That same day, one of the detectives heard from another source that Madsen had been gypped by the receiver on the proceeds from the Selznick burglary.

On March 14th, the police went to visit Madsen in jail. They told him they had heard both that he'd done the Selznick burglary and that he'd been cheated out of the money on it. They suggested that he might as well tell them about it, and they assured him that they'd go after the receiver and give him his due. (The police have a certain amount of respect for some burglars, but they have only loathing for fences, whom they describe as "thieves without nerve," or "parasites," or "leeches," and who are legally known as "receivers of stolen goods." The police would rather lock up a fence than a burglar any day, because they figure that "one receiver supports ten burglars," and because they place a great deal of the blame for burglary on fences.) Madsen agreed to be interviewed, the police and the District Attorney's office took certain necessary legal steps, and from March 26th to April 23rd he was formally interviewed in the office of one of the assistant district attorneys. Two or more detectives were present at each interview, and though no official transcript was made, one of the detectives, Marie Cirile, took notes, and thus preserved details of the confession that might oth-



SCENT



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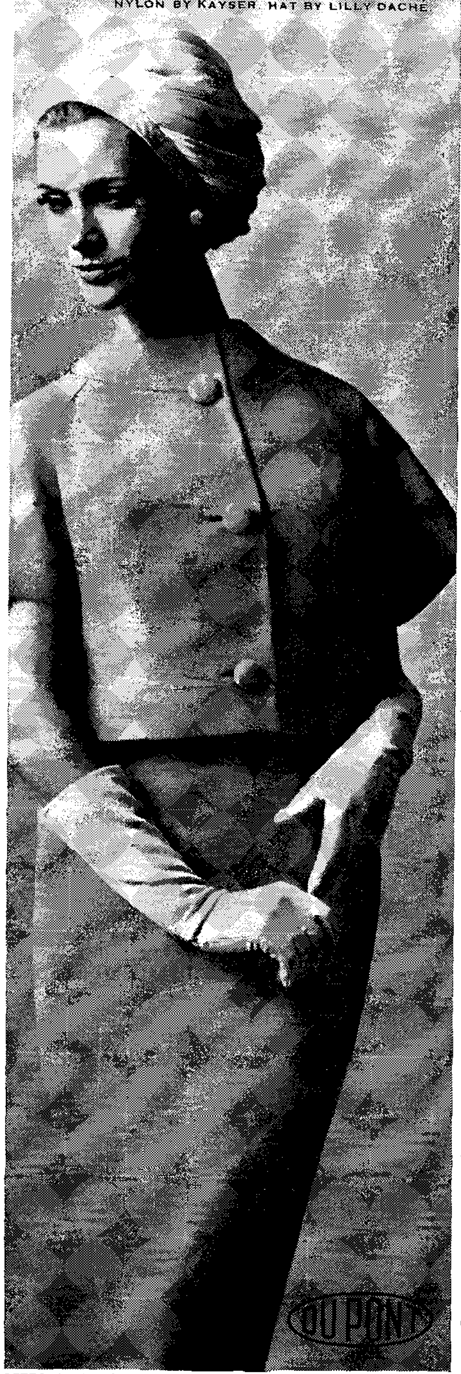

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

erwise have been lost, including Madsen's account of the Selznick burglary, which was one of the largest burglaries in the city's history.

At around eight-fifteen on the cold, nasty evening of Thursday, February 7, 1963, Madsen told his interviewers, he left his apartment just as his girl friend was stepping into a nice hot bath. He took a cab to the Great Northern Hotel, where he stole two loids. ("Madsen favored the Great Northern's 'Do Not Disturb' signs the way a man likes a pair of worn-out slippers and refuses to think of getting new ones," Chief Walsh says. "He'd once done a burglary in the Great Northern and took a fancy to the signs, because they were strong and unusually long.") Madsen then took another cab to the Hotel Pierre and went in by the Fifth Avenue entrance. He has been described as looking "more like a college boy than a burglar," and he had no difficulty with the staff. He rode up to the ninth floor, which he has always believed to be his "lucky" floor, and entered two rooms, but found nothing he considered worth taking. He walked up to the tenth floor, and went to the door marked 1007-11; the multiple numbers indicated that it was a suite, and Madsen preferred suites, on the assumption that their occupants would be richer than the occupants of single rooms. He rang the doorbell four times and there was no answer, so he loided the door, entered, and went straight to the dressing table. "There were papers all over it," he recalled. The first and second dressing-table drawers contained fifty-four pieces of jewelry, which he wrapped up in two handkerchiefs. He appropriated the handkerchiefs from Mrs. Selznick, along with thirty-five or forty dollars in cash, but he ignored two more cases of jewels in other drawers, and a fortune in furs in the closet. "I knew I'd hit the jackpot," Madsen said. "This was enough for me. It was the biggest score I'd ever seen." He walked back down to the ninth floor and took the elevator to the lobby. With what police call "the nerves of a burglar," he let the doorman call him a cab. "It was the first time in my life I couldn't tip the doorman," he told the police. "My pockets were so full of jewelry that I couldn't reach for any change. It was very embarrassing." Madsen got home thirty-five minutes after he left, richer by four hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry—he had no idea whose. "Look what I got," he said to his girl friend, who was just stepping out of the tub. He showed her the jewelry and

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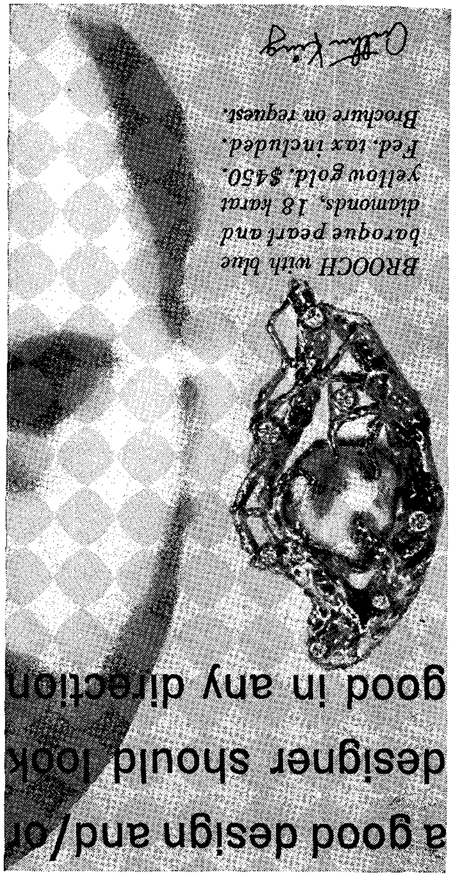

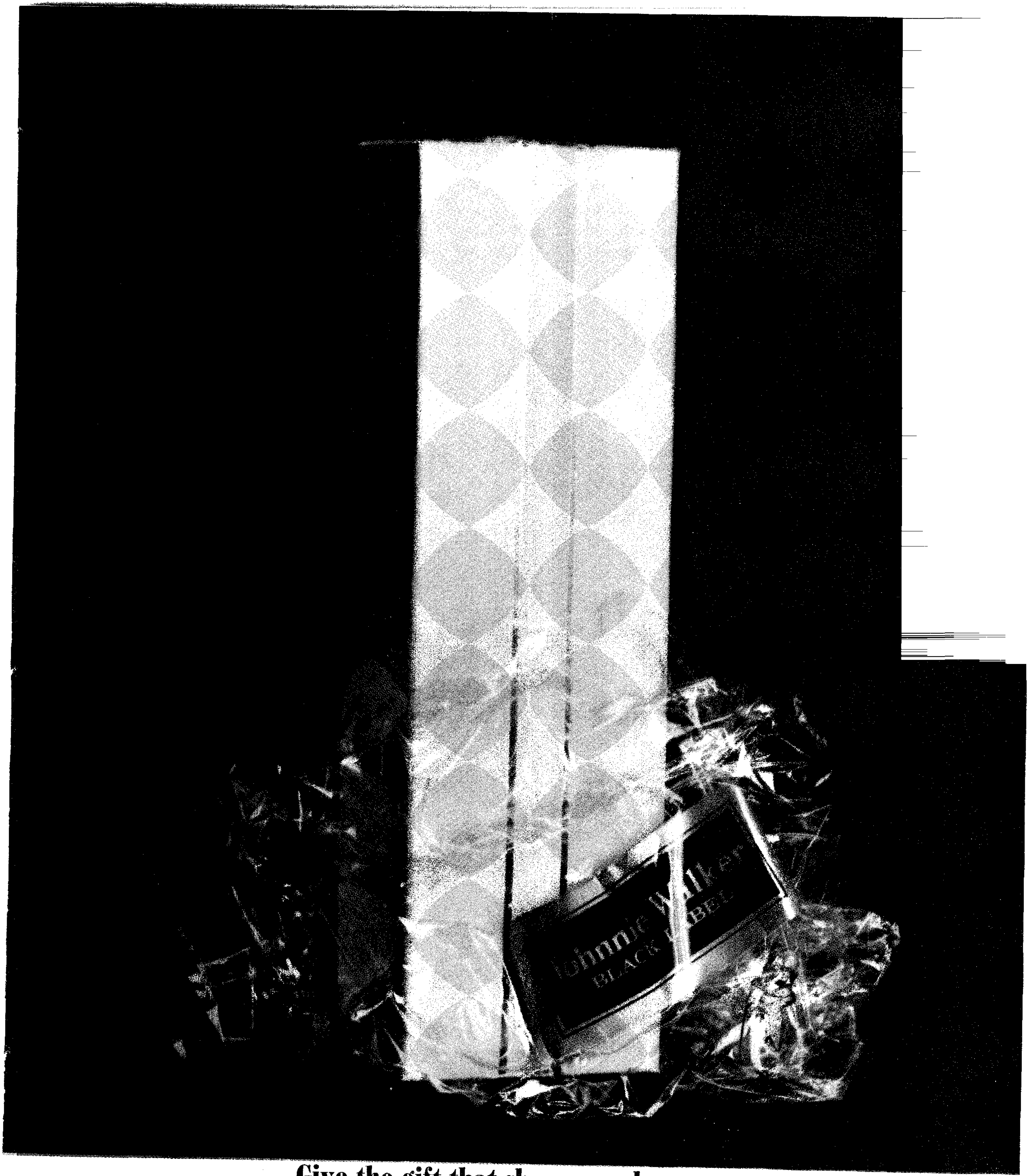
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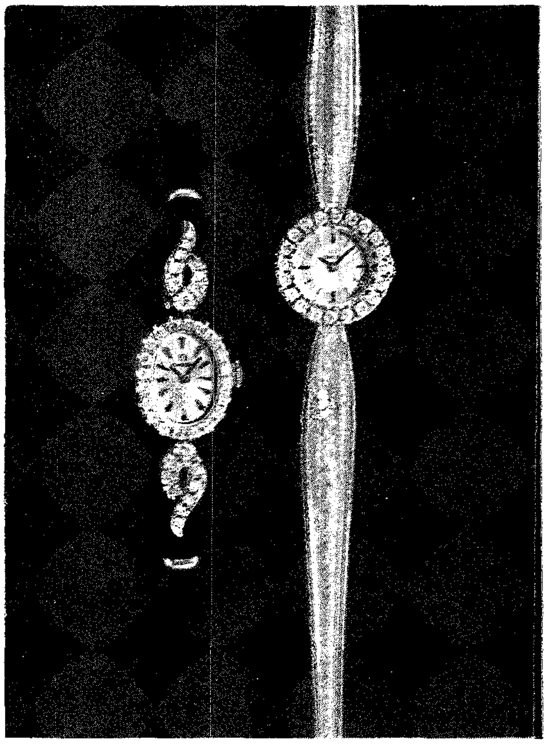

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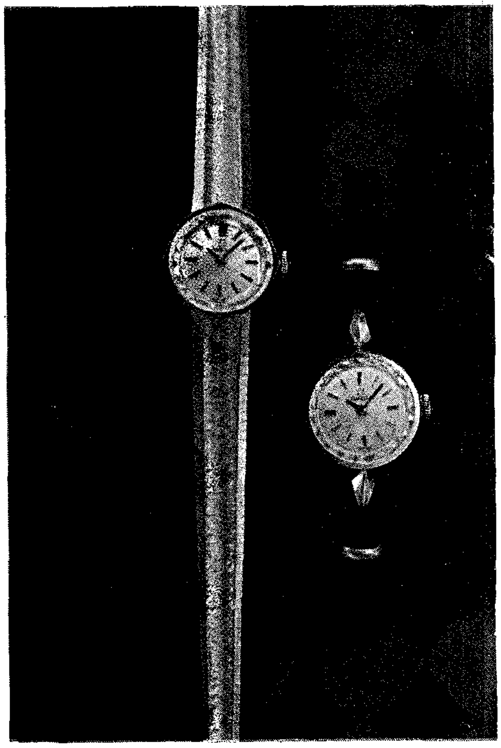

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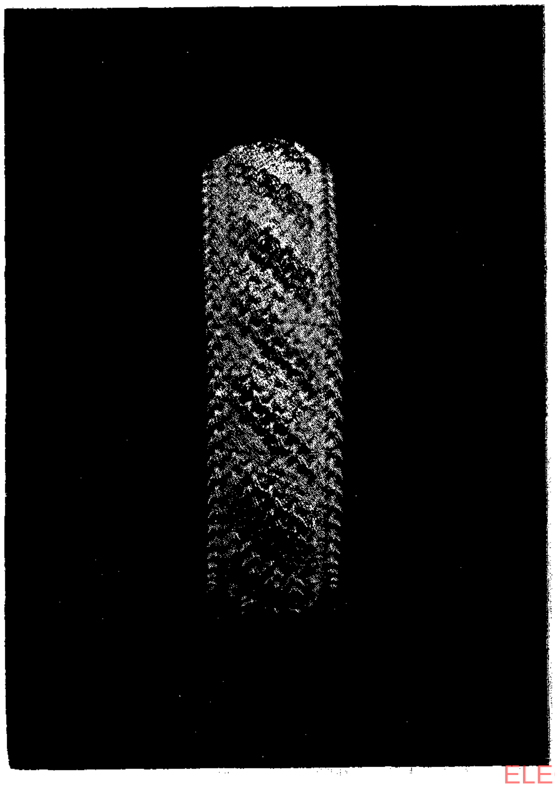

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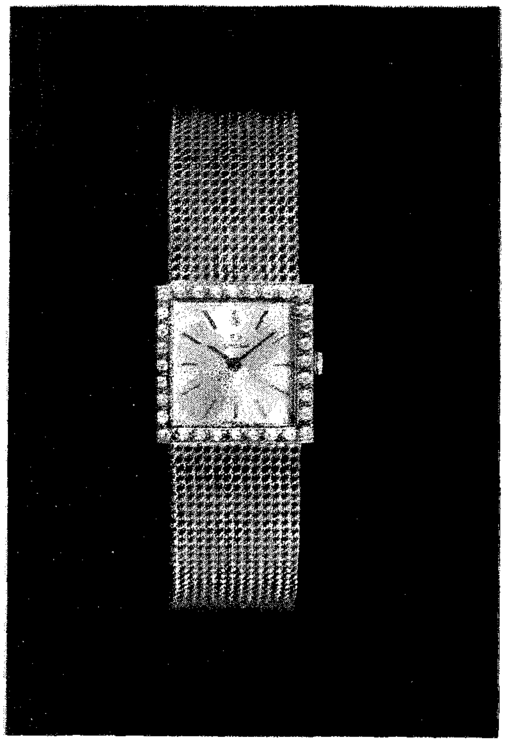

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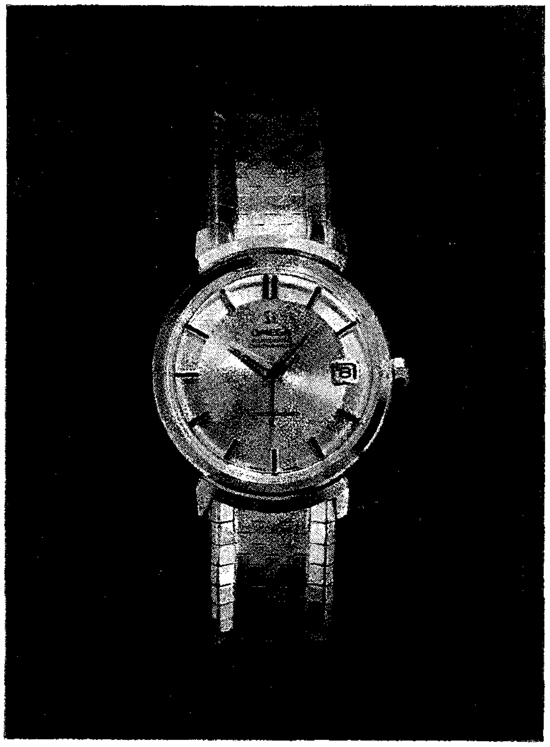

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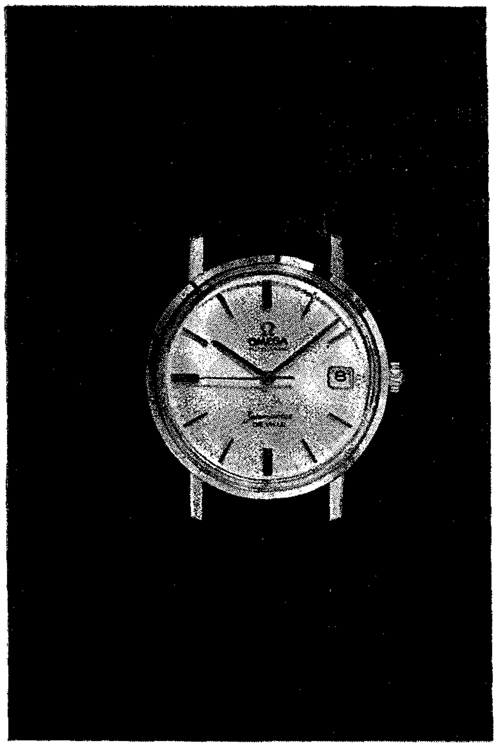

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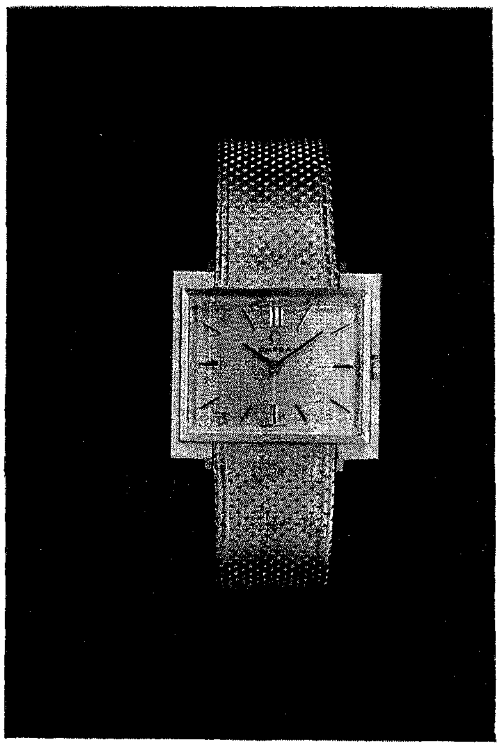

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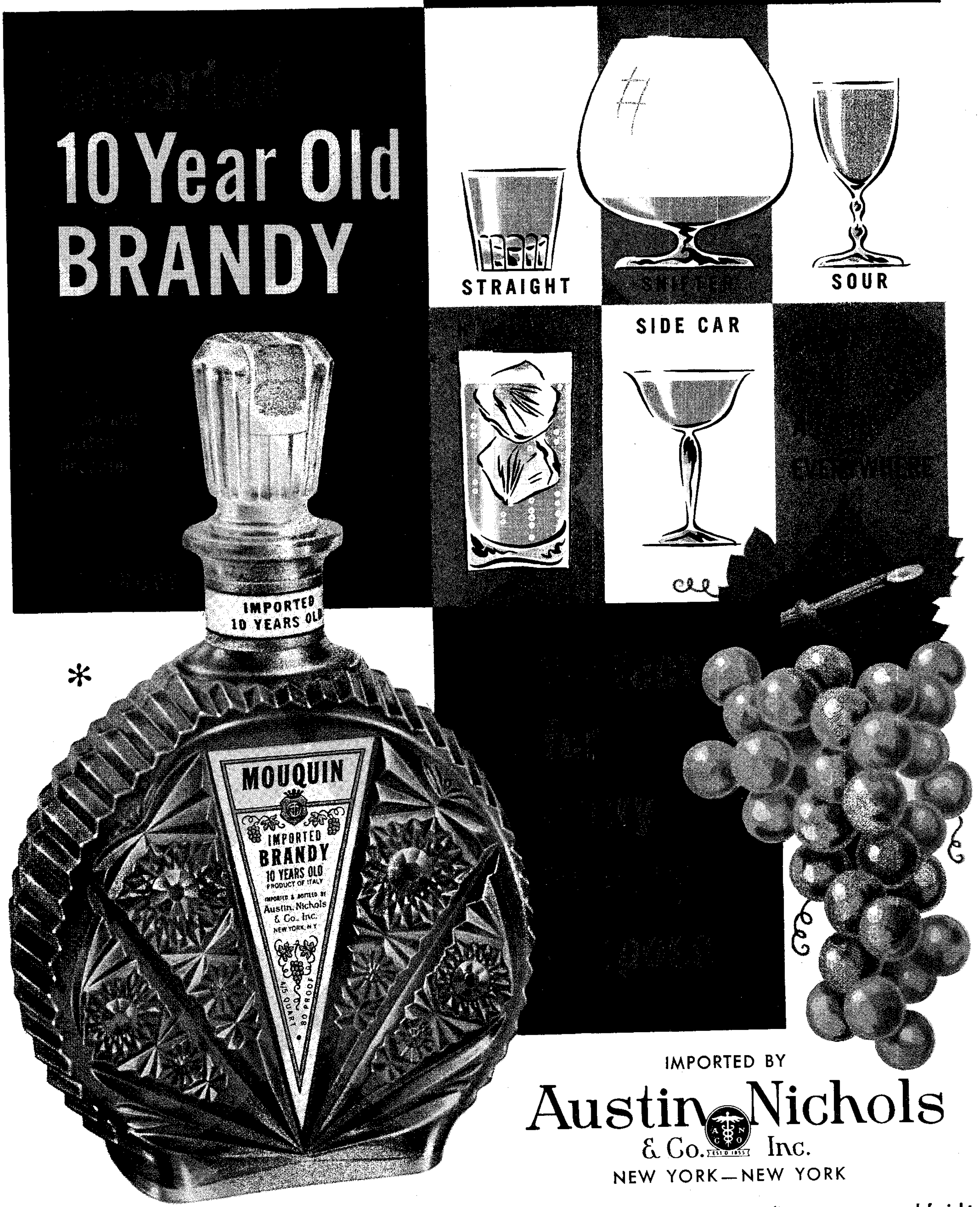
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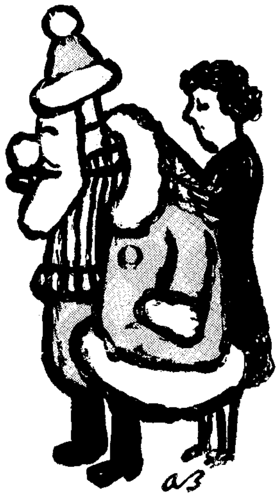
offered her the best piece, the twenty-carat diamond. It was set in the ring between two .81-carat triangle-shaped diamonds and was valued at about a hundred thousand dollars. Madsen's girl tried it on and turned it down. "I'd look pretty silly going around with that," she said. Madsen told her to get dressed, because they were going out to establish an alibi. She agreed, but suggested that they first hide the jewels. They flushed the two handkerchiefs down the toilet, wrapped the jewels in kitchen towels, and buried them in the basement under loose stones and debris. After some sufficiently conspicuous night-clubbing, they returned home. The girl went to bed, and Madsen, who was aware that he could expect a visit from the burglary-squad detectives before the night was over, waited up for them. Sure enough, two of them came. Finding nothing, they took Madsen to the station, and that was the night he complained of being hounded. The detectives have a standing joke: "Coffee he offered us! We go there for four hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels and he sits there offering us coffee."

The police would very likely have got no further toward a solution of the Selznick burglary if something unexpected hadn't happened the next day. Even if Hook had told the police that Madsen did the job, Madsen would almost certainly not have admitted it if he hadn't been cheated out of its proceeds. At two-thirty in the afternoon on the day following the burglary, Madsen told the detectives, he met Phillip DiLavore, a forty-eight-year-old receiver, at the home of DiLavore's girl friend. A short while later, in response to a phone call, a jeweller DiLavore knew showed up. The jeweller was introduced to Madsen, who had never met him before, as "Eddie." Madsen had brought the Selznick jewelry with him, and Eddie the Jeweller, after looking it over,



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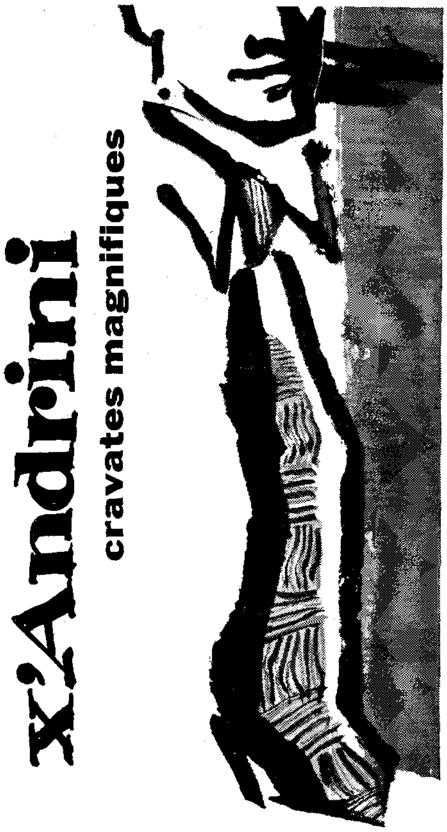
said the "meat" was in three pieces: the big diamond ring, a bracelet, and a brooch. He took the stones out of the ring and the bracelet right then and there. For these three pieces, valued at two hundred and ten thousand dollars, Eddie offered Madsen forty-four thousand five hundred. Madsen said the price was right, and they agreed to discuss the price of the fifty-one other pieces the next time they met. Madsen received five hundred dollars then (of which he lent DiLavore a hundred), and Eddie told DiLavore, the middleman, that he would give him ten thousand for Madsen on Monday, twenty thousand on Wednesday, and fourteen thousand on Friday. (That was the last time Madsen saw the jewelry, though he heard later that Eddie had taken the big diamond to the jewelry exchange on Forty-seventh Street in his mouth. He also heard that two and a half carats were quickly shaved off the top of the diamond, which was then dispatched to Europe.) Later in the day, DiLavore came to Madsen's apartment, returned the hundred dollars he'd borrowed, and gave Madsen an additional five hundred. On Monday, when Madsen was expecting ten thousand dollars, DiLavore brought only six thousand, saying that Eddie couldn't get more cash, because of the holiday—Lincoln's Birthday—coming up; the explanation seemed plausible, and Madsen accepted it. The seven thousand dollars he had collected was almost all Madsen was ever to realize from his four-hundred-thousand-dollar burglary. DiLavore stalled for a few days and then admitted to Madsen that he had received twenty-two thousand dollars from Eddie but that the money was gone—he'd lost it in a crap game. A month or so later, Madsen was back in jail and DiLavore had disappeared.

Madsen seemed to enjoy the four weeks of interviews. At any rate, he preferred sitting in the assistant district attorney's office to sitting in Manhattan City Prison, and the food, brought in from downtown restaurants, was a great deal better than prison fare. (Madsen always asked Detective Cirile what she was going to order, and then said that that sounded good to him, too. Hook, who was present during many of the sessions, always ate chopped-chicken-liver sandwiches.) Madsen was never handcuffed when he was being questioned, and his girl friend was usually there. He told a little on some days, more on others. A lot depended on the frame of mind the police were able to talk him into. They knew that he had



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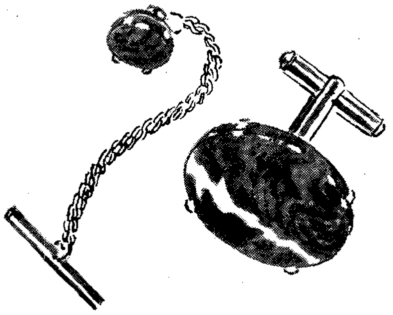

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done a great many burglaries besides the Selznick one. They particularly suspected him of having stolen eighty-seven thousand dollars' worth of jewelry from the suite of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Binns, at the Waldorf Towers, on the night of May 24, 1962. When Madsen was being questioned at the West Fifty-fourth Street station house a few hours after the Selznick burglary, a detective casually asked him, "What's the biggest score you've ever made?" Madsen said it was eighty thousand. That was about the size of the Binns burglary, so the detective said, "Mr. and Mrs. Binns lost that much, but it must have been an inside job. They live at the Waldorf Towers and the Towers are impossible to get into." "You think so?" Madsen said, and wanted to bet the detective that he could "beat it four ways." "If you tell burglars how great they are and play on their egos long enough, perhaps by telling them 'You're the Maury Wills of burglars,' they will be flattered and tell you what they've done to deserve that reputation," Chief Walsh says. "On the other hand, if you tell burglars they're no good, their vanity will be so hurt that they'll rise to the insult by telling you what they've done, to make you think better of them."

Although Madsen originally said to the police, "I'll only tell you what I feel like telling you," the detectives are sure that in the assistant district attorney's office he talked a great deal more than he'd intended to, as they alternately bolstered his ego and rubbed him the wrong way. They finally suggested that he might as well get everything off his chest at the same time, and in the end he appears to have admitted to all the burglaries he could remember committing. Besides the Selznick and the Binns burglaries, these included the burglary, on December 10, 1962, of $35,720 in jewelry and furs from Dolores Del Rio at the Hotel St. Regis (Madsen's third-largest score), and the burglary, on November 18, 1962, of $8,400 in jewelry from Admiral and Mrs. Roy Nickerson at the Hotel Astor. (The detectives had Madsen reënact the Selznick and Binns burglaries, to make sure that he wasn't just bragging.) The detectives gave Madsen a mimeographed police list of "Hotels in the Gotham Area," and he checked off fifty-three hotels on it that he had burglarized, some of them as many as five times. He also gave them the names of three hotels he had burglarized that weren't on the list. Then they showed him the complaint forms of the past year's unsolved hotel burgla-

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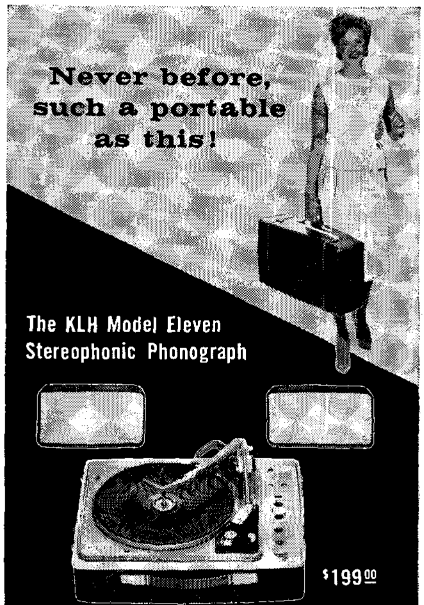
ries, and he was immediately able to recall committing forty-three of the burglaries, because he remembered certain distinctive pieces of jewelry. Madsen eventually admitted to more than a hundred burglaries, and so did Hook, who had been granted immunity on his voluntary admissions. In one case when Madsen admitted to a burglary, he said, "I took the lady's furs out in a hatbox she had. When I got home, I found an electric razor in the hatbox. Look, she didn't list that among the missing items." Madsen's admissions indicated that he worked regularly and that he sometimes accomplished two burglaries the same evening.

Rare as it is for a burglar to bare his soul this way, Madsen didn't tell everything. He implicated only himself in the burglaries he confessed to, and he squealed only on the receiver who had cheated him. "He could have given us fifty receivers on the other burglaries, but he didn't," Detective Cirile says. "Madsen was introduced to some of his victims. He was very subdued, and kept his head lowered. He didn't seem to care much for the rich women, but he apparently liked Admiral Nickerson and was impressed by his decorations. After that encounter, he told us, 'If anyone gets anything back, he will.' On the condition that the Nickerson burglary receiver wouldn't be prosecuted, we got Madsen to tell us who it was and Admiral Nickerson recovered three pieces." Nothing was recovered from Madsen's other burglaries, except some fur-collared sweaters.

During their long weeks of interviewing Madsen, the detectives learned a good deal about him. Madsen's home was in Perth Amboy. He left high school before graduating, and claimed to have worked in New Jersey as a spot welder, but he had a record in New Jersey indicating that he had dabbled in crime before he came to New York. His record shows that he got a hundred-dollar fine for drunk and disorderly conduct in Seaside Heights, New Jersey, on June 4, 1961; a hundred-dollar fine or sixty days in jail for disorderly conduct in New Brunswick, on July 15, 1961; and six months for having a hypodermic needle in his possession in Nixon, New Jersey, on November 6, 1961. (Madsen was not himself a junkie.) He arrived in New York in March, 1962, and within twelve months succeeded in committing close to a million dollars' worth of burglaries. The first burglary Madsen checked off in New York was on April 2, 1962, but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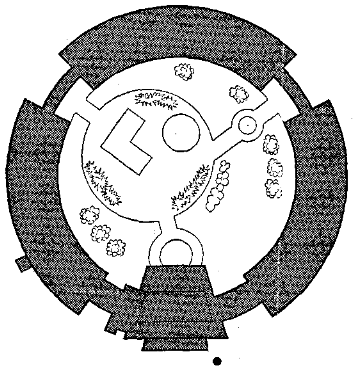

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while home on a visit some three weeks later he was arrested in Perth Amboy, again for having a hypodermic needle in his possession. When he came to New York, he ran into Hook, and Hook taught him how to dress nicely and how to use celluloid, and also introduced him to some fences. Madsen proved a natural with celluloid, and had the nerve and the appearance to get into the best hotels, so, of course, he became a jewel burglar.

"Madsen was a successful burglar, but he wasn't a good burglar," police say. A good burglar has to meet certain criteria, and Madsen met some of them—he wasn't violent, he would work only in unoccupied premises, he never carried a weapon, and he would never put up a fight if he was caught. He lacked other qualities, however. He couldn't pick a lock, for instance, and just knowing how to use celluloid isn't considered having good technique. Madsen would get an A for appearance but only a B for technique, a C for his success with fences (as a rule, they gave him a mere ten per cent of his scores, while a good burglar gets up to thirty per cent), and a D for planning. Madsen didn't really plan his jobs at all; he was a prowler, and worked pretty much on impulse. "You're ninety-five per cent ahead of the game if you prowl in the expensive hotels, like the Pierre, the Savoy Hilton, and the Astor," detectives say. "Even so, you get a lot of small scores, too. You can be lucky and make a fantastic score, as Madsen did, but you're working often, and that way you're bound to become known to the police. Madsen was getting picked up for a lot of little things, because once the police know you, they're going to catch you—especially since, as a burglar, you're bound and determined to keep doing things the same way. They may not catch you the first time or the thirty-fourth time, but they will by the sixty-seventh or the ninety-third. That's why the good burglar plans so carefully and tries to work only a few times a year." Madsen doesn't get an F for planning, because he did put *some* effort into his work and he used his head. When he could afford it, he took care to stay at some of the hotels he wanted to burglarize for a week or two, learning their layouts and collecting a few keys for possible future reference. He also went to some hotels during the daytime and asked to be shown rooms, on the pretense of being interested in renting them, and he mastered hotel layouts to the point of being able to recognize a suite even if it

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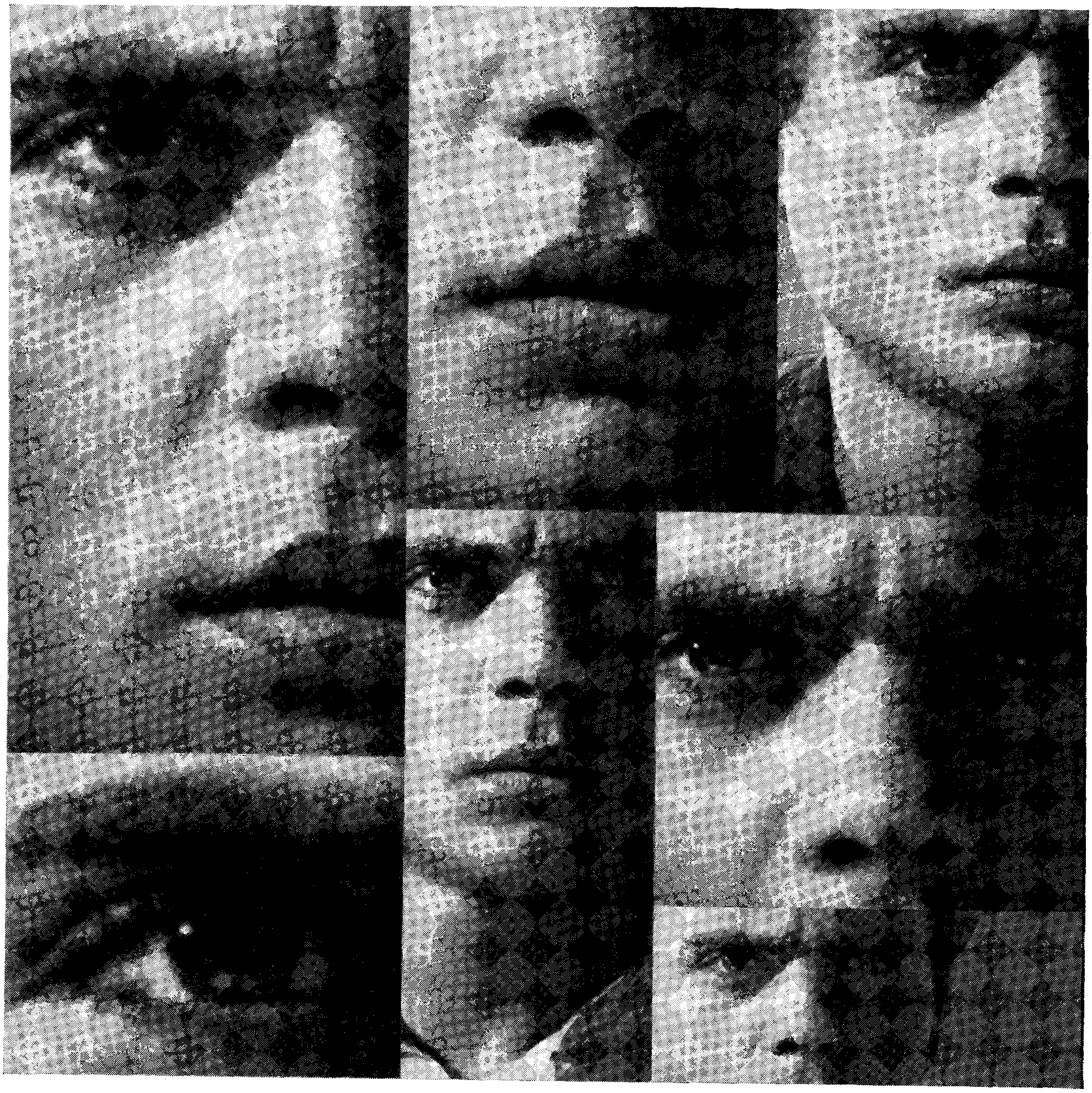

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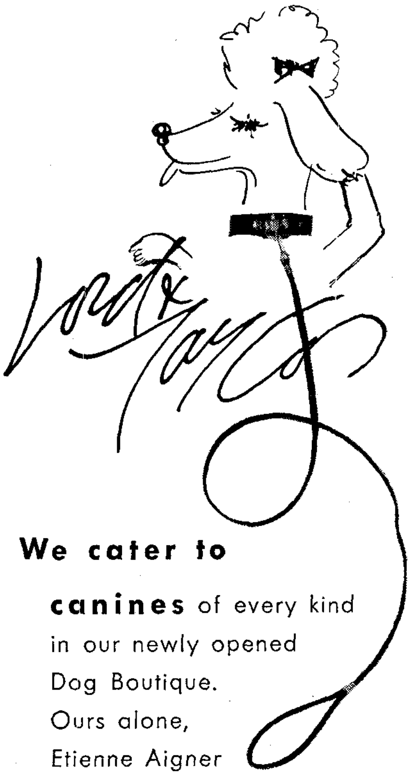
didn't have a multiple number on its door.

Although Madsen took in from ninety thousand to a hundred thousand dollars in his one-year burglary spree, he wound up living in a small three-room apartment on the West Side, for which he paid a hundred and fifty dollars a month, and which detectives described as shabbily furnished, with no phone or TV. He had, however, indulged in some high living during the year. He enjoyed patronizing restaurants and night clubs like the Four Seasons and the Roundtable. ("He told us about going to some French places, and mispronounced their names dreadfully," Detective Cirile says. "He gloried in having been to them, and would say to us, 'You mean you haven't been there?' ") He rewarded night-club chorus girls who smiled prettily at him with bouquets of roses, and sometimes spent five or six hundred dollars in a single night. When he went to New Jersey on a visit, he rented a Cadillac. When he was caught, he was penniless, though he was wearing a blue suit that had cost him a hundred and twenty-five dollars and a seventy-five-dollar pair of thin-soled, sharp-toed alligator shoes.

When Madsen confessed to the Selznick job, the burglary squad had its work cut out for it. Madsen didn't know who Eddie the Jeweller really was. From the description, detectives figured that he might be Ernie Zimet, a sixty-two-year-old jeweller who had previously been convicted for grand larceny in the second degree, but when they gave Madsen a photograph of Zimet, Madsen didn't recognize him. It turned out that Zimet had lost weight since the picture was taken, and later Madsen was able to pick him out of a lineup. The detectives also found an outside witness to corroborate Madsen's testimony.

On April 24th, Madsen was indicted on twelve counts, three each (burglary in the third degree, grand larceny, and possession of burglar's tools) on four of his major burglaries—the Selznick, the Binns, the Del Rio, and the Nickerson. These twelve counts carried a maximum of eighty-four years in penalties, with one-third off for good behavior. Madsen was sentenced on Monday, June 17th, to three to seven years on each of the twelve counts, but the judge ruled that the sentences should run concurrently. Hook was sentenced in June to two to four years for attempted burglary in the third degree in the Hotel Winslow on December 13th. Zimet has pleaded guilty and is awaiting sentence. DiLavore was caught in Las Vegas in



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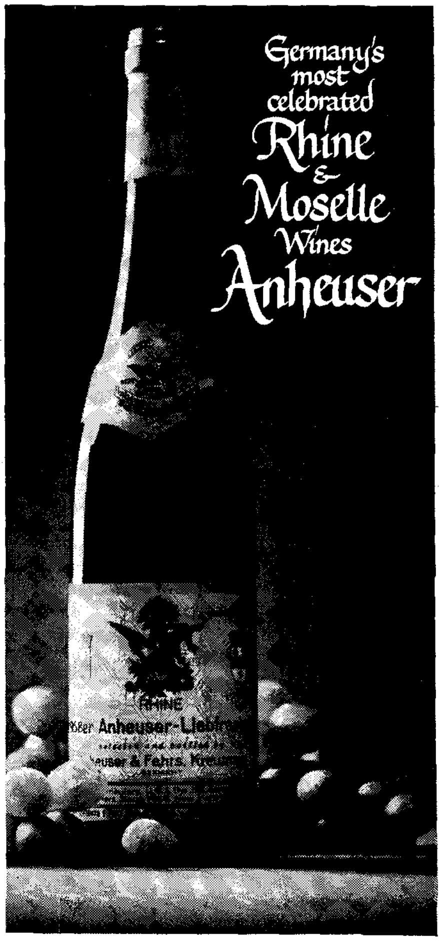

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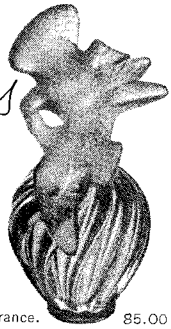

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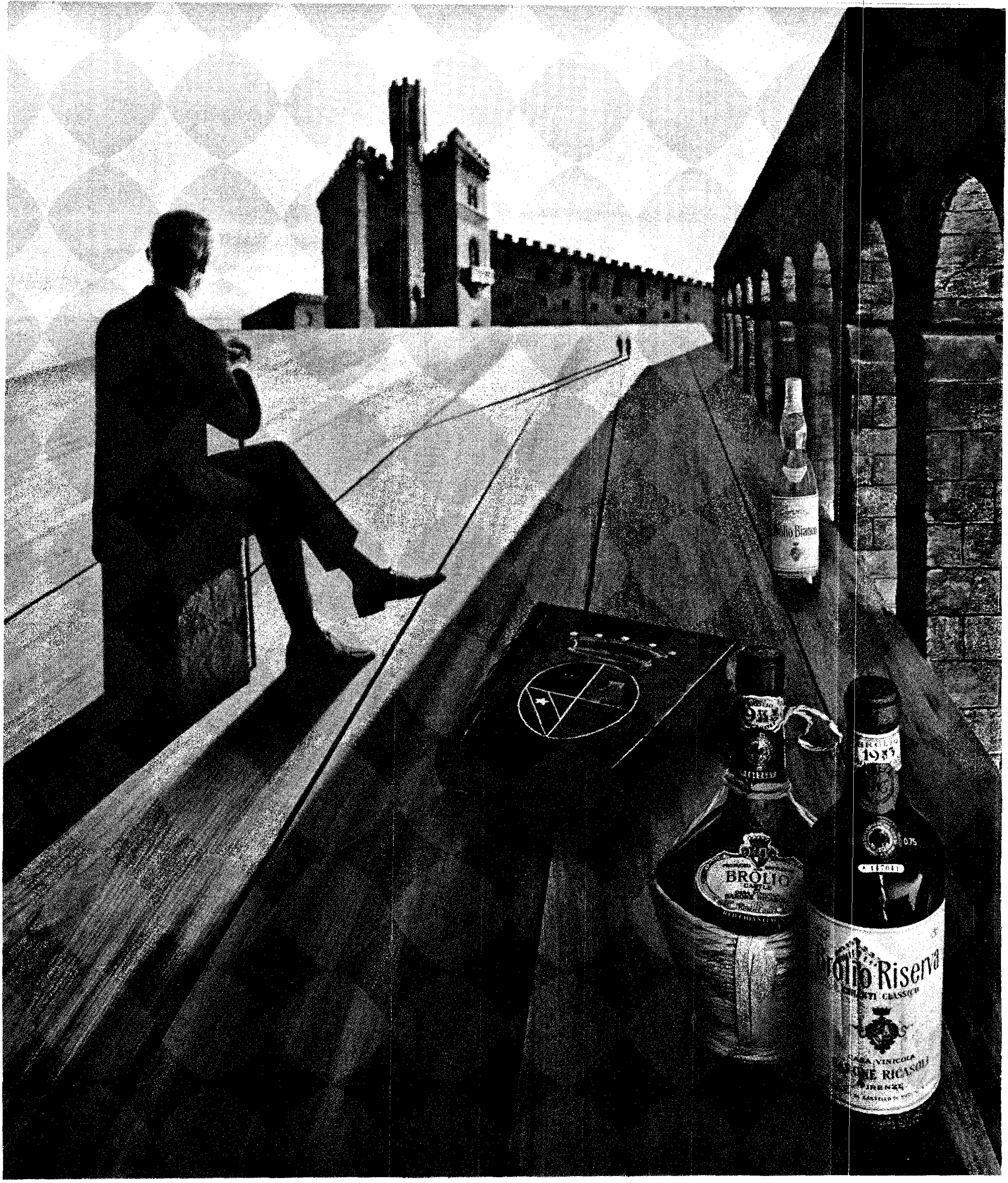

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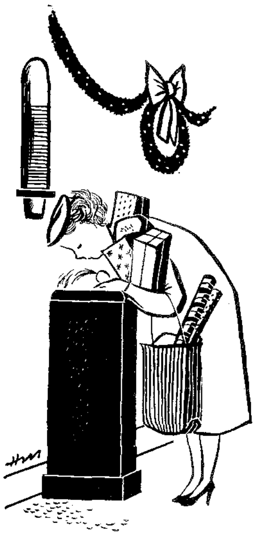
September and extradited to New York in October. He is challenging the validity of the New York court's jurisdiction over him. When Madsen was sentenced, he thanked the judge for having allowed him to be married two days earlier. He had been taken in handcuffs to the Municipal Building, and had there wed his girl. The handcuffs were removed for the ceremony. Madsen gave his bride a diamond engagement ring he had bought before his arrest, but friends had to supply a wedding band for the ceremony. Madsen's attorney had requested that he be sent to a reformatory rather than to a state prison, saying, "If he is sent to a state prison, he will learn his profession much better than he knows it now, and I must confess he's pretty good at it." The request was rejected.

BURGLARY has led the list of serious crimes committed in the United States every year since 1930, when the F.B.I. started to compile crime statistics, and the number of burglaries has been steadily rising every year. Between 1953 and 1962, the number of burglaries in the country increased by seventy-eight per cent, while the population increased only twenty-two per cent. According to the F.B.I., there were 892,755 burglaries in the United States in 1962; this figure is considered to be pretty sound, if only because the number of phony burglaries that the list may contain is apt to be balanced by the number of burglaries that have gone unreported. Phony burglaries occur for one of two reasons—publicity or money. Of the first type, one detective says, "If you were a young singer and you hired me as your press agent, you'd have a nice big burglary the day before your next night-club opening. Uninsured, of course, so when you



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later 'found' the stolen jewelry, you wouldn't have any explanations to make to a skeptical insurance company, and also because an uninsured burglary makes for a better and more sympathetic news story." The second type of phony burglary is one in which the victim hopes to collect insurance, if he has any, or, if not, to get a letter from the police department stating that he reported the loss, and then to claim it as an income-tax deduction. (A real burglary is a legitimate tax deduction.) Police can't prove that some residence burglaries are altogether phony, but they often have good reason to suspect that they are, and to wonder whether some "victims" are any more honest than burglars. On many occasions, a victim comes home, scares a burglar out of her apartment, and calls the local precinct to report the burglary, declaring that she has lost, say, eight pieces of jewelry worth fifty thousand dollars. Though neither the desk sergeant nor the victim herself is aware of it, a patrolman has caught the burglar running out of the building with the jewelry in his pocket, and it turns out that he has taken only two pieces, worth perhaps twelve hundred. The victim suddenly "finds" the other jewelry.

The unreported burglaries—the ones that balance the phony burglaries—are of two kinds. The first is the burglary of contraband goods, such as smuggled jewels or narcotics, which goes unreported for obvious reasons, and the second is the burglary that people are unaware of. Just as one of Madsen's victims failed to notice that she had lost an electric razor, other victims fail to notice any loss at all. A hotel maid in Manhattan got tired of seeing how careless the guests were with their possessions, and one night a few years ago she began to steal small sums and bits of jewelry. Over a three-year period, moving from hotel to hotel, she stole an estimated fifty thousand dollars' worth of money and jewelry. When she was caught, ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was found in her home, along with pawn tickets for twenty-five thousand dollars' worth. Police discovered that much of the loot had never been reported stolen, and therefore, presumably, had never been missed.

Burglary, the felony with the highest incidence in New York City, has risen 23.1 per cent in the last three years. Among the reasons often cited by police officers for the continually rising burglary rate is the age we are living in. It is the affluent age ("There's more to steal than ever before") and the jet age

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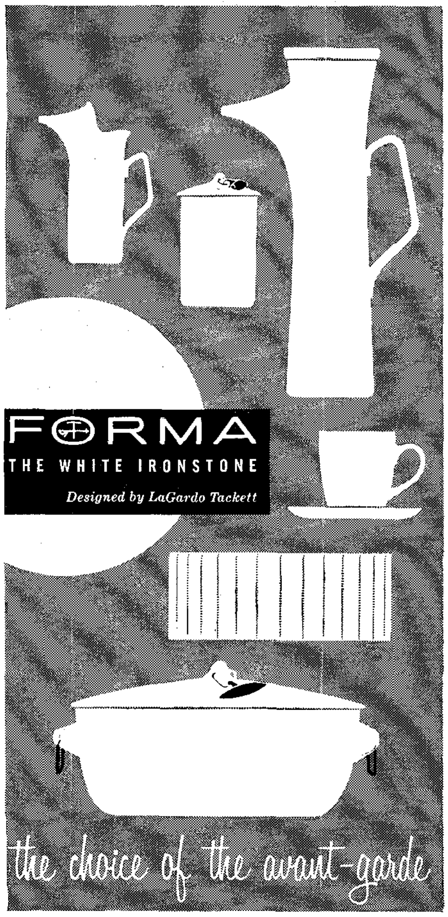

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("The native burglar population is added to by out-of-towners who fly to New York, thinking that this is the major league, that this is where they'll find that once-in-a-lifetime score"), and, as one assistant district attorney complains, the technological age ("The burglar has many technological things working for him—electric picks, drills, and keymaking machines—but everything electric and scientific that the police want to do, like wire-tapping, is frowned upon by the law. They want us to use eighteenth-century methods to catch twentieth-century burglars"). Also cited are the increase in narcotics addiction, the decline in religious belief, the legal loopholes that allow many burglars to escape arrest and conviction, and judges who hand out lenient sentences to the burglars who are convicted. Some experts blame the popularity of burglary on the fact that "success succeeds"—criminals have discovered that burglary is a lucrative form of endeavor. Others blame it on carelessness.

The greatest help to the burglar, the police maintain, is the carelessness of the victim himself, which is often the result of ignorance. The apartment dweller can purchase a jimmy-resistant and pick-resistant lock for little more than the price of an ineffective lock, but he doesn't know the difference between them. The tenant can make the back door as secure as the front door (a burglar will always strike the most vulnerable spot), and he can lock the window next to the fire escape as well as the one on it, thus deterring "step-over" burglars. Other precautions include: Don't leave notes for milkmen saying when you will be away; if you must tell tradespeople you're going away, say that "a relative" will be staying in the apartment; leave a light on and a radio playing when you are out (prowlers won't ring a bell if they hear a noise or see a light); and if your purse is stolen with your identification and your key in it, change the lock at once. What makes things really easy for the burglar is the thoughtfulness of victims in standardizing their habits. Detective Robert McDermott, a burglary expert attached to the Safe, Loft, and Truck Squad, says, "Whenever a wealthy woman in a hotel has a burglary, she immediately assumes it was a big plot. How else would the burglar know she had so much jewelry? I tell her it would be different if she lost a great sum in jewelry from a tenement house. Then she answers, 'But he knew exactly where the jewelry was.' It turns

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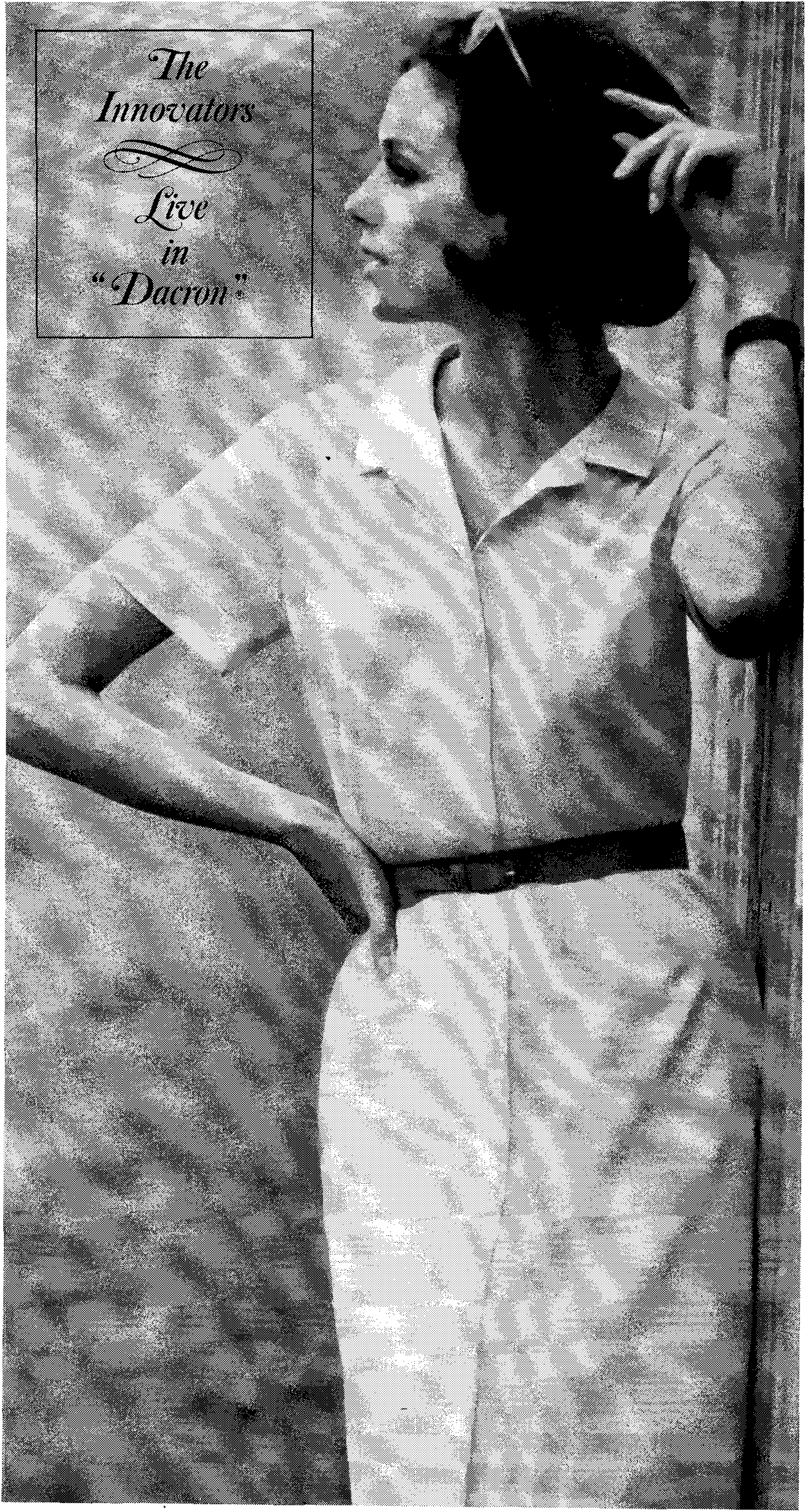

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DU PONT
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out that the jewelry was in a dressing-table drawer. Of course he knew where it was! Every burglar goes right to the dressing room, if there is one, and, if not, to the master bedroom. He looks quickly on top of the bureau or the dressing table for a jewelry box. Then he tries the right-hand top drawer. Usually he doesn't have to go any farther, but if the jewelry isn't there he'll go down the drawers until he hits a locked one; if one drawer is locked, the score is there, and he will jimmy the drawer. If on his way down the drawers he doesn't find a locked drawer, he will try each drawer on the way up, feeling for a box or a bag—the jewelry is bound to be in some container—and if he's still had no luck, he'll go to the closet and look on the shelf, and then try the laundry hamper. By the time he's done this—and it only takes him five minutes—he won't often be empty-handed." No ordinary apartment, hotel room, house, or store can be made burglar-*proof*, but police say that it takes amazingly little to *deter* burglars. "We had a number of clothing burglaries in a loft building some years back," Inspector Raymond Maguire, Commanding Officer of the Special Frauds Bureau, which oversees the Safe, Loft, and Truck Squad, says. "The stores in the building had alarms, but the burglars would dash in, grab a handful of coats off the racks, and beat it before the alarm was answered. We suggested to the store owners that they hang the suits on alternately facing hangers. That way, the burglars couldn't grab enough to make it worth their while. The owners followed our advice, and the burglaries came to an abrupt stop." Detective McDermott advises hotel and apartment residents, "Think of a place to hide your jewelry. Don't put it anywhere you think of in the next ten minutes. And then don't feel so proud of your ingenuity that you tell your best friend about the hiding place. Better yet, don't hide your jewelry. Put it in a bank vault, where it belongs."

The police suggest all these precautions to anyone who will listen, but they will never be able to protect careless citizens against themselves. They tell of a lady bank president whose jewelry was stolen from her suite in a hotel across the street from her bank; in the window of her bank was a sign reading, "Why take chances? Protect your valuables. Use our safety-deposit boxes." They also tell of a woman who had a double lock on her door and didn't bother to use it. When her jewels were stolen, she asked a police lock expert for his advice on locks; she ignored his suggestions of

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a jimmy-resistant and pick-resistant lock, a burglar-alarm system, a peephole, and a chain, and was again burglarized. The police are realistic about burglaries; they know that they will continue as long as mankind possesses private property, and they take comfort in the fact that burglars' mistakes will continue for precisely the same length of time. Of these mistakes, the commonest are bragging to other criminals; stealing another criminal's girl friend or angering him in some other way, which leads to being squealed on; and leaving fingerprints. In December, 1962, Irish Pat Brady lifted about seven thousand five hundred dollars' worth of jewelry from the hotel suite of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten. He gave some of the loot to a confederate to pawn, and the confederate made the mistake of pawning it in his own name. Detectives caught him, and to get himself off the hook he squealed on Brady. (Brady subsequently wrote to the Cottens to say that he had had one of the earrings he stole from them made into a ring for his wife as a Christmas present, and that he didn't think it was at all nice of them to insist on having it back.) Last June, a burglar was caught because he took a liking to a brand-new summer suit in an apartment he had just looted and was preparing to leave. He tried the suit on, and it fitted so well that he decided to take it. He ran hurriedly through the pockets of his dirty trousers, removing his keys, his change, and his identification papers, and then left with a typewriter and a few other pawnable goods. When the victim came home and discovered the pants, he found in a back pocket a letter to the burglar from his wife, written while he was finishing a term on Riker's Island. The letter said, "Please change your ways. I miss you very much and the children miss you. Don't do wrong any more, because we can't stand to have you away from home." On leaving Riker's Island, the burglar had vowed that he would behave, and would always carry his wife's letter to remind him to be good. When the police, having found his name on the envelope, came to arrest him, he told them he didn't want his old trousers any more, and added, "But please let me have my letter back when you're finished with it."

TWO and a half dollars' worth of beer was the undoing of a burglar who had taken the pains to invent and accumulate one of the best collections of burglar's tools that the F.B.I. has ever seen. On Saturday, March 10,

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1962, Detectives James F. McDonnell and Gerard Cicero went to work at four in the afternoon. The two men were partners, and they were attached to the Fourth Precinct, which runs from Fulton Street north to Spring Street and from Broadway west to the Hudson. They would be on duty until eight o'clock Sunday morning. Around two in the morning, they picked up two men who were fighting on the street. Otherwise, it was a quiet night. Shortly before three, while Cicero was finishing up the paperwork on that case, McDonnell left the detectives' room, on the second floor of the station house, to go out and buy some coffee for himself and his partner; on the way he stopped to take orders for coffee from the uniformed men downstairs. The station house is on Beach Street, at the upper end of the precinct, and the only place one could get coffee at that hour of the morning was at the lower end of the precinct—at the Signal Coffee Shop, 64 Church Street. Detective McDonnell drove down Church Street, and as he passed a bar-and-grill called the Blarney Castle, on the southeast corner of Church and Chambers Streets, he saw a patrol car from his precinct parked outside. Two patrolmen were examining a case of whiskey sitting on the sidewalk outside the Blarney Castle. Sensing that something was wrong, and figuring that he would eventually be called in on the investigation, Detective McDonnell made a U turn and pulled up behind the patrol car. The patrolmen told McDonnell that they had just discovered the case of whiskey on the sidewalk; it hadn't been there when they drove past the bar forty-five minutes earlier. Three of the twelve bottles in the case were broken. The Blarney Castle occupied part of the first floor of 149 Church Street—a five-story building extending the length of a block, between Chambers Street and Warren Street. There were several stores on the first floor, and until two months before there had been a haberdashery next door to the bar-and-grill. The Blarney Castle's owners had leased it, however, and were turning it into a dining room. The bar had always had two entrances, one at 102 Chambers Street and one on Church Street, but on March 10th it acquired a third—the haberdashery's door. That morning, a contractor had knocked down part of the wall between the bar and the former haberdashery. Since the case of liquor was only five or six feet from the haberdashery entrance, the patrolmen tried the door. They found it unlocked.

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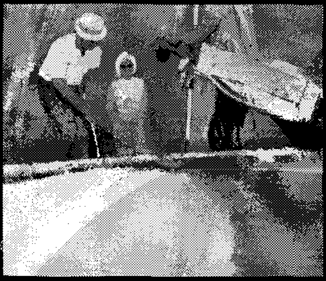

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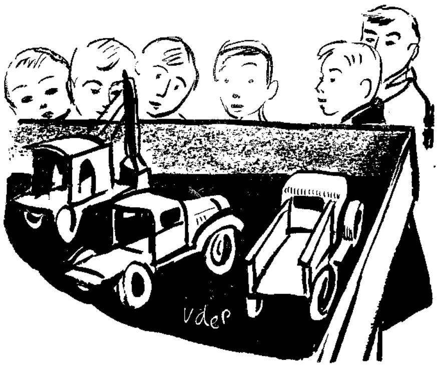
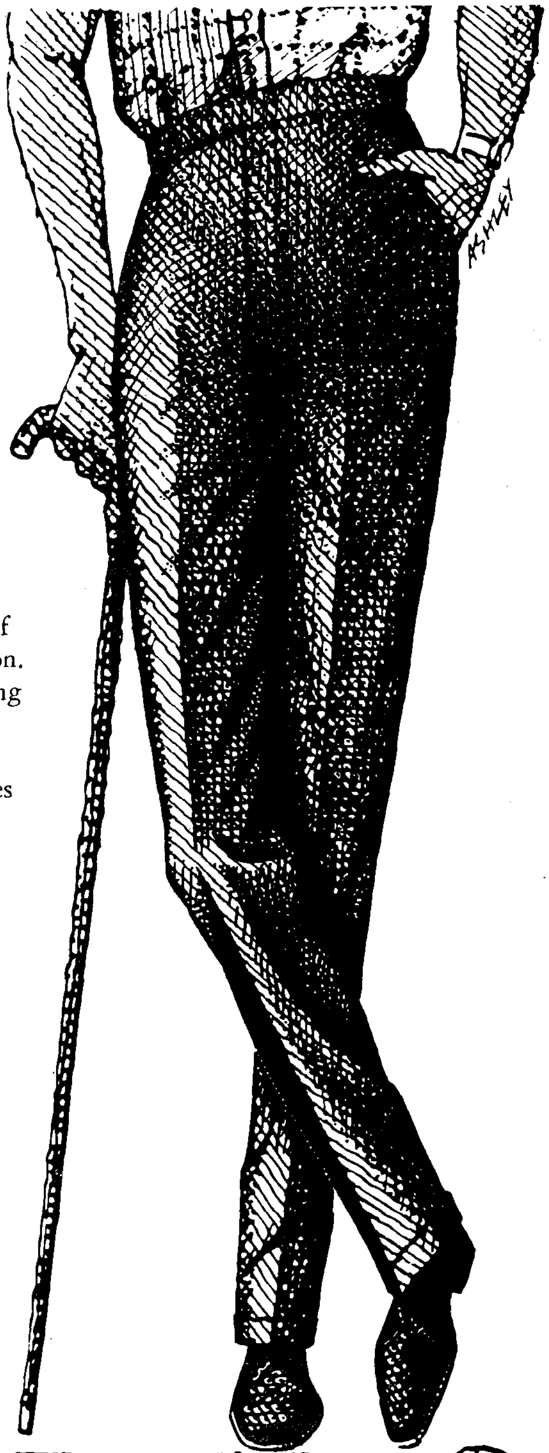
Fairly sure that a burglary had taken place, they called Police Headquarters, which would relay their message to the station house, on the patrol car's radio telephone. They knew that the precinct had a file of the home addresses and telephone numbers of all the people with businesses in the area, and they wanted the owner of the bar on hand before anyone went inside. The Fourth Precinct's sergeant arrived, with his chauffeur—another sergeant—in a few minutes; he'd heard the call to headquarters on the air. Leaving the sergeant and the sergeant-chauffeur to guard the case of liquor and the unlocked door, McDonnell and the two patrolmen walked a bit around 149 Church. From the sidewalk, they saw a light on the second floor. Looking through the glass entrance doors, McDonnell could see the elevator, and he noticed that the elevator indicator pointed to 2. He tried the glass doors, and, to his surprise, they opened. McDonnell and the patrolmen went inside, McDonnell pressed the elevator button, and he and one of the patrolmen rode up to the second floor. When they got off, they saw a light in an office at the right end of the hall. The door was partly open, and they heard someone moaning inside. They knocked and asked who was in there. A voice mumbled something they took for "Come in," and they entered the room and found a man lying on a rug in the middle of the floor. He didn't seem to be injured. He was wearing a brown jacket, wrinkled dark pants, a baseball hat, and brown gloves. When McDonnell asked him to stand up, he began mumbling in a very low voice. McDonnell, concluding that the man was half asleep and more than half drunk, started kicking the soles of the man's shoes to arouse him. The soles were of the rippled variety, and McDonnell noticed a white powder on them. Some of the powder fell into the perforations of McDonnell's own wing-tipped brogans, and by the time the moaner was on his feet, McDonnell observed, to his annoyance, that his shoes





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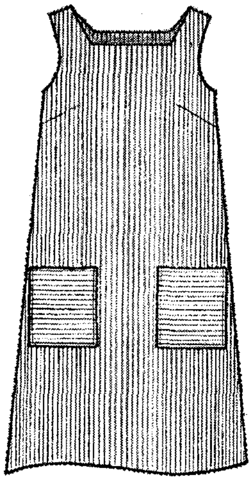

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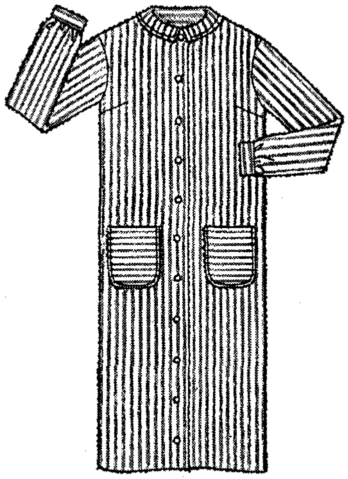

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were thoroughly covered with the stuff. McDonnell and the patrolman asked the man who he was and what he was doing in the building. The man, a nice-looking Negro in his early forties, pulled himself together sufficiently to tell them that he was James Ermon Nickens, the building superintendent. McDonnell told him to come along downstairs.

Meanwhile, the co-owner of the Blarney Castle, Mike Conlon, had arrived and had gone into the bar with the sergeant and the sergeant-chauffeur. They went through the haberdashery entrance, pushing aside a piece of tarpaulin that covered what had been the wall between the haberdashery and the bar. A door was being cut through, and when the workmen knocked off on Saturday, they had put the tarpaulin over the hole so that business could go on as usual Saturday evening; they were to come back on Monday to finish up the plasterwork. Conlon quickly ran downstairs to the stockroom, where he discovered, to his despair, that forty or more cases of liquor had been stolen. They had been there at closing time, about seven-forty-five, so they must have been taken between then and two-thirty, when the patrol car arrived. He said the case with the three broken bottles, out on the street, was one of the missing cases. The burglar had presumably abandoned it when the bottles broke. Inside the bar, Conlon found the refrigerator open. When he looked in, he saw that two new Ballantine's beer cases had been broken into. One, which had contained twenty-four bottles, had four bottles missing. Another, which had contained twenty-four cans, had two cans missing.

When Detective McDonnell, whom he knew, arrived in the bar, Conlon told him about the burglary, and added, "Jim, what are you doing with my friend Jimmy Nickens?"

Nickens said to Conlon, "These guys are barking up the wrong tree if they think I did this to you."

Conlon told McDonnell that Nickens was a good guy, who had had plenty of opportunities to steal before and had never done so, and that he would trust him all over the place. McDonnell felt that his suspicions had been all the more foolish when Nickens volunteered the information that he was an amateur criminologist and would be glad to help with the investigation.

Leaving Nickens and the others at the bar, McDonnell and the patrolmen went downstairs with Mike Conlon; they wanted to see the raided stockroom. Leading the policemen down a flight of

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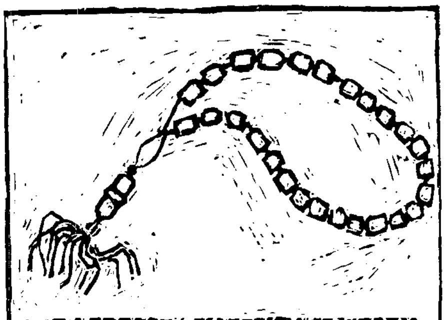

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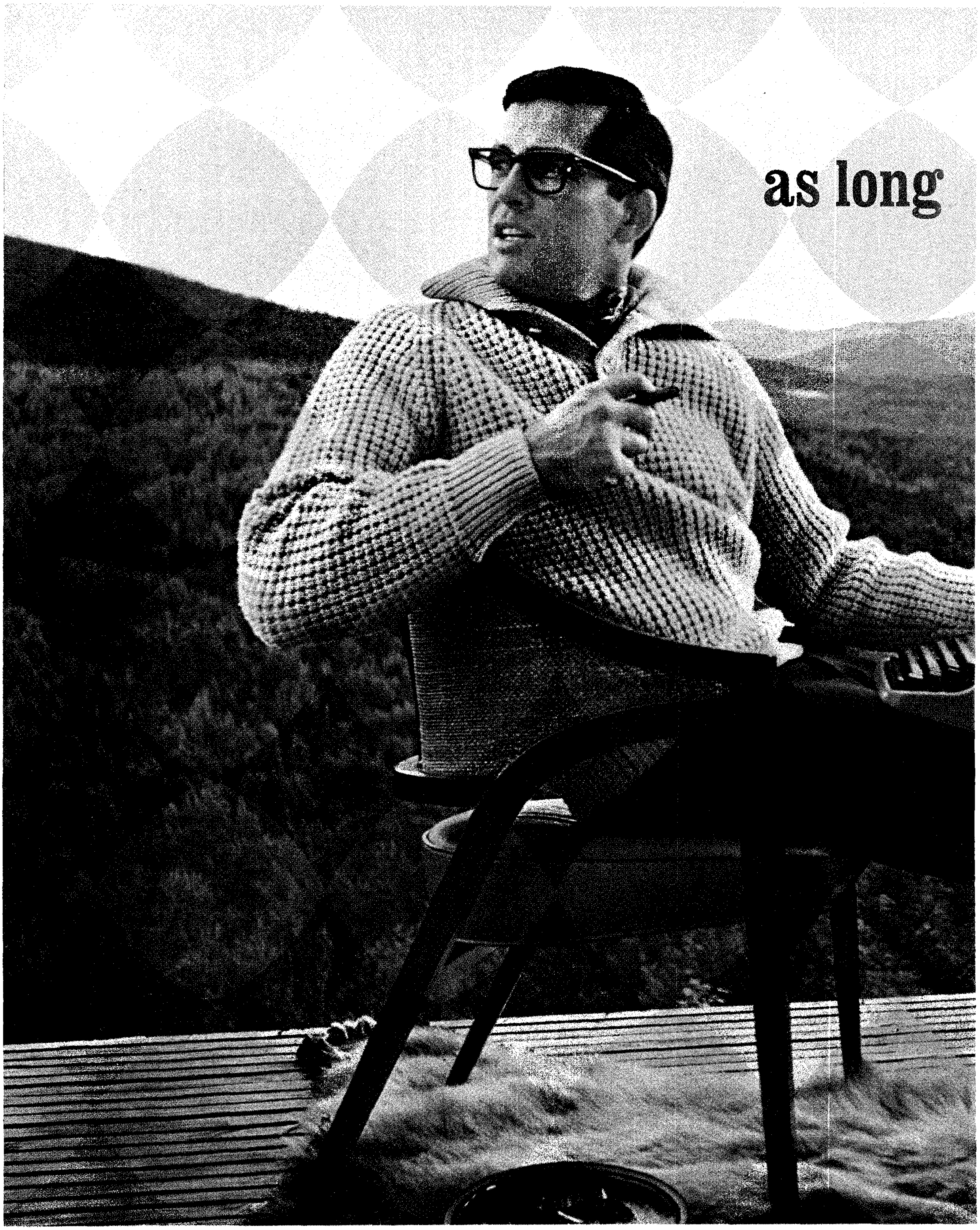
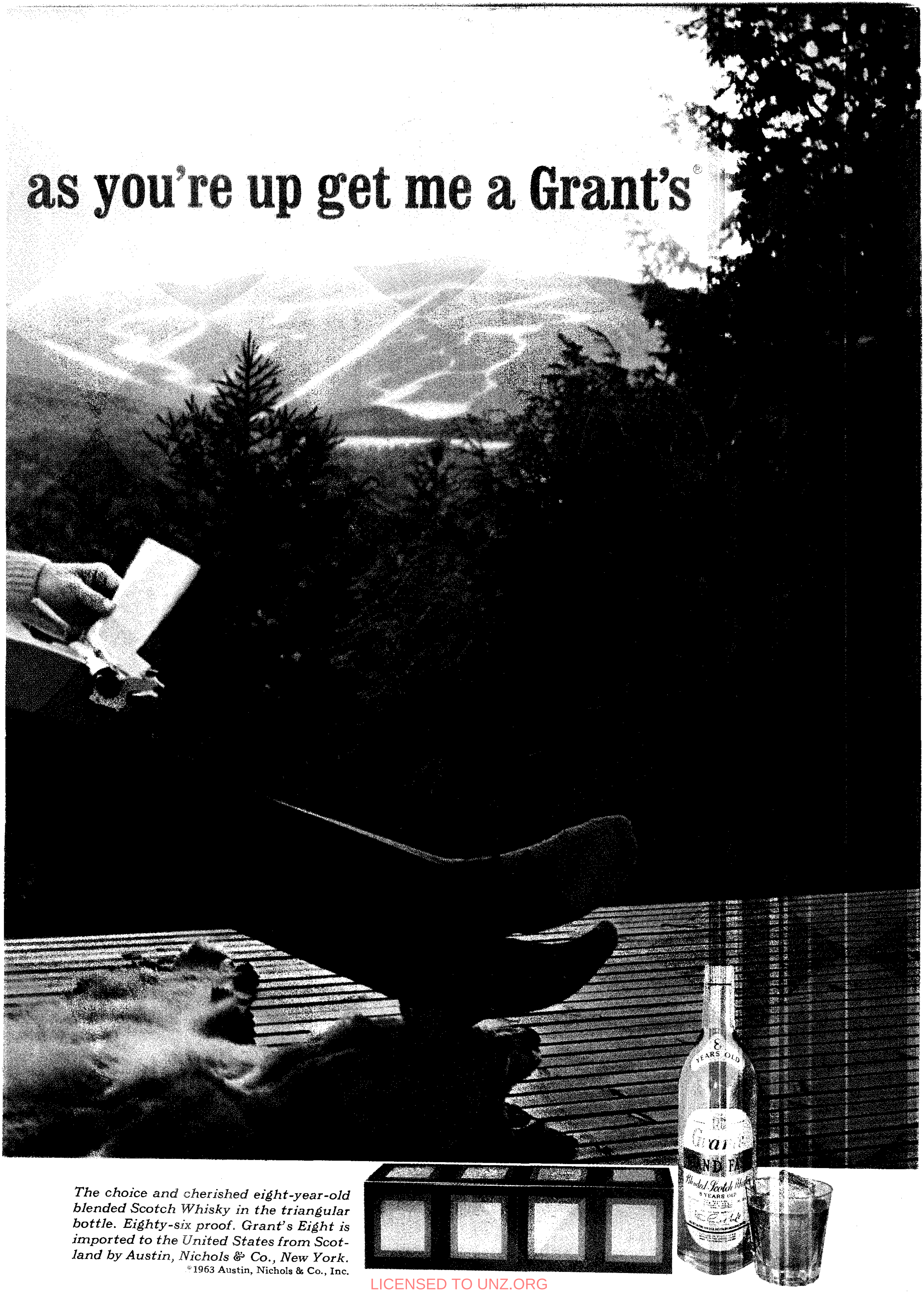


Thanks, darling. Why don't you have one, too? And we'll have a private little Christmas celebration. Umm. Of course it's good. Grant's is eight years old and I think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. Cheers, my love.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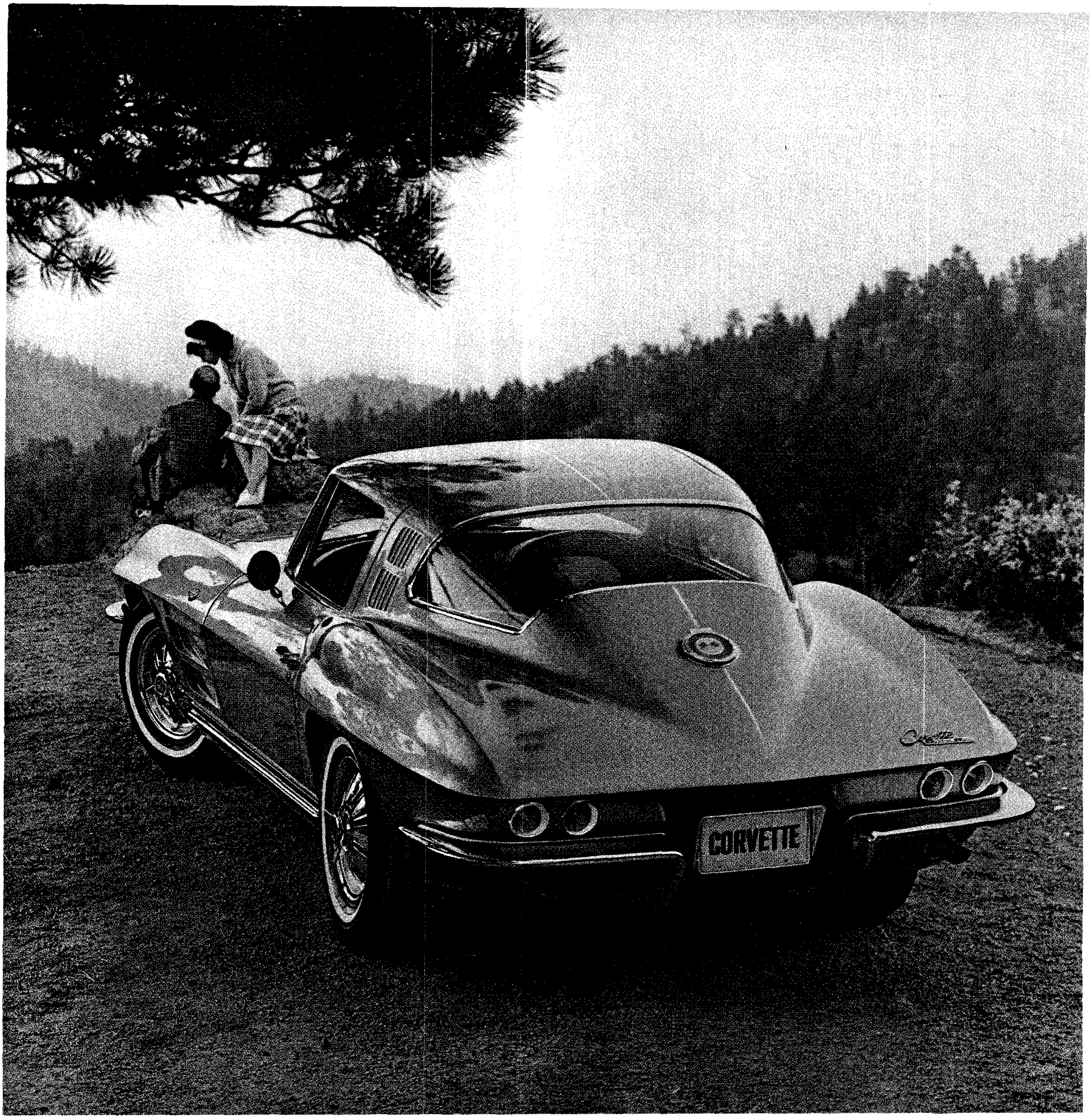

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stairs to the basement of the bar-and-grill, Conlon pointed out that the padlock of the stockroom door was missing. In the stockroom, Conlon ruefully showed the policemen where rows of whiskey cases stacked four high had covered the length of three walls. There was nothing there now but ribbons of dust that had accumulated between the stacks of cases. While McDonnell and the patrolmen were looking at the blank walls, Conlon noticed that some more cases of liquor—his best Scotch—were missing from another part of the stockroom. Now, he thought, fifty cases were missing. To McDonnell and the others, it began to look like a big professional job—a truck would have been needed to cart that much liquor away, and it would have taken a couple of strong men at least an hour to load the truck. Yet in that hour, one of the patrol cars would surely have passed by and seen it. McDonnell suggested to Conlon that they ask Nickens if he'd heard anything—the sound of a truck or of men carting off cases of liquor—but Conlon said that when Nickens went to sleep, a bomb couldn't wake him. As Conlon was remarking for a second time that he would stake his life on Nickens' honesty, McDonnell looked down at the dust and saw in one of the ribbons what seemed to be a fresh print of a ripple sole. He then noticed a piece of yellow paper with a ripple-soled print in white powder printed on it. He pointed the paper out to Mike Conlon with the toe of his shoe, and as he did so, he noticed the white dust in the perforations of the toe, and suddenly everything began to fall into place. He told one of the patrolmen to run upstairs and hold Nickens, and then asked Conlon whether Nickens had a key to the bar, whether he would have had any business being in the bar, and whether any plasterwork was being done in the building except on the wall between the bar and the former haberdashery. When Conlon answered no to all three questions, McDonnell started upstairs after the patrolman. He also noticed at this point three empty Ballantine beer bottles and two empty Ballantine beer cans on a chopping block at the foot of the stairs. Just then, the patrolman who had run upstairs after Nickens called down the stairway, "Hey, Mac, that guy's gone." McDonnell rushed up and asked the sergeant and the sergeant-chauffeur in the bar what had become of Nickens. They said that no one had instructed them to hold him, and that he had just walked away. McDonnell dashed over to the main entrance of 149 Church and found that it was

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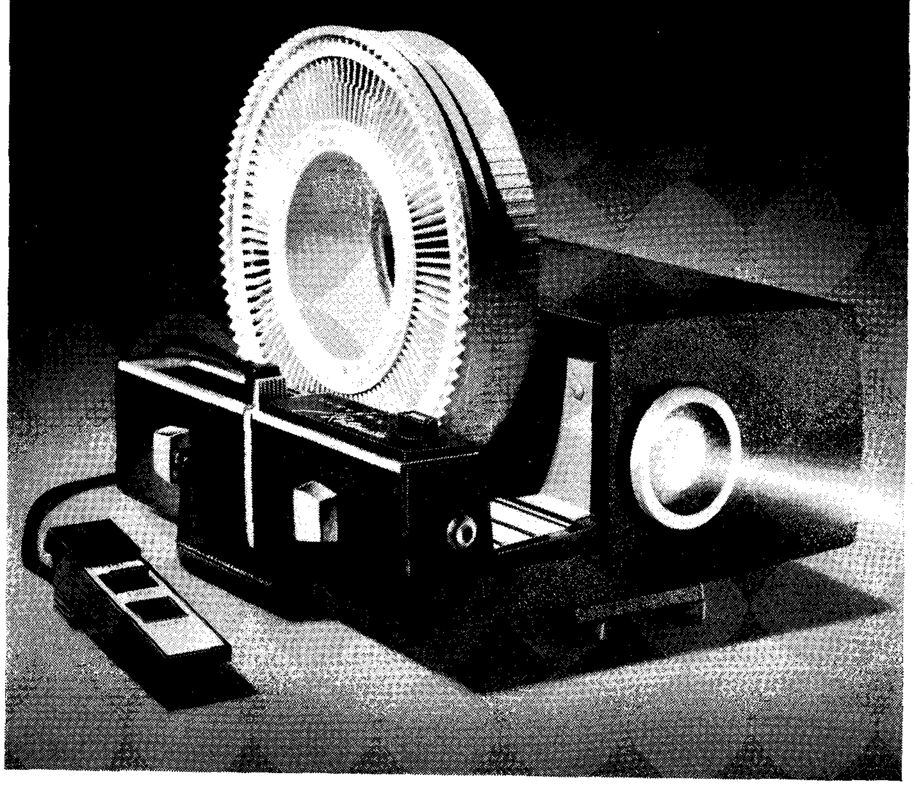

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locked. Through the glass doors, he could see that the elevator indicator was at 5, the top floor. It looked as if Nickens might have gone up to the roof, and McDonnell knew the roofs in that area well; Nickens could easily jump from one to the next and disappear. By now, Conlon had caught up with McDonnell, and, luckily, he had a key to the building. McDonnell opened the door, pushed the button for the elevator, and he and the two patrolmen got in and rode to the fifth floor. Just as they got there, they heard footsteps. One patrolman held the door to the elevator, the other searched the corridor, and McDonnell followed the sound of the footsteps to a steel ladder, which he climbed. It was quite dark, but McDonnell knew his way well enough to be able to follow Nickens, who was by then three rooftops away. When McDonnell got close to Nickens, he drew his gun, aimed it at the back of Nickens' head, and called to him, "One more roof and you're a dead man." Nickens stopped. He came peacefully back down the ladder with McDonnell, explaining that he had gone up on the roof to look for burglars. When they were back on the fifth floor, McDonnell noticed something in the center of the hall that he hadn't seen when he was pursuing Nickens—a damp spot that smelled like alcohol and some small chips of broken glass. There were also some faint but visible ripple marks on the floor, which was waxed. The trail seemed to lead to a door marked 510. McDonnell asked Nickens if he had a key to Room 510; Nickens said he hadn't. He asked him who occupied the office; Nickens said he didn't know. Remembering that there was a rack of keys in the second-floor office where Nickens had been lying on the floor, McDonnell returned there with Nickens. He found a key tagged "510"—the key that Nickens said he didn't have—on the rack, and he noticed that while there were two keys for practically every other door number on the rack, there was only a single key for Room 510. McDonnell and Nickens went back to Room 510, and McDonnell opened the door. Inside the room were seventy-one cases of liquor. (A couple of the bottles in one case were broken, which may have had something to do with the damp alcoholic spot in the hall.) At the sight of the liquor, Nickens expressed astonishment.

McDonnell left the two patrolmen in Room 510, and he and Nickens returned to the bar, where by this time a considerable crowd had collected. Word

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of the burglary had spread quickly, and Mike's relatives, partners, and bartenders were there; the loss of so many cases of liquor might well wipe him out. By now the figure of missing cases was up to sixty.

"How many cases did you say you lost?" McDonnell asked Mike Conlon.

"Sixty," said Conlon.

"I'll tell you exactly how many cases you lost," McDonnell said. "Seventy-two."

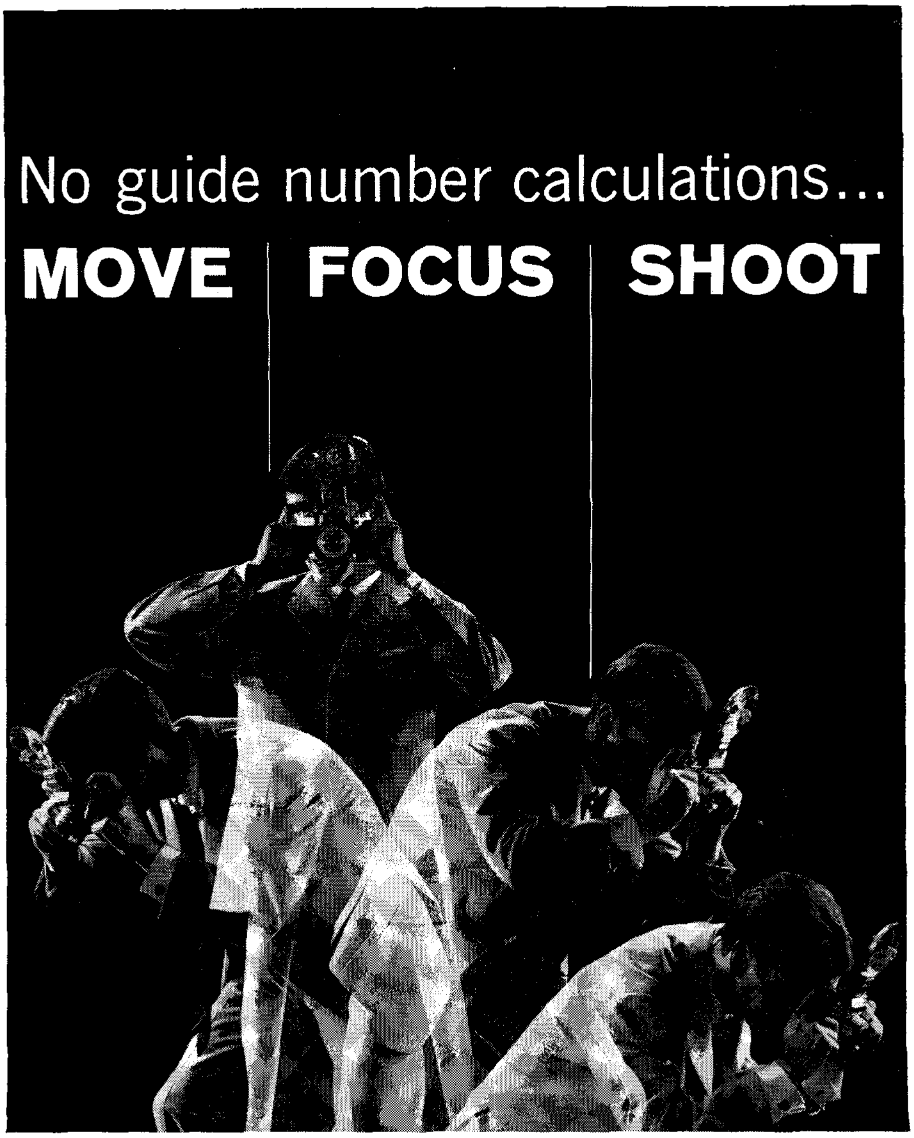
"I wouldn't doubt it," Conlon replied. "That comes to about four grand!"

"I'll go you one better," McDonnell said. "I have them."

Conlon embraced McDonnell, and then McDonnell led Conlon and Nickens up to Room 510. Nickens continued to register criminological bewilderment over the presence of the liquor. Finally, McDonnell told the patrolmen and Conlon to guard the liquor, and informed Nickens, who was still neither handcuffed nor under arrest, that, Conlon's glowing character reference notwithstanding, he was being taken to the station house for questioning. As they were riding down in the elevator, Nickens pointed his finger at McDonnell's face and said, "So I did it. Prove it." Then McDonnell noticed that Nickens was fiddling with the brown gloves he had had on all evening. He suddenly heard a clink, and when he looked on the floor, he saw a key; he picked it up and saw that it was tagged "510"—the missing key of the pair, which Nickens had obviously wanted to get rid of. McDonnell took Nickens back into the room with the key rack, and there Nickens stripped off his other glove and dropped it on a chair. McDonnell picked it up and found in it a second key, marked "Bar." Going out to the street again, with Nickens in tow, McDonnell found that the second key opened the haberdashery door. Next, he took Nickens to the basement, where he made him take off his shoes and confronted him with the ripple-soled print. Nickens looked at it without comment. McDonnell then handcuffed him and started off for the station house.

When McDonnell arrived at his office, Detective Cicero shouted out, "Hey! Where's my coffee? Where have you been?" He hadn't been told about the phone call asking the precinct to round up Mike Conlon.

After Nickens, who refused to give anything but his name, was formally charged and locked up, McDonnell decided to go back to 149 Church



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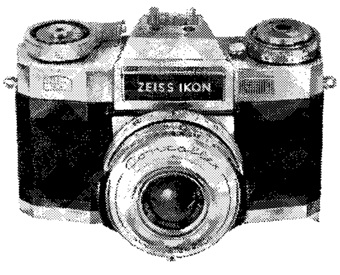

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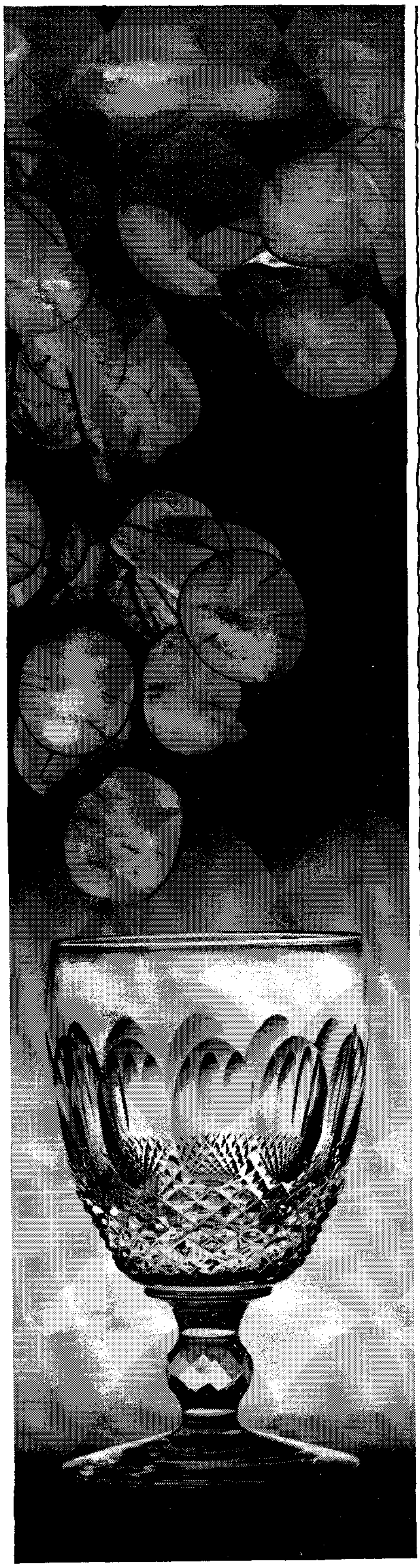

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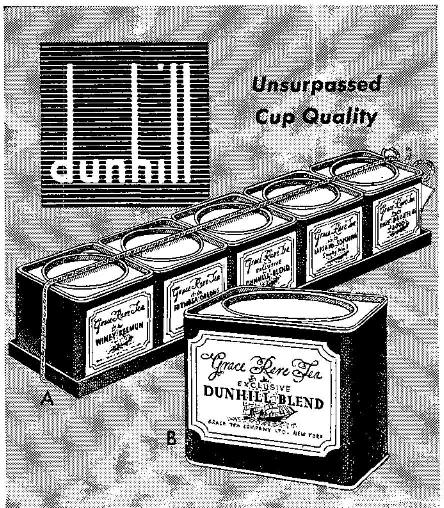
Street. It still seemed a routine case—a local superintendent burglarizing a tenant—but McDonnell thought he might be able to find the missing padlock. When he went downstairs to the stockroom, he noticed some brown threads—the same color as Nickens' gloves—on the floor around the stockroom door. But the real surprise was in Nickens' second-floor office, where stacks of cardboard boxes covered a whole wall. Curious to see what was in them, McDonnell tried to pull one box out, and as he did so, all the boxes, which were stapled together to form a solid wall, swung out like a door. In the area they concealed, McDonnell found a workbench equipped with every kind of burglar's tool and keymaking device he had ever seen, and scores he had never seen. He also saw a half-empty bottle of Ballantine's beer—the missing bottle? Could those four bottles and two cans of beer have been what Nickens got drunk on? By now, it was getting close to eight in the morning, and, thinking that this might be a big case, McDonnell called in his superior officers, who were flabbergasted when they saw the tools that Nickens had stashed away. While other policemen stayed in the office to guard the tools, McDonnell went back to the station house, where he found Nickens complaining about his feet. His ripple-soled shoes had been taken away from him, as evidence, and he had been offered another pair of shoes, but he had declined them, saying that his shoes had special arch supports. He wanted another pair of his own shoes. McDonnell knew from experience what a lawyer could do with that simple fact in court, so McDonnell told Nickens that he and Cicero would drive him home to get another pair of shoes. Nickens gave his address as 213 West 136th Street. When they got there, Nickens said that his landlady would fetch the shoes, but the detectives, who had confiscated his apartment keys when they searched him after the arrest, said they would return them to him, so that Nickens could get his shoes himself. Nickens opened his apartment door just enough to slip inside, but while he was taking a pair of shoes from a closet, McDonnell caught a glimpse of a set of keymaking machinery even more elaborate than the one in Nickens' office. After Nickens was returned to jail, the two detectives and their colleagues began to catalogue the tools and the keys that filled Nickens' office; on Monday McDonnell got a search warrant for Nickens' apartment, and they catalogued the contents of that,



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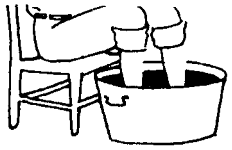

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too. Nickens' tools included an electric lock pick, an electric device for making impressions of lock tumblers, a portable electric keymaker, and an electric machine that extracted locks from doors. The tools put Nickens, as the *Times* said in its report of the arrest, in "the avant-garde of burglary technology."

A Tetley tea tin and a paper bag in Nickens' office contained a great many keys—several dozen tagged with legible addresses and five hundred tagged in code, which the police succeeded in deciphering. Nickens had keys to several Negro churches in the city, to a number of places in the garment district, to numerous downtown and midtown offices (including two dozen offices in the Woolworth Building), and to two branches of the Swiss Bank Corporation. Two burglary-squad detectives were assigned the job of finding out how many of these places had been burglarized in recent years. It turned out that quite a few of them had been. One fabric dealer said, "Last December, somebody got in—we don't know how. A case of liquor, five hundred dollars in cash, and a big bolt of fabric were taken. You bet we'll change our locks." The Swiss Bank preferred to maintain a Swiss Bank-like silence about the matter. The superintendent of a building near 149 Church Street told the police that he'd once wanted to go on a vacation and couldn't find a reliable replacement; he had mentioned his plight to Nickens, whom he'd known for a year, and Nickens had urged him to go away for two weeks, promising to take care of the building in his absence. When the super came back from his holiday, he found his building in excellent condition and thought he had made a wonderful friend in the trade. Two weeks later, two of the more important tenants in the building—dealers in high-power lenses—were burglarized of camera lenses and cash. The superintendent had never had keys to their well-locked premises, but Nickens had them in his Tetley tin. Nickens, it seemed, was quite a camera bug.

The police surmised that Nickens pulled off many of the burglaries in the Church Street area himself, and also many of those in the garment district, where he had once held a job as a handyman. When these burglaries were investigated, no one suspected Nickens—he was only a super or a handyman—and when the detectives decided to plant on buildings, Nickens was one of the first to know about it. He made it a point to pay daily visits to supers in his

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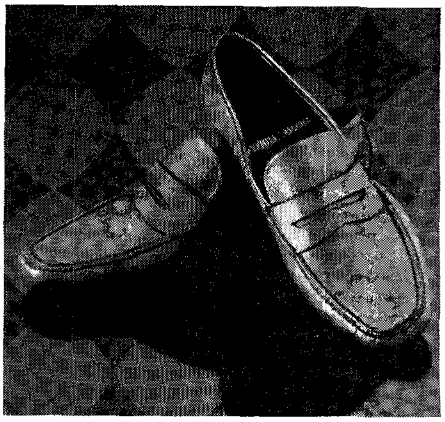
area, and during these friendly moments he would be bound to hear, say, that "two detectives are coming down here tonight." The police also surmised that Nickens did a flourishing business selling tips and keys to other burglars—among them half a dozen of the best safe burglars in the country, whose names and phone numbers they found in his address book. In his apartment, they found a number of newspaper clippings about burglaries in offices to which Nickens had keys; the amounts stolen were underlined. Checking back over Nickens' past, the police discovered that he had once taken a correspondence course at a locksmith's school. "He was one of the most interested students we ever had," a school official said. "He asked questions and questions and questions." The police surmised that Nickens did most of his keymaking at night, removing cylinders at three in the morning, making the keys, and replacing them before dawn. The police had a lot of surmising to do, for Nickens volunteered little information.

Of the people indicted for felonies in New York City in recent years, roughly four out of five pleaded guilty—though not necessarily to what they were originally charged with, since those who coöperate by pleading guilty at all are generally allowed to "cop a plea," or plead guilty to a lesser charge. Nickens was one of those who pleaded not guilty. He was charged with burglary in the third degree, grand larceny, and possession of burglar's tools. Possession of burglar's tools automatically becomes a felony if the person convicted has a previous record; Nickens' record, which appears to have been unknown to any of his employers, dated back to 1936.

The evidence against him was purely circumstantial. The Police Lab wasn't able to make a positive identification of the ripple sole (it had no accidental characteristics); the most that it was prepared to say was that the print found on the yellow scrap of paper and the print made by Nickens' shoe were of the same size, had the same type of ripple, and had the same distance between ripples, and that it was *possible* that they were made by the same shoe. The brown threads on the stockroom floor were "identical" with the threads of Nickens' torn brown gloves, but not necessarily from those gloves. The keys to the bar and to Room 510 that McDonnell found inside the gloves counted, in this case, as burglar's tools, and they were important to the prosecution and damaging to the defendant. Conlon testified to the fact that Nickens,



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a customer at his bar, drank neither hard liquor nor wine but only beer—and, at that, only Ballantine's beer. In one of the longest burglary trials in the city's history—it lasted from Friday, September 28, 1962, to Wednesday, October 17, 1962—Nickens was found guilty of burglary and possession of burglar's tools.

It was the case of whiskey that broke and was presumably abandoned by Nickens (who presumably used a dolly to wheel the liquor between the haberdashery door and the building door when no patrol car was coming down the street) that had set the police on his trail. But if Nickens hadn't made the mistake of drinking four bottles and two cans of beer and the mistake of leaving the building door open and the mistake of leaving the light on—perhaps all one big mistake—the police would never have gone upstairs, and he could have slept the drunk off and covered his traces on Sunday. During the trial, Nickens was asked if the handwriting on the key tags was his, and he admitted it was. He admitted to a hobby of making keys and to going around to different places in the early hours of the morning. He also admitted to having been on the premises of 149 Church Street that day. He said he had spent the evening "playing cards and drinking beer" in the neighborhood and was so drunk he asked his friends to take him to the office to sleep it off. Nickens was convicted only for the burglary of the Blarney Castle. He was sentenced to three to six years. An appeal is pending.

WHEN Madsen and Nickens get out of jail, the police wouldn't be surprised to see them go right back to burglary, though perhaps not in New York City. (Nickens' record showed that he had already been arrested in Hawaii, California, New York, and New Jersey.) Madsen told the police that if he had got the money from the Selznick burglary, he would have retired, but if the police are sure of anything, it is that burglars never retire on the strength of a good score. Neither do they reform because they have been arrested or because they fear arrest. Of the hundreds of burglary arrests that the police make in the course of a year, most are of multiple offenders with long records. When the burglars are in prison—which the police call "a revolving door"—they usually spend their time scheming how not to get caught the next time and, as Madsen's lawyer feared, learning new techniques from their fellow-prisoners. Most policemen can think of only one

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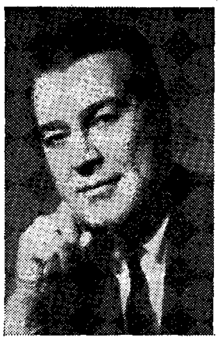

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or two burglars who have gone straight for years. A year or so ago, Detective McDermott watched as a burglar came dashing down a fire escape with a bundle under his arm. McDermott knew the man, having arrested him on several previous occasions. The burglar tripped on the last fixed step of the fire escape, fell ten or twelve feet to the ground, and injured his leg. McDermott said, "This may be a lucky break for you. You won't be so quick and easy on fire escapes, and maybe you'll go straight." The burglar looked up at McDermott and replied, "Come on, Bob, who's kidding who? You're a cop. I'm a burglar. That's the way it is and that's the way it's always going to be." Equally revealing is the remark of a well-known local burglar who, having asked the assistant district attorney in charge of his case to go easy on him, and having been told that he was much too good a burglar to go easy on, said, "You got it all wrong. The bad burglar is someone like me, who's been caught and will probably be convicted. The fair burglar is the one who gets caught but beats the rap. The good burglar is the one you know about but can't catch. The best burglar is the one you've never even heard of." —SUSAN BLACK

(*This is the second of two articles on burglary.*)

•

Fonteyn and Nureyev! What magic is in those names!

I confess that my greatest infatuation with ballet ceased with my childhood, and my interests and tastes grew to encompass many dance forms.

But when I attended the dress rehearsal last night for the Honolulu Symphony's Night of the Ballet, all the old awe and adoration for this remarkable cultural phenomena came back in—the atmosphere of some of the most fabled names of ballet greats.

Immediately recognizable from his photographs was Rudolph Nureyev, in practice clothes using the side of a wing as a ballet barre, doing battements and rond de jambes. I respectfully approached him. He looked at me with annoyance and said "I'm working." I respectfully bowed away.

Then I began a search for Dame Margot Fonteyn. I was told that she was exhausted and would not be in. Suddenly there she was, rushing into her dressing room. I followed close behind her. Might I speak with her? "I rather need to start working now" she replied.

A gentleman standing nearby moved away. That was Robert Helpmann, I was told. It's a good thing I did not know it when he was so close by or I very likely would have collapsed.

What is their magic?—*Joann W. Kealiinohomoku in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

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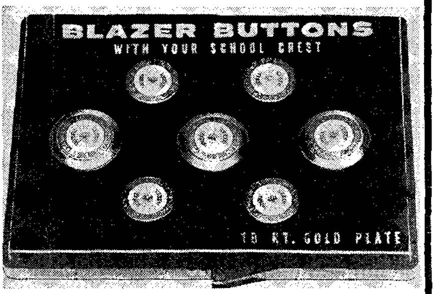

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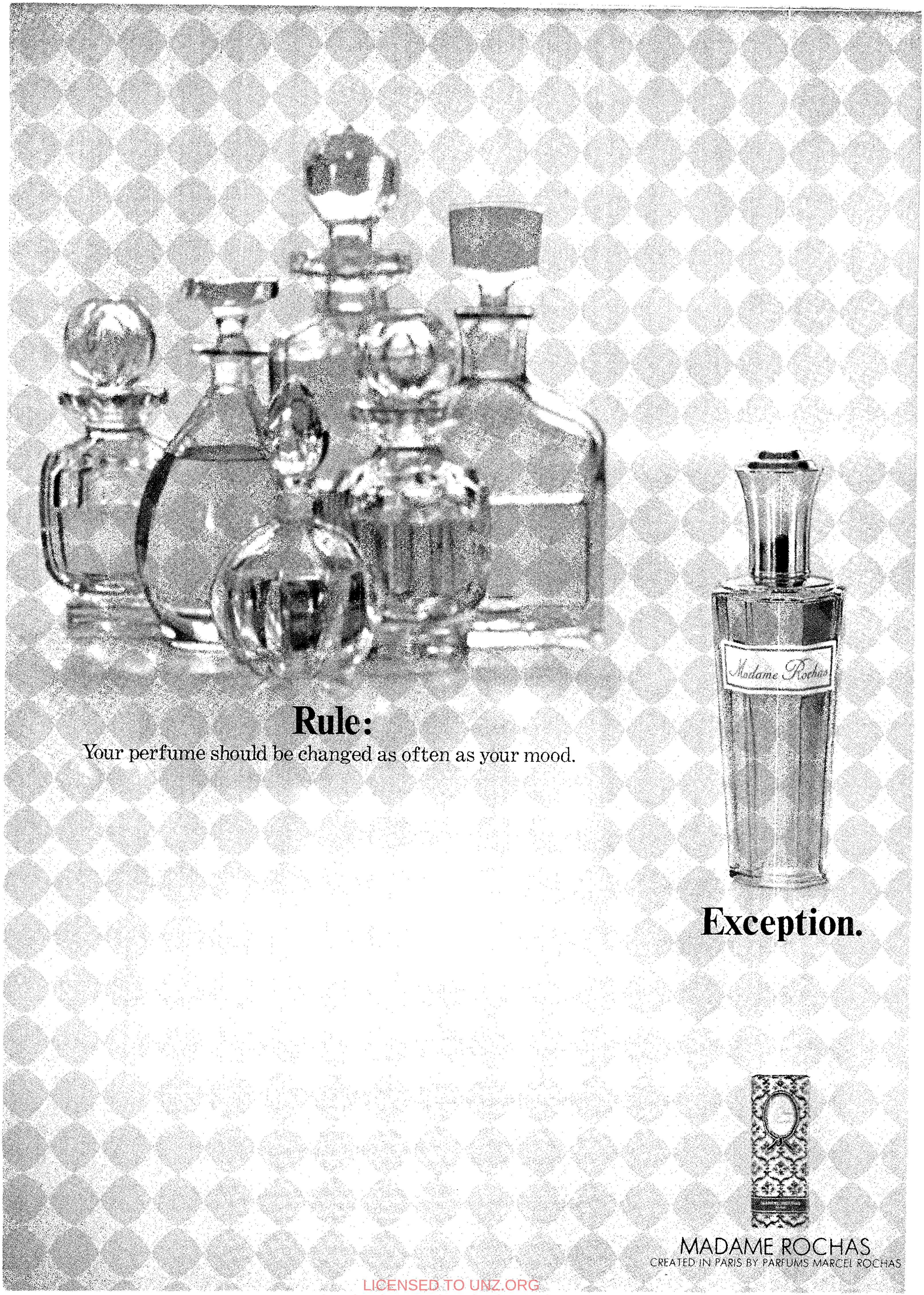
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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 4

WHAT the French are now sure they most mourn in the death of President Kennedy is their loss of his youth. For even at this distance across the Atlantic they came to feel their positive participation in it—in the novelty of his age at the head of a neighboring government, in his precocious gift for politics, in his special person, flavor, and style, all of which were maybe worrisome at first, were then invigorating, and are now unforgettable, irreplaceable. Only once has France had a remarkable, popular very young head of state—Louis XIV, who at the age of twenty-three announced, to the joy of his people, that he himself would rule his land, which indeed he did, but as a supreme monarch and for fifty-four years, which was not what the people had bargained for. The other great loss in Kennedy's death, the French feel, is that he was "*un vrai moderne*." He represented the present tense in history and in life. This made him unique, and thus invaluable, in the chairs of power in the Western world.

All during the last years of the Algerian war, "*l'assassination*" was one of the commonest words in the French newspaper headlines, since O.A.S. renegades were assassinating Algerians in Algiers under the very eyes of the police and photographers, just as in the assassinations in Dallas two weeks ago. As in Texas and the South, there were civilian whites among the French fighting murderously against giving equal rights to the poor people of darker color. And just as part of the American middle class backed violence, murders on sidewalks, and death in bombed churches, so part of the French bourgeoisie turned killer, strolling in the mornings on the streets of Algiers like hunters up early to shoot their brown-colored game, and, in Paris, bombing the homes of Frenchmen opposed to their vicious savagery. In the shock of President Kennedy's assassination, an ugly truth has finally risen to the surface here—the truth that it is the two great leading republics of the West, the United States and France, that, as if openly sharing their fractions

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of intolerance, hate, bigotry, and violence, have together inspired some of the civilized world's most shameful, abominable news headlines of our time.

As the officially fashionable musical event of the pre-Christmas season, the Opéra's production of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," which has just opened as a repertory fixture for the holidays only, is one of those rare unified and complicated triumphs that make operatic history, a triumph such as has been seldom known in this city since the war. "Wozzeck" is sung in German by a German-Belgian troupe. To this importation, three French professionals have given the *expertise* of their talents. The dominant figure is Pierre Boulez, France's, and probably even Europe's, most important radical dodecaphonic composer, who, in the first such activity of his career, conducts "Wozzeck" with brilliant knowledge, exactitude, and profound emotion—all marks of the emergence of a valid new maestro. In style, he is compared to von Karajan and Leonard Bernstein. As another novelty, the Opéra orchestra he leads is topflight in its competence, because Boulez exacted from it thirty rehearsals—only a hundred and seven fewer than Berg himself reportedly demanded when this work had its début in Berlin. The stage director is Jean-Louis Barrault, France's most seasoned, inventive theatre stylist. The décor is by the noted painter André Masson. The combined effects of all these talents, added to the impact of "Wozzeck" itself, are sensational.

From the first scene, played in front of the curtain, with the wretched soldier Wozzeck shown shaving his pompous, tormenting captain, on into the tragicomedy of his mental examination by the foppish Army doctor, on through Wozzeck's murder of his faithless Maria among the rushes by the pool and his final error in accidentally drowning, and ending with the last brutal fillip of the famous "hop-hop" gallop on a broomstick by his little bastard son, every moment of this production carries its full content of drama, sight, and sound, without letup. An opera on the misery of man, it is played like a terrific theatre piece. Over all, of course, there is the overpowering presence of the orchestra's vital, strident score, exteriorizing the interior, anguished human theme. As Maria, Frau Helga Pilarczyk, a dodecaphonic performer of repute, is an admirably competent singer even in those difficult, dissonant altitudes of the high B and then the high C—the motifs of anguish—where the orchestral brass

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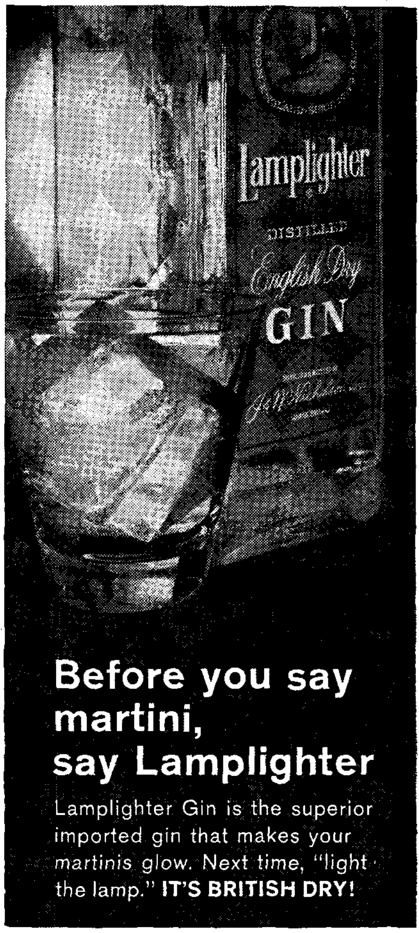

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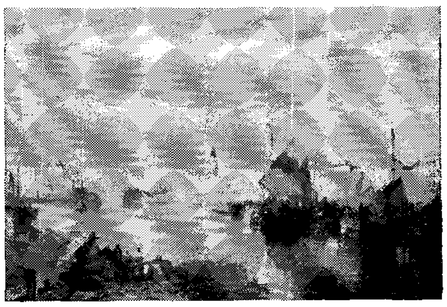

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travels on its octave beneath while the timpani roll like thunder from below. Herr Heiner Horn, as Wozzeck, is a double star—a gifted, tragic, realistic actor with a Wagnerian voice. The opera is played in three acts, with the stage sets changed in darkness. The café scene opens with the peasants dancing frantically in a circle, pulling one another forward with the brutal, rhythmic effort of galley slaves at forced labor. During Wozzeck's hallucinations by the pond, a cerise setting sun, too close and too large to be true, suddenly hangs behind him on the painted sky. All the French talents, added to the German genius of the opera, are thoroughly employed.

In his review, *Figaro's* critic says that he is writing not for those who have already heard "Wozzeck" but for those who are asking themselves "Shall I go or not?"—to whom he says "Go." He says that they need make no effort to penetrate the secrets of atonal music but should go to see the drama as a spectacle—"one of the finest the Paris Opéra has ever given us." He adds, "To enjoy 'Wozzeck,' it should be enough to appreciate its story and then trust in *l'art suffoquant* of the composer."

The gala first night at the Opéra was something to see, with chic women everywhere and with loges filled by international ambassadors and Fifth Republic Ministers to underline the official character of the production as part of France's intellectual prominence, which is the object of her recent cultural policy.

ANOTHER extraordinary piece of entertainment that was not for children was one of the ballets lately given here by the troupe from the Opéra National Hongrois, one of the too many participants in a strange series of mostly pretty awful ballets, international and provincial French, thought up by the municipality of Paris as something for the tourists and the citizens to go to see, the theatres here having been rather uninspiring and unattended. (As a protest against what would seem to be the oppressive taxation of theatres, which may well be at the root of part of the Paris theatre slump, the syndicate of Paris theatre directors has talked, in aberration, of striking all its theatres on St. Sylvester's Night, which is New Year's Eve—the one night in the Paris year when any play of any sort, in any theatre where the curtain can go up and down, can fill its house.) The exceptional Hungarian ballet was the unlucky, frequently suppressed "The Miraculous Mandarin," with music by

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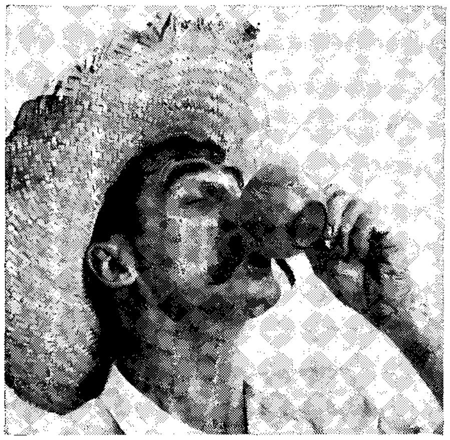

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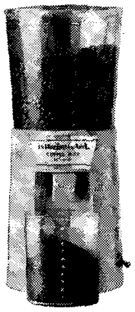

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Béla Bartók and modernist choreography by Gyula Harangozó. This is the choreography that was danced in Budapest in 1945, the first time the censors permitted the ballet to be seen there. In a way, it is merely the highly stylized and patterned contrapuntal movements of three thugs, treading almost like boxers back and forth in their big, shabby room, plus a girl, whom they force to lean from their balcony window and wave her scarf to men passing below, who, once upstairs, are doomed to be robbed and killed. It is the third man she lures—the towering Chinese mandarin, in full Oriental attire—who creates this action ballet. Aroused by his passion for the siren, after the thieves throw him down a trapdoor for dead he slowly reappears to continue his pursuit. This time, the men strangle him by hoisting him on the window-curtain ropes, where he hangs like the dead man they think he is, only to slide down again to continue his amorous efforts, which, in terror, they now defeat by an amazing ballet fight, with furniture being thrown and the mandarin buried inert beneath the wreckage. Once again he comes to life, rises, and finally embraces the girl on a table, where, his passion slaked, he collapses in death at last, his victory of passion won. The mandarin was danced here with power, artistry, and sadism by Victor Fülöp. This is a tremendous ballet, with dramatic, torturing music, written back in 1919. Forbidden production in Bartók's own country, it was first privately danced in Cologne in 1926, where it was immediately banned. By the time it was finally performed in Budapest at the end of the war, Bartók was dying in misery in New York, and he never saw it at all.

MORALLY, by far the most important of all the recent French strikes, generally aimed merely at bigger wages, was the week-long strike of university students all over France, which ended Friday and was concerned with the things of the mind. The students struck because their universities are so ancient and the buildings, in the main, so decrepit, crowded, and inadequate that there is no place to sit down and get a higher education. At the Sorbonne, the *amphis* (short for "amphitheatres") are so jammed that the students sit on the stairs, on the floor, on the window sills, and even on the platform at the professor's feet, craning their necks to see the blackboard behind them and writing with their notebooks balanced on their coats piled in their laps because there are no Sorbonne cloak-

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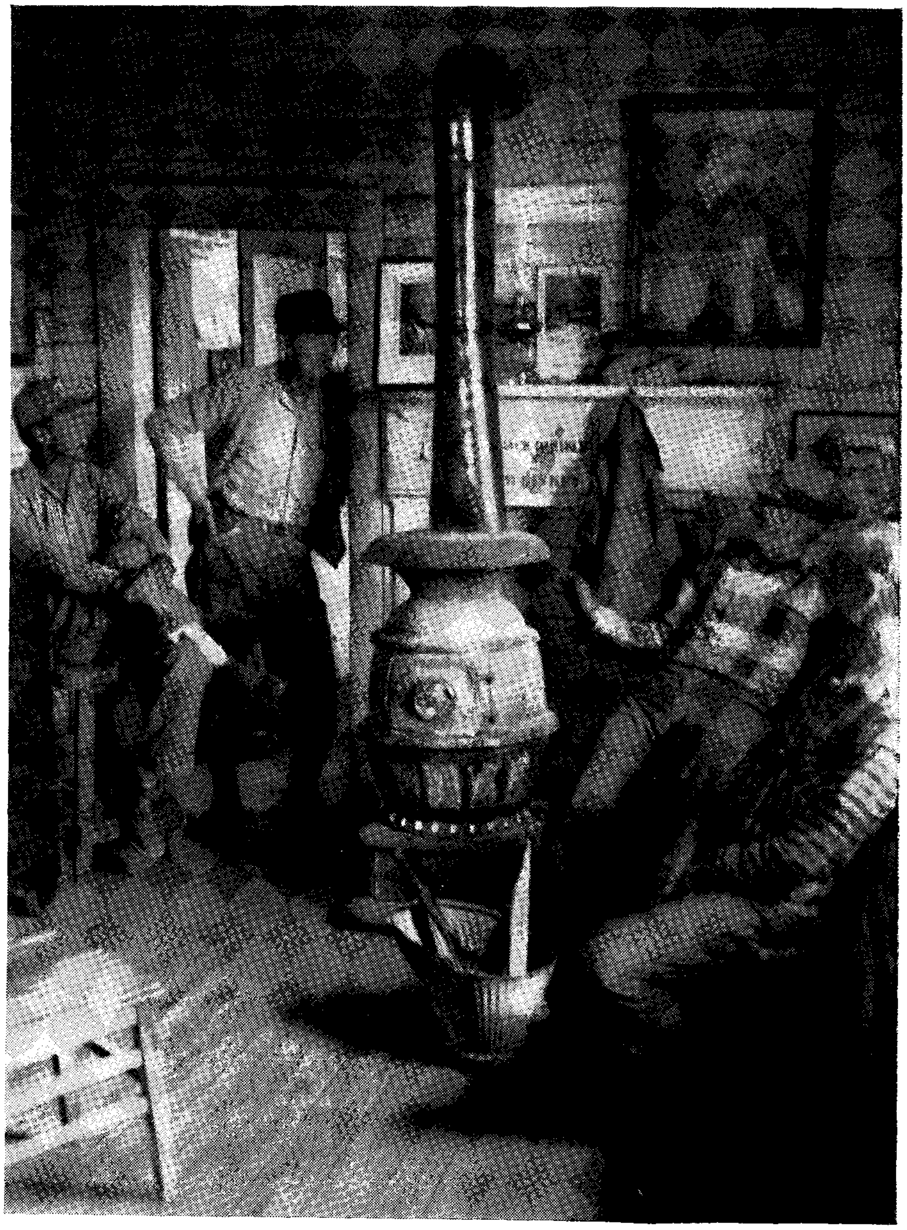
rooms. Lectures by professors are the backbone of a university education here. Each year, more students get lower marks or fail to pass because in the overstuffed, uncomfortable *amphis* young minds cannot concentrate on what the professor has said, or even be sure that they heard him aright. In the Sorbonne main library, there are only six hundred seats for students doing required outside reading, as against six thousand students in this term's first-year literary studies alone.

In the advanced English-language literary courses, very popular here, there are a dozen books that must be read and digested, for the French system of education still plows deeply and thoroughly into sources, and students have to learn their subjects *au fond*. Last year, the four required American books were Hawthorne's "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Education of Henry Adams," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio." The eight British books were Virginia Woolf's "The Waves," Shakespeare's "The Tempest," Bacon's "Essays," Thomson's "The Seasons" (an odd, stuffy inclusion), De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," Wordsworth's poems, Meredith's "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and Milton's "Il Penseroso." Many students resort to a kind of gambling system. They pick two of the American and four of the English books they are willing to bet that the professor, by his tastes, is most likely to feature in his exam, and bone up on them profoundly, skimping on the others, which they call "*les impasses*"—the dead ends.

The Sorbonne at least has one fine new science building, lately built in



IT'S GETTING THE SEASON when folks in Jack Daniel's Hollow most like to sit around and tell stories, especially on one another.

The stove in Jack Daniel's old office draws a lot of story-tellers this time of year. They like to tell about such things as when someone's prize foxhound treed a screech owl. But before long, one of the old-timers will start talking about Jack Daniel. That generally brings up what he said about making whiskey and how all the Motlows since have held to his word. And, as you can imagine, that's no joking matter.

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the Halle aux Vins district after years of resistance by wine merchants who stored their casks there. It is already so crowded that laboratory groups of eighty—instead of thirty, as planned for—perform only eight of the twenty chemical experiments normal to the course. Microscopes are few, and have to be shared. "In Moscow, we hear, each student is issued his own microscope for the year," one biology student said angrily. State funds have been voted and building permits received to construct another science unit alongside, but now it is the *bouilleurs de crus*—the alcohol distillers, one of the most powerful associations in France—who will have to be dislodged. The future Sorbonne is going to be scattered like educational crumbs all over the suburbs. On the brighter side, there is one excellent Sorbonne center, with cottages for married students (provided they have offspring), at Antony, south of Paris. There is also a splendid research section, containing one of the biggest atom smashers in Europe, at Orsay, with a dormitory for the male (but not the female) students. In the provinces, there are a few American-campus innovations, as in Bordeaux—whose university has up-to-date dormitories, including showers even for the *demoiselles*—and also at the University of Toulouse. But at Poitiers and Grenoble the conditions are as bad as at the Sorbonne, considered by its own students to be the maximum national disgrace.

Last week's strike was the longest ever known in scholastic history here. It was supposed to include no street demonstrations, but on Friday the students passed the word to assemble, and by four-thirty they were a thousand strong on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, by the Odéon Métro station. Dozens of *paniers à salade* (the French Black Marias) and an estimated five thousand police—regular *agents*, C.R.S. shock troops, and the tough, booted Garde Mobile—stretched from there back to the Deux Magots. This correspondent attended on the sidelines with two French students—Catherine, who is in Litt Anglaise, and Nelly, in science—and so had a personal interest in the strike. The Sorbonne youths advanced boldly along the boulevard, shouting "*Pas de bombes! Nous demandons des amphis!*" and "*Assez de promesses!*," with occasional interspersions of "*A bas de Gaulle!*" and consistent shouts of "*Fouchet, démission!*"—M. Fouchet being the Minister of Education. It is always a sickening sight to see police

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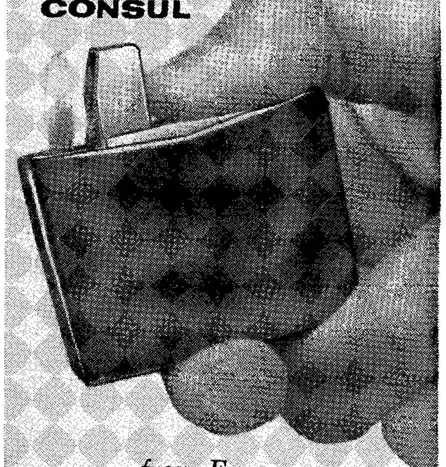

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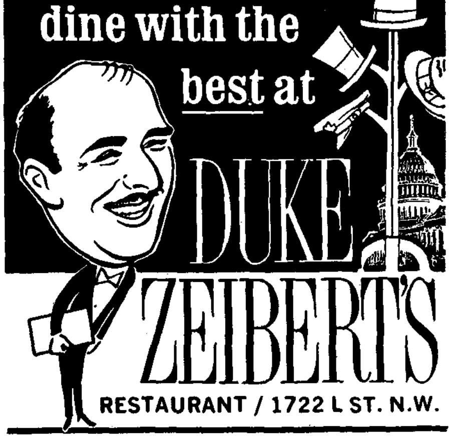

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with swinging batons and lead-weighted capes moving in against youth personified, with its bare, vulnerable heads full of educated brains, its voices raised in defense of its right to protest, its eyes, behind its fragile horn-rimmed spectacles, shining with determination. When the melee became too hot, the students and we onlookers scattered down the side streets, all the students of both sexes, including Catherine and Nelly, shouting *"Brutes, vous êtes dégoûtants!"* and such at the police, or, more practically, "What do you say we pop into this café for a coffee?" It was a seesaw game of hide-and-seek, with the students rushing off when the clubbing began to hurt and then rushing back to the fray to shout insults and proclaim their rights again. The *paniers à salade* began filling up. It was dusk by now. *"Fouchet, démission!"* the students were still shouting in muffled voices inside the patrol wagons as they were driven away. —GENÊT

•

CROSSING KANSAS BY TRAIN

The telephone poles
have been holding their
arms out
a long time now
to birds
that will not
settle there
but pass with
strange cawings
westward to
where dark trees
gather about
a waterhole. This
is Kansas. The
mountains start here
just behind
the closed eyes
of a farmer's
sons asleep
in their workclothes.

—DONALD JUSTICE

•

A "one-man show" of psychiatry and music will be given by Dr. O. Surgeon English, head of the Psychiatry Department of Temple University Medical Center, before the Men's Club of Germantown Jewish Centre Thursday night. Prof. English will speak on "Values in Religion and Psychotherapy," and then will follow his talk with a musical program. He is an accomplished banjoist and accordionist.—*Philadelphia Jewish Exponent.*

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THE SPORTING SCENE

ON ANY GIVEN SUNDAY

MY interest in how a football team scouts its rivals was first whetted back in 1947, when I read a book by Dana X. Bible called "Championship Football." Bible was then director of athletics at the University of Texas, after having spent more than thirty years coaching the game at such hard-hitting schools as Texas A. & M., Nebraska, and Texas itself. His exposition of how to mold a winning team was spelled out in unflagging detail, down to the last shoulder block by the weak-side tackle on an end sweep to the strong side. To my mind, though, no chapter was quite as impressive as the one on scouting. In that chapter, which I recently reread, Bible revealed that he could generally count on getting a good appraisal of a future opponent by having his scout answer forty-two mimeographed pages of questions and fill out eight more pages of comments and diagrams. The book supplied a sample of this scouting form, broken down into such logical divisions as Defensive Formations, Offensive Formations, Forward-Passing Attack, and the like. I have no idea how many eyes and hands Bible expected a scout to have, but the conventional number would hardly have sufficed. For example, under Kickoff, a rather minor subdivision, the scout was required to record the direction, height, and distance of each kick, the lineup of the kicking team, the players who were down first under the kick, the players who were down last, and the player (if any) who acted as the safety man, plus such additional data as whether the kick was made from the center of the field, whether a deliberately short kick was ever tried, whether the ends went straight downfield or cut toward the ball, and, finally, which players were the most consistent tacklers.

In the sixteen years since Bible's book appeared, some aspects of football have changed a good deal, principally in the direction of complexity. As far as scouting is concerned, there has been one significant change. Although motion pictures have long been used in both college and pro circles as an adjunct to the scouting report, until comparatively recently the practice of photographing a future opponent in action was generally considered unethical—a violation of the spirit of the game. In the middle nineteen-fifties, however, the National Football League, realizing that its teams had been informally supplying one another with films for many years on a private-agreement basis, decided that it would be much healthier to sanction an open exchange of films. Since that time, not only in the N.F.L. but among some colleges, "game films" have become increasingly important, and today many coaches have come to consider them, rather than the formal scouting report, the primary source of information; indeed, two N.F.L. teams—the St. Louis Cardinals and the Los Angeles Rams—depend almost entirely on films for scouting their opposition. Under the system of distribution that the N.F.L. set up when it gave the camera its official blessing, each team photographs its own game and is responsible for sending a print of the film to the team next on its schedule. For instance, last Monday the New York Giants, who meet the Pittsburgh Steelers this Sunday, dispatched to the Steelers a print of their game against the Washington Redskins last Sunday; in return, the Giants received from Pittsburgh a print of the Steelers' game against the Dallas Cowboys. Since most of the coaches in the league like to study their rivals "in depth," each team is also furnished with a print of its coming opponent's next-to-last game. Needless to say, the film of its own game the previous Sunday plays a prominent part in each team's weekly movie schedule. This is scrutinized as carefully as the film starring its coming opponent. It is nothing out of the ordinary for the coaches to rerun some segments a dozen times, in order to find out why their offense stalled on this or that play, and, as a corollary, why the other team moved the ball so well in specific situations. As befits the entrepreneurs of what has grown to be a multimillion-dollar business, the member clubs of the N.F.L. are coöperation itself when it comes to doing one another a reasonable favor in the film department. For example, when the Giants screened their own movie of their 35–24 loss to the Cleveland Browns on October 13th, they discovered that their cameraman happened to have a very poor angle on the critical part of the seventy-two-yard touchdown run that Jimmy Brown, the great Cleveland fullback, had reeled off against them; in the Giants' film, Brown appeared to sift like a spectre through a mass of would-be tacklers. Intent on finding out precisely how their defense had fallen down on that play, the Giants got in touch with the Browns, who immediately dispatched a copy of their own game film; in this one, Brown's gallop was clearly recorded in its full crunching efficiency. All in all, there is some ground for believing that a man like Vince Lombardi, the coach of the Green Bay Packers and a particularly insatiable viewer of films, sees more footage in a year than Louella Parsons and Sidney Skolsky put together.

Despite all this reliance on the camera, the scout is regarded by most coaches today as being only a little less valuable than he was back in the Biblical era. In the N.F.L., where this kind of scout is called a game scout, to differentiate him from a talent scout, who combs the college ranks for likely material, the system of scouting varies slightly from team to team. Quite a few teams employ large scouting staffs, which fan out each weekend and cover several games. Other teams—the Cleveland Browns, for one—use a pair of scouts, who work in tandem, one charting the game play by play and the other feeding observations into a tape recorder. (Pete Halas, a nephew of the Chicago Bears' coach and a member of a Connecticut electronics firm, is credited with having in-

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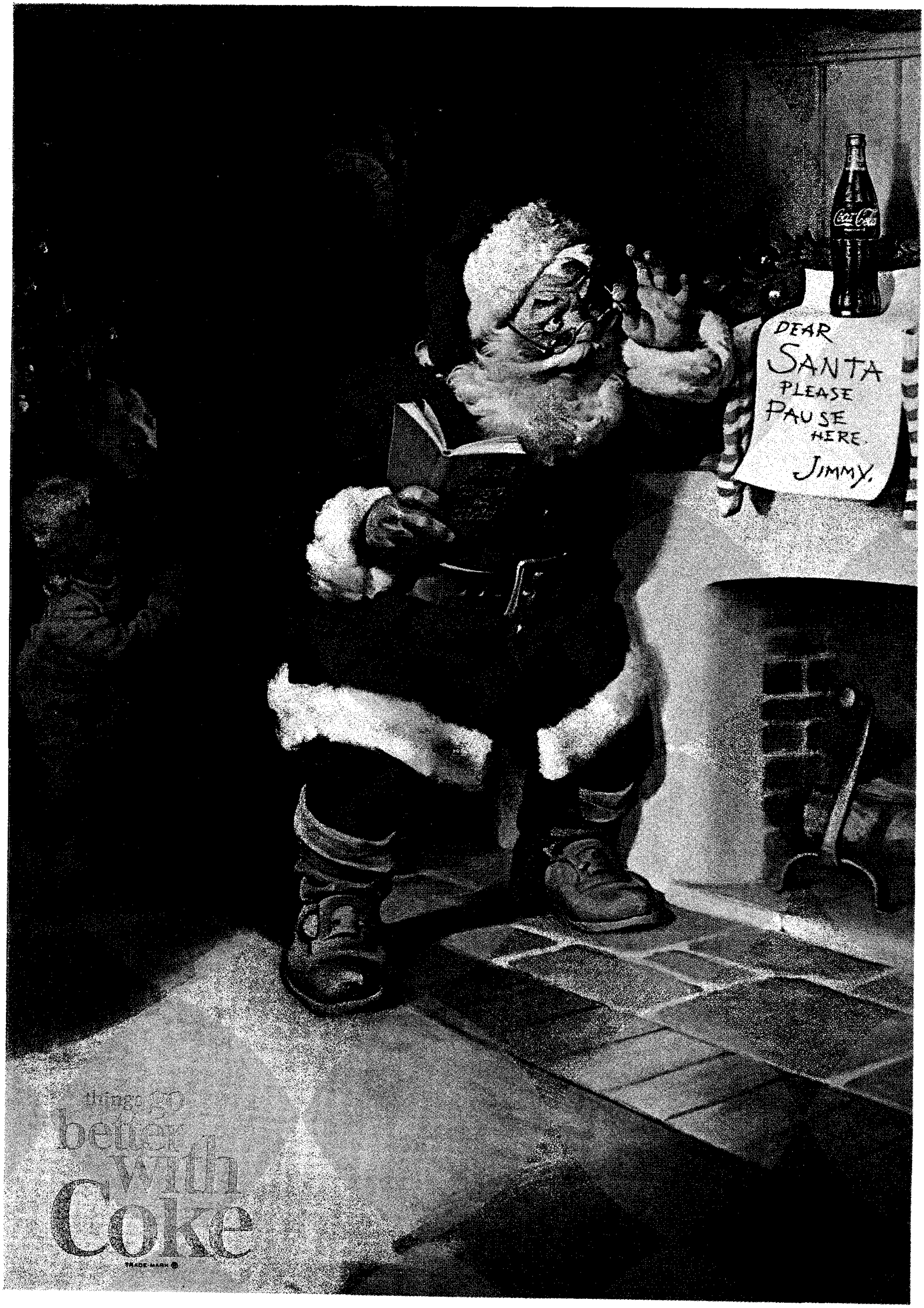
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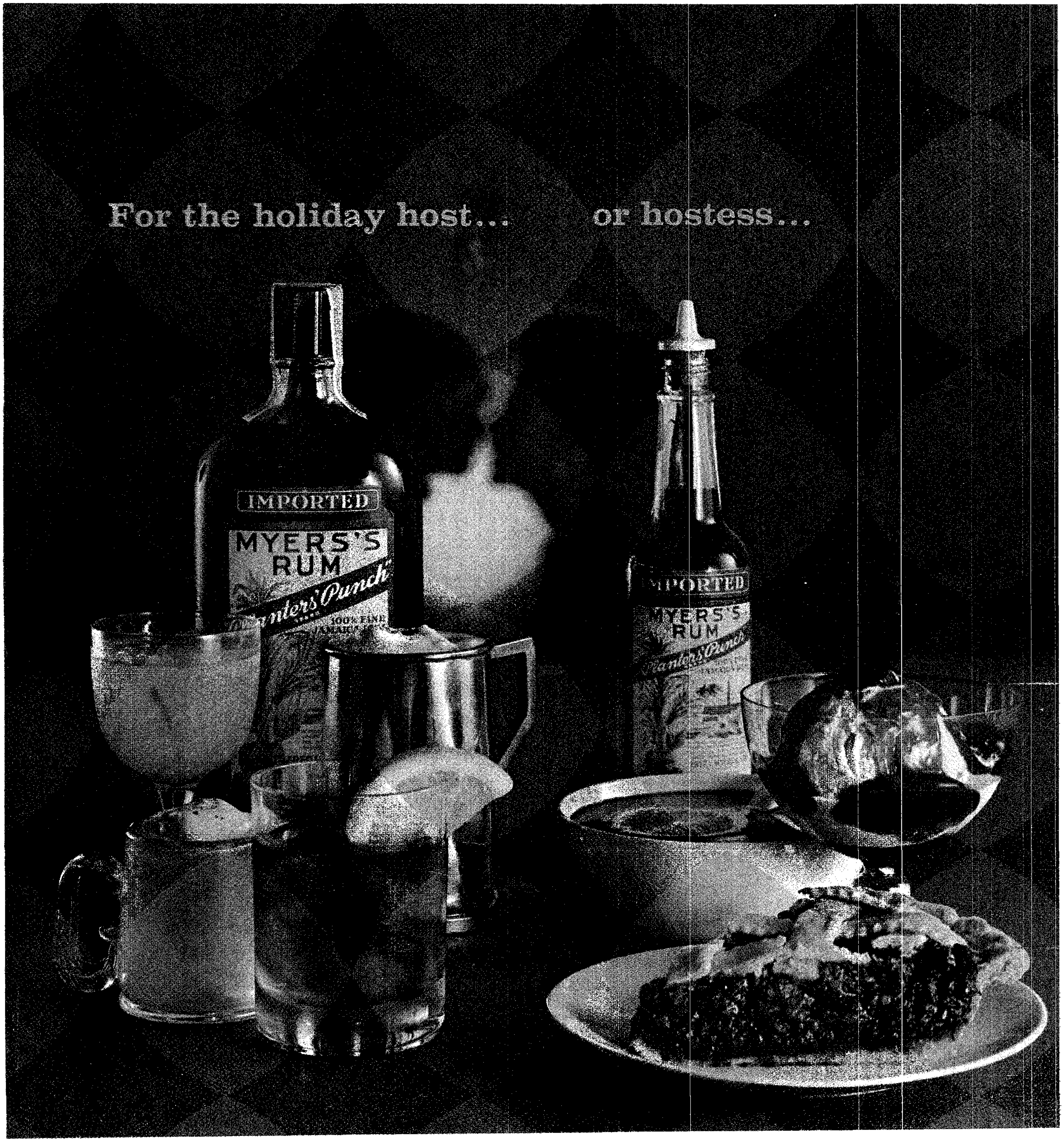

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Christmas Classic: Myers Tom and Jerry. Beat white of 1 egg, mix in tsp. fine sugar. Beat yolk separately, then add. Blend in 1½ oz. Myers. Pour into mug, fill with milk near boiling point. Serve with a sprinkling of grated nutmeg on top.

Add cheer with Myers Golden Daiquiri. 2 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. Myers Rum, tsp. sugar, dash of Angostura. Either shake with ice or use blender. Serve with cherry in a cocktail glass or "on-the-rocks."

Traditional Treat: Myers Rich Mince Pie. Add 3 or 4 tbsp. of Myers Rum to 3 cups prepared mincemeat. Prepare pastry for 2-crust, 9-inch pie. Fill, bake as usual.

Soup's on! Black Bean laced with rum. Follow soup directions, adding ½ oz. Myers Rum per can. Garnish with hard-cooked egg slices or very thin lemon slices.

Gala Dessert: Myers Rum Cherries Jubilee. Drain 1 lb. can of Bing Cherries. Save ¼ cup syrup; combine with ½ cup Myers Rum, 1 tsp. Curacao. Marinate cherries for 3 hrs. Make paste: 1 tsp. cornstarch and a little syrup; add to fruit. Bring to boil; simmer 1 minute. Lower ladle into hot **syrup**, **fill** with rum, ignite. Let flame **die**; serve over vanilla ice cream.

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troduced this wrinkle.) However, the setup that most pro teams use calls for the bulk of the work to be done by one man. The dean of the league scouts is Wally Cruice, a former Northwestern halfback who has worked for the Packers since 1946. The Giants' scout is Emlen Tunnell, an outstanding safety man for the team from 1948 through 1958, who finished out his playing career with the Packers in 1961 and returned to the Giants in his new capacity last year. Tunnell's predecessor was Frank Gifford, the Giants' veteran offensive back, who filled in as a scout during the 1961 season, when he was in temporary retirement. *His* most illustrious predecessor was Jack Lavelle, a huge, amiable sporting-goods salesman, who was named the team's first scout, in 1935, and stayed on until his death, in 1958. The story has it that when Lavelle, on the eve of his first assignment, protested to Steve Owen, the Giants' coach, that he didn't understand what he was expected to do, Owen told him, "Just go look at the game and write me a letter about it." Lavelle quickly became one of the most fluent letter writers in the business.

Tunnell acquired his extensive knowledge of N.F.L. football as a defensive back and a punt-return specialist. A tall Negro from Philadelphia who played his college football at Iowa, he first came to prominence in the early nineteen-fifties when he, Otto Snellbacher, Harmon Rowe, and Tom Landry (now the head coach of the Dallas Cowboys) formed the Giants' celebrated "umbrella defense"—the most accomplished anti-forward-pass unit of that day. During his fourteen seasons as a professional, Tunnell intercepted seventy-nine passes—an N.F.L. record. He also holds the league record for most punts returned—two hundred and fifty-eight, for a total of 2,209 yards. (He dropped only two punts that the other team recovered.) "A fellow like Tunnell gives you the extra dimension you can't get off of film," Allie Sherman, the Giants' pleasant, capable, and highly articulate coach, told me a short time ago. "Tunnell knows the mechanics of the game thoroughly. He knows the methods of the individual coaches. He knows the ballplayers, and he can evaluate their performances acutely. I think it helps that he played on defense. Small things—like how often a team will red-dog a linebacker, and in what situations—we can get from the films. And also large things, like how this team or that team aims to achieve continuity and consistency on the attack. What we can't get, and what Tunnell gives us, is,

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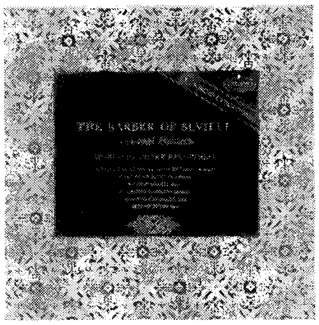

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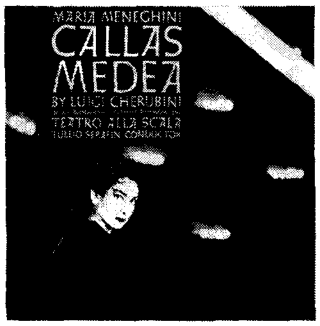

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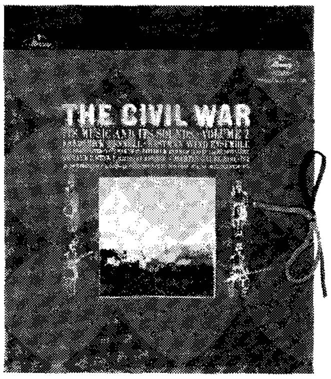

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say, a defensive back's reaction speed under certain conditions, or a linebacker's pursuit on certain types of plays, or the spacing of the linemen up front when they defense different formations. Tunnell knows what we are looking for. He has vision. He has concept." Sherman is one of the livelier exponents of the modern football idiom, which has enriched the language with a host of new words, such as the verb "to defense" (to defend against), and has given new shades of meaning to old words, such as the noun "pursuit"—i.e., a player who has good pursuit doesn't stand around doing nothing when he has been fooled on a play, but turns and chases the ballcarrier.

IN order to learn a bit more about scouting, I arranged with Tunnell this fall to accompany him on an expedition he would be making to study and report on the St. Louis Cardinals, an up-and-coming young team that had started the season auspiciously. This trip took him to Washington on October 27th—midseason, exactly—where the Cardinals were playing the Redskins the week before their first game with the Giants. On that last Sunday in October, the Giants were in Cleveland for a return meeting with the Browns. Going into the game, the Giants had a record of four victories and two defeats, compared to the Browns' record of six straight victories; to stay in the race, the Giants *had* to win—no two ways about it. From the moment I met Tunnell at noon in the railroad terminal in Washington—he had driven over from Princess Anne, Maryland, where, in his secondary capacity as a talent scout, he had watched Maryland State play North Carolina College on Saturday—it was clear that his mind was on the game in Cleveland. It was all he talked about while we had a bite to eat in the station dining room, along with Roscoe Barrick, a young schoolteacher from Philadelphia (where Tunnell still lives), who was making the weekend swing with the scout. Halfway through the meal, Tunnell excused himself and went out to send the team a telegram. "I feel better now," he said when he returned. "I sent it to Jack Stroud, our offensive captain. 'Win this one for yourselves'—that's what I wired him. Not that you have to worry about veterans like old Stroud being up for a big game like this. It's the young kids I worry about. We can beat those Browns, I'm telling you." After his third cup of coffee, Tunnell seemed more collected, and around twelve-thirty we headed for the new D.C. Stadium, driving out in Barrick's

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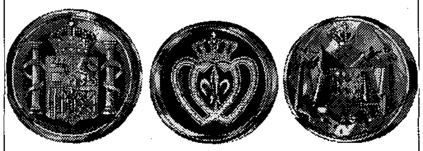

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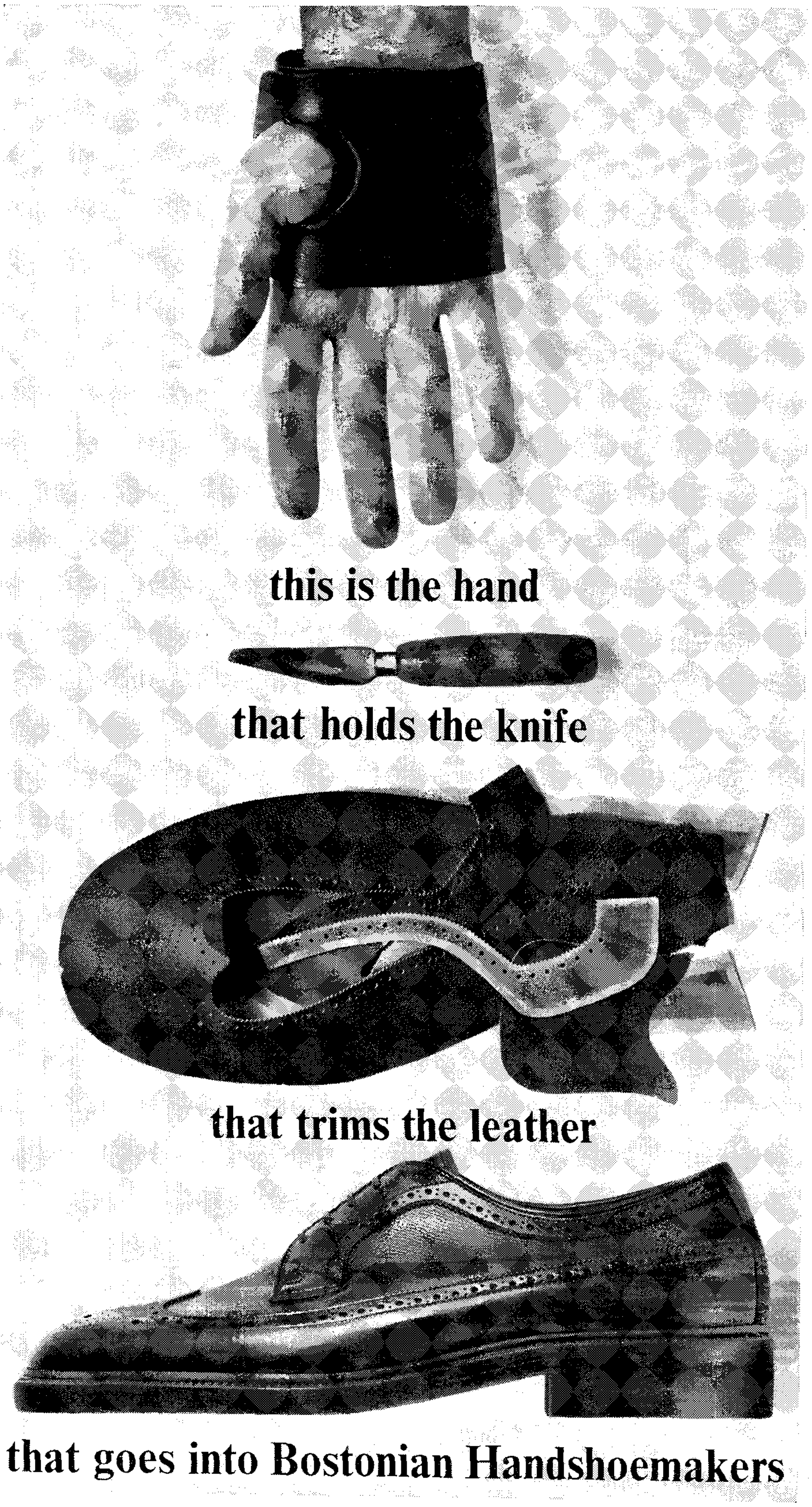
car. "This is one of the real drawbacks of being a scout—you never get to see your own team play," Tunnell said as we climbed the ramps to the visiting scouts' booths, on the top rim of the enormous stadium. "Sherman thought of taking me along to Cleveland, you know. Counting exhibition games, I've seen those Browns play seven times this year. I know that team pretty well. At the last minute, he decided against it. I can see his reasoning. If we beat the Browns today, then our game with the Cards next week becomes a real big one for us, and we wouldn't be in very good shape if we didn't have them scouted, would we? Unless you're really ready, anybody in this league can beat you on any given Sunday."

Although kickoff time—two-fifteen—was more than an hour away when we arrived at our scouting booth, Tunnell immediately opened his attaché case and got his equipment neatly set up on a formica writing shelf that extended from wall to wall under a large plate-glass window. His kit consisted of a dozen-odd pens, pencils, and colored pencils, along with three folders. The first held a stack of mimeographed forms for charting a team's defense, play by play; the second a stack of printed forms for charting its offense; and the third an ordinary tablet of yellow legal foolscap, on which to write down random observations. Tunnell then focussed his attention, quietly and intently, on the two squads warming up on the gridiron far below. Some scouts use binoculars, but Tunnell never carries them, since his eyesight is excellent and binoculars would cut down his field of vision. Just before game time, he turned to Barrick and asked him to list the defensive and offensive substitutions that the Cardinals made during the game. I inquired if there was anything I could do. "Yes," Tunnell said. "Watch that old scoreboard and let me know first thing they put up a score on that Cleveland game." He added two fresh packs of cigarettes to the paraphernalia arrayed before him. "We might see some pretty good football right here," he said. "I'm ready for a two-pack game."

The Cardinals kicked off to the Redskins, so Tunnell started work with one of the mimeographed defense charts—a sheet of typewriter-size paper on which twenty-four horizontal lines intersected eleven vertical lines. On this chart, the vertical column at the extreme left was headed "Down." The next four columns were headed "4–3," "4–3W," "W–S," and "W–S Zone," and the rest of the vertical columns had no designation except for three at the extreme



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right; these were headed "Red Dog," "Short Yardage," and "Goal Line." In operation, this defense chart is far less mysterious and complicated than it appears to be at first glance. The headings "4–3," "4–3W," "W–S," and "W–S Zone" are abbreviations for fundamental defensive formations. In a 4–3, for example, which is the standard pro defense, the left end, the left tackle, the right tackle, and the right end make up the four-man line, with a left, a middle, and a right linebacker in close support. (Supporting *them* is the four-man defensive secondary.) The 4–3W, W–S, and W–S Zone formations are variations on the basic 4–3. When a team comes up with a type of defense not covered by these four formations, Tunnell inserts the necessary heading at the top of a blank column. Working with this chart, he fills in one horizontal line per play, placing a check mark in the appropriate column to describe the defensive alignment used. For example, after the notation of its being second down and six yards to go, there might be a check in the 4–3W column and a second check in the column at the right headed "Red Dog." (A linebacker "red-dogs" when he leaves his customary position and bursts across the scrimmage line as the ball is centered, in the hope of breaking up the play before it can get started.) The next line on the chart might simply show that on third down and five a straight 4–3 defense was used. Since there is an interval of twenty-five seconds between plays, Tunnell, I noticed, had ample time to make supplementary annotations on his yellow pad—say, a rough diagram of the placement of the four men in the Cardinals' excellent defensive secondary (Jimmy Hill, Pat Fischer, Larry Wilson, and Jerry Stovall) whenever the Redskins' most dangerous receiver, halfback Bobby Mitchell, was set out wide as a flanker.

When the Cardinals gained possession of the ball, Tunnell pushed his defense chart to one side and started filling in an offense chart in much the same fashion, one horizontal line per play. This chart is a somewhat more baroque form, with some twenty different vertical columns, the most important being "Down and Distance," "Yard Line," "Offensive Formation," "Play," "Offensive Blockers," "Ball-carrier," "Pass Pattern," "Pass Receiver," "Defense Formation," "Downed By," and "Gain or Loss." During the huddle that preceded each play, Tunnell pencilled in the preparatory data—the down, the yards needed for first down, the yard line the ball was on, and its

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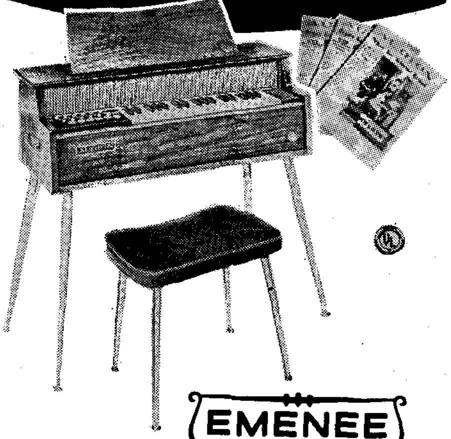

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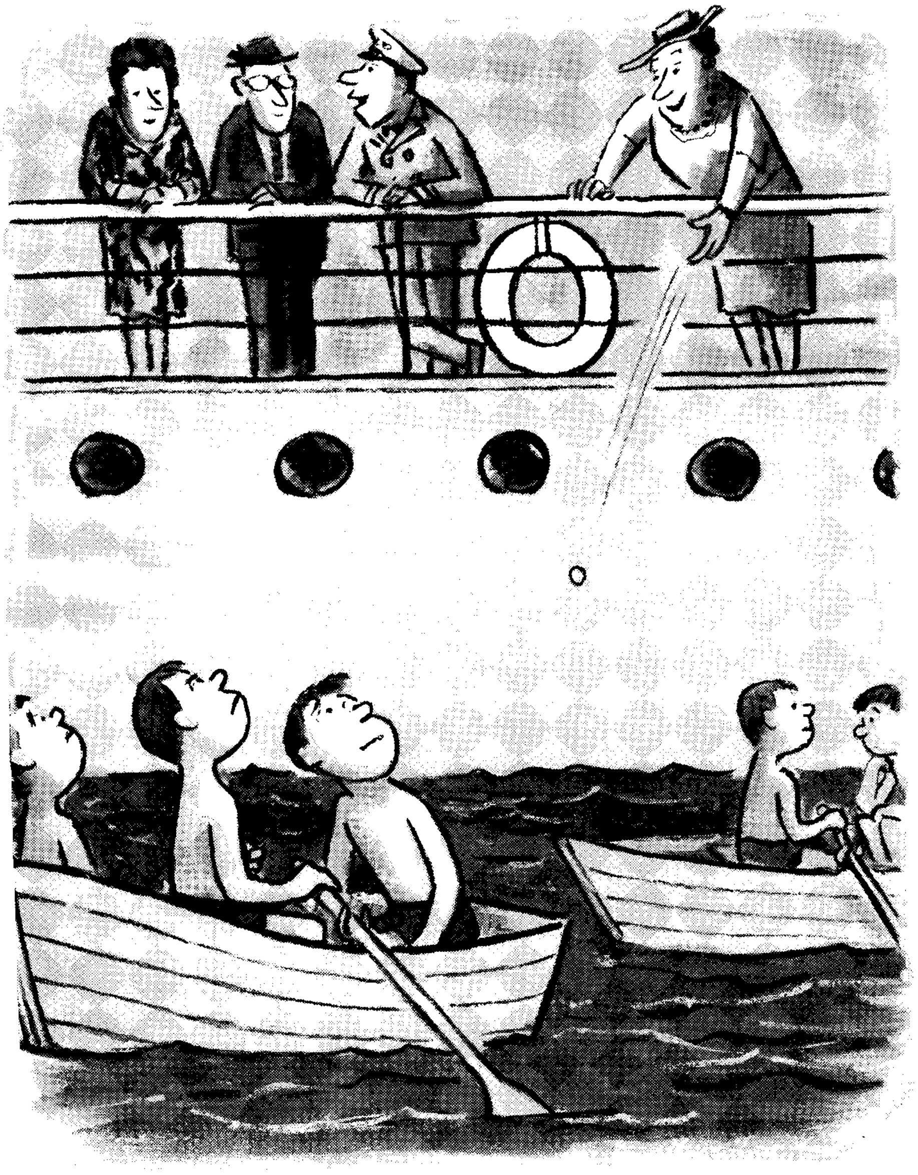
lateral position on the field. After each play was over, he filled in the rest of the line, using a personal shorthand. For example, to describe an offensive formation, he would write down a swift hieroglyphic on the order of "RLSL," "BRSL," or "BLRSR." In translation, the first "R" stands for "Red," the pros' conventional formation, in which one halfback is set far out to one side as a flanker, with the other halfback and the fullback aligned behind and on either side of the quarterback. "B" stands for "Brown," another standard halfback-flanker formation, "BL" for "Blue," still another—and so on. There is no need to go further into the code; once you have the proper Rosetta stone, unscrambling the meanings comes easily enough. However, it is quite a different matter to identify and record, as Tunnell did in a twinkling on down after down, the offensive formation and all the other details of a running or a pass play. As I watched him that afternoon, he not only managed to do this with dispatch but periodically found time to scribble a few remarks on his yellow pad. For example, as the Cardinals moved down the field on a passing attack directed by Charlie Johnson, their fine young quarterback, he jotted down a quick comment about Jackie Smith, a first-year man whom the Cardinals were using as a tight end: "Speed. Very big. Very good hands. Keeps his feet." When the Cardinals went on the defense again, he entered this notation on Pat Fischer, the defensive left halfback: "Good pass defender but takes his chances. Easier to beat on outside patterns." Despite his absorption in his paperwork, Tunnell was the one who first noticed, early in the second quarter, that a score had been posted on the Giants-Browns game: in the first period the Giants had already amassed a 17–0 lead. "I told you we could take them!" Tunnell exulted. "That Jimmy Brown's a good one, all right, but he's no superman. He'll go down if you hit him hard. Boy, we must be tackling out there, and we must be blocking!"

The continuing good news on the scoreboard—the Giants eventually won the game, 33–6—had the effect of making Tunnell far more chatty during the rest of the afternoon. I found his stream of remarks extremely instructive, to say the least. In my own set, where the one-eyed are kings, a man passes for an expert if he can identify the tackler on half the plays and if he occasionally drops a few dry asides on how well, or how poorly, the offensive guards are blocking. In any event, I



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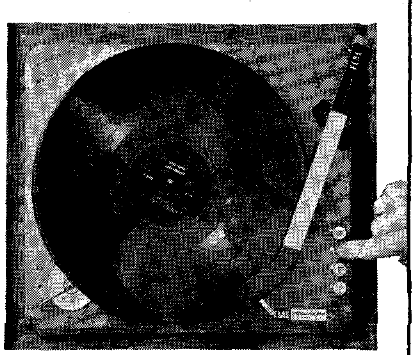

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was deeply impressed by the staggering amount of detail that an authentic football expert observes. To cite one example, after the Redskins had scored their only touchdown on a pass by George Izo that Richter, the right end, had caught after getting into the clear behind Stovall, the Cardinals' rookie safety man, I remarked to Tunnell that it was the first faulty move I had seen Stovall make all day. "Oh, he didn't play it so badly," Tunnell replied. "On that down, the Cards red-dogged with all their linebackers. They were gambling they'd shoot in so quick that Izo couldn't get his pass off. With the red dog on, Stovall had to come in and play Richter tight, and he did. The trouble was the linebackers didn't get in on Izo fast enough, and he had time to throw a good long pass."

AFTER the game—the Cardinals won it, 21–7, about as expected, and brought their season's record to five wins and two losses, the same as the Giants'—I drove to Philadelphia with Tunnell and Barrick. Tunnell stayed up most of the night preparing his scouting report in his home in the Rosemont section of Philadelphia. In themselves, the copious tabulations that he compiles are not so important. Their value lies in providing him with the specific facts he needs to guide him through the intensive, analytical written report that he must complete overnight and turn in to Coach Sherman at nine-thirty on Monday morning. In working up this report, Tunnell's first step was to collate the information from his forms in order to supply Sherman and the assistant coaches with a full breakdown of the Cardinals' various offensive and defensive formations—how many times each was used, and in what situations. He then diagrammed these formations, pointing out the types of plays that were run from them or against them. Bearing in mind what the game film would probably show, he selected about fifteen offensive plays and defensive maneuvers that struck him as being worth special attention, and diagrammed them carefully, using colored pencils to emphasize key points, such as the blocking assignments on a favorite Cardinal ground play, or the patterns of the potential receivers on the staple pass plays—the routes run by Smith, the tight end; by Sonny Randle, the split end; by Bobby Joe Conrad, the flanker back; and, occasionally, by Joe Childress, the fullback, and Bill Triplett, the running halfback. He elaborated on this art work with about a dozen pages of comment on such fine

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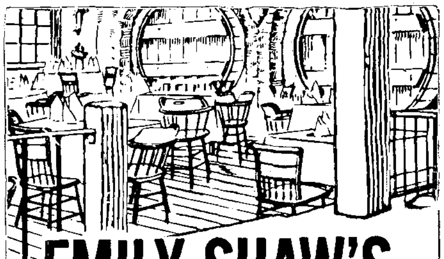

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points as the skill of individual players, their possible shortcomings, and (though he is not often lucky enough to detect any) the mannerisms of certain men that tip off what they are going to do. To liven up his report, Tunnell salted it with breezy headlines. For example, "They Stopped Bobby Mitchell Cold with This One" appeared in bold lettering at the top of a page given over to a diagram of a defensive arrangement that had contained the Redskins' speedy flanker. "All the Way to California" introduced the diagram of a fifty-five-yard scoring pass that Johnson had thrown to Randle, who had got so far behind the defensive man assigned to cover him that he might as well have been on the opposite coast. The full report on the Cardinals ran to some thirty-five pages—about Tunnell's average. It took him five and a half hours to complete it. By that time, I was in New York.

On Monday morning, Tunnell took an early train to New York and, shortly after nine, delivered his scouting report to Sherman at the Giants' offices, on Columbus Circle. The team's decisive conquest of the Browns had put it back in the race again, only one game off the pace. In effect, it was almost as if a new season lay ahead, and the atmosphere at the club's headquarters that October morning was aglow. When I arrived there at ten, Sherman and Tunnell had finished a private consultation on the scouting report and were talking informally to the press in the coaching room, a fair-sized office mostly given over to wooden racks stacked with reels of film. Sherman, a modest man, was seated in the middle of the room, thanking the reporters for their congratulations on the Cleveland victory and industriously pointing out that the coming game was not going to be a snap, either. "You fellows know this league as well as I do," he said, lighting up a long cigar. "On any given Sunday, any team in this league can beat any other team. The Cardinals are not just any other team, though. They're a well-balanced young club that's just beginning to coalesce. They have the same record we have—five and two. Yesterday we played our maximum game. Now we've got to come back off that game with another major effort." At Sherman's suggestion, Tunnell went over some of the Cardinals' strong points: both Triplett and Childress were running well, and the sound ground game was making the passing game go; Johnson, the young quarterback, had improved tremendously, and in Conrad, who had already caught forty-four

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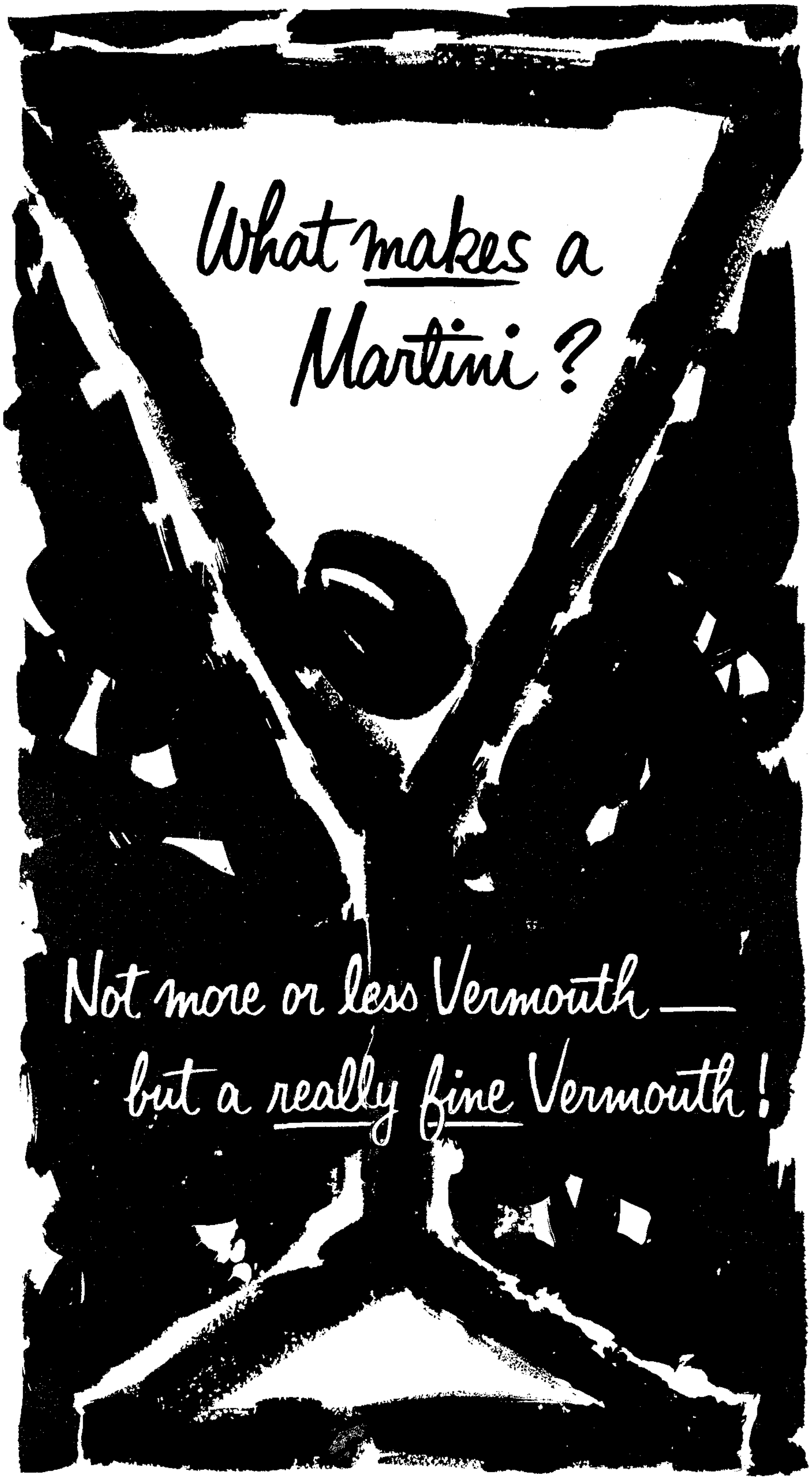
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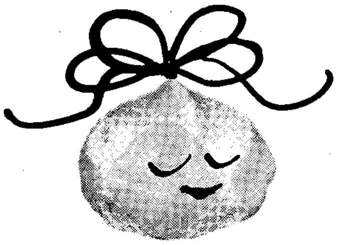

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passes, and Randle, who had caught twenty-six, he had two of the most reliable receivers in the league; the offensive line was much solider than it had been at the start of the year; the men in the defensive line were frequently spelled by good substitutes and were never sluggish; the three linebackers were very active, especially Dale Meinert, the middle man; and, above all, the defensive secondary of Hill, Fischer, Wilson, and Stovall had really jelled, having allowed only three touchdown passes all year.

"Are they better than the Giants' defensive secondary?" someone asked.

"I couldn't tell you. I haven't seen our club play," Tunnell answered with a big smile, pleased at his skillful evasion of the question.

A little before eleven, Andy Robustelli, the large, slow-eyed defensive end who also serves as the team's defensive coach, came in with the movie of the game in Cleveland and began to load it into a projector. A moment later, an office boy arrived with hamburgers and coffee for Sherman, Robustelli, and Tunnell, and the rest of us filed out and left them to their work. As hardly needs to be said, tight security measures surround the inner councils of a professional football team. Tunnell had been kind enough to let me glance at a few pages of his scouting report, so that I could see what one looked like, but he had been careful to show me only the most obvious material.

THAT Monday, after his visitors had departed, Sherman launched his preparations for the game with the Cardinals, adhering to a schedule that has now become standard. His Monday session with Robustelli and Tunnell starts with a general discussion of the scouting report. Then, with some definite ideas forming in his mind about the kind of game that should work best against the next opponent, Sherman screens the movies of the game played by the Giants the day before. For convenience, all game films are separated into two sets of reels, one composed of the offensive plays and the other of the defensive plays. The offense reels are shown first—Sherman's specialty is the offense—and then Robustelli analyzes the defense reels. That evening, Sherman meets with his offensive staff—Ed Kolman, the line coach; Ken Kavanaugh, the end coach; and Kyle Rote, the backfield coach—in a suite at the Roosevelt Hotel, where they go over the offense reels of the Giants' last game, confer on the scouting report, and eventually (by this time it is usually

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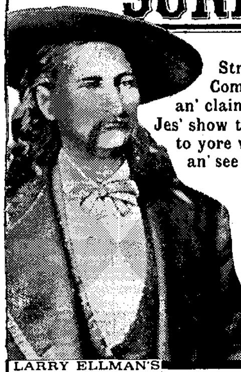

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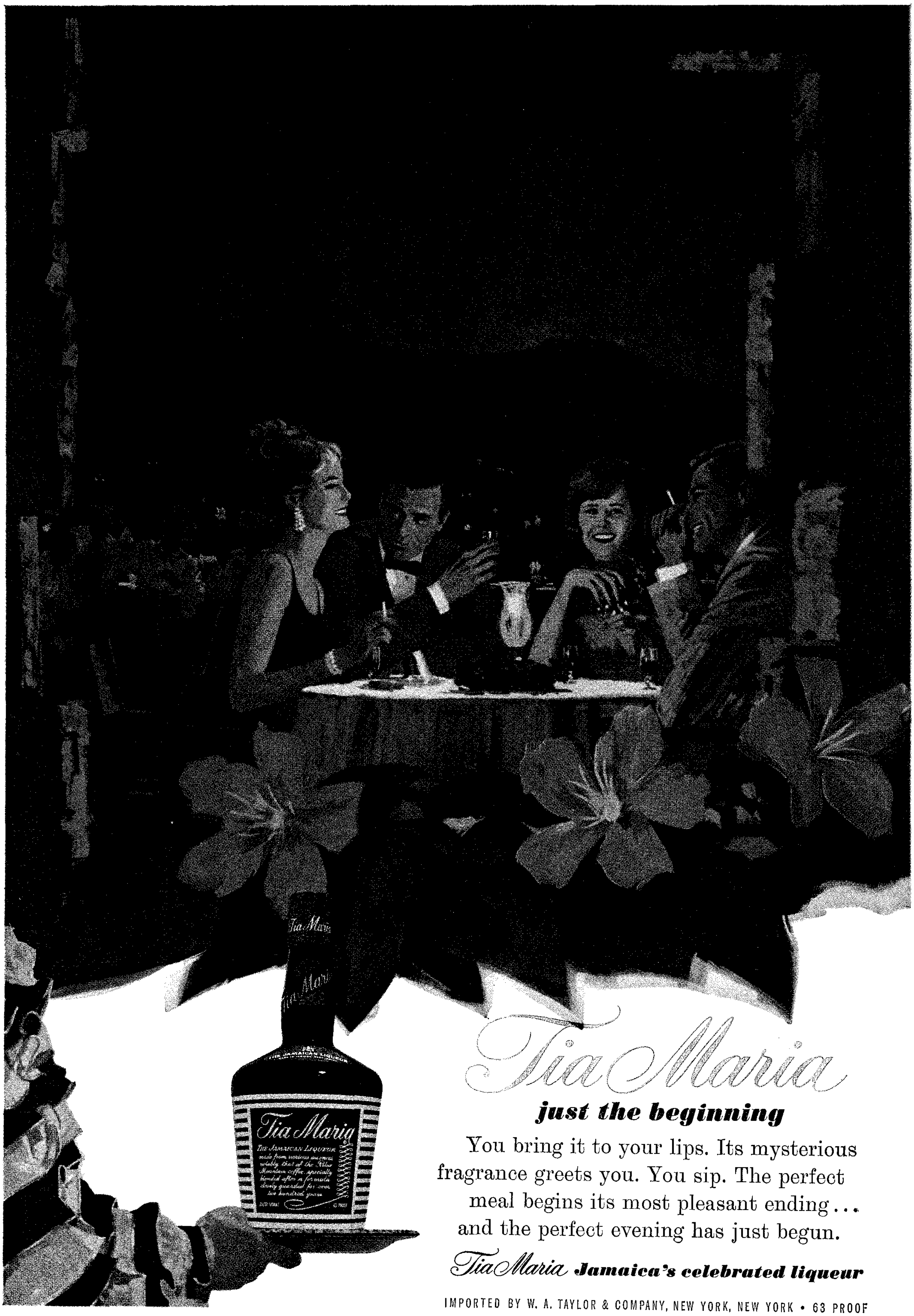
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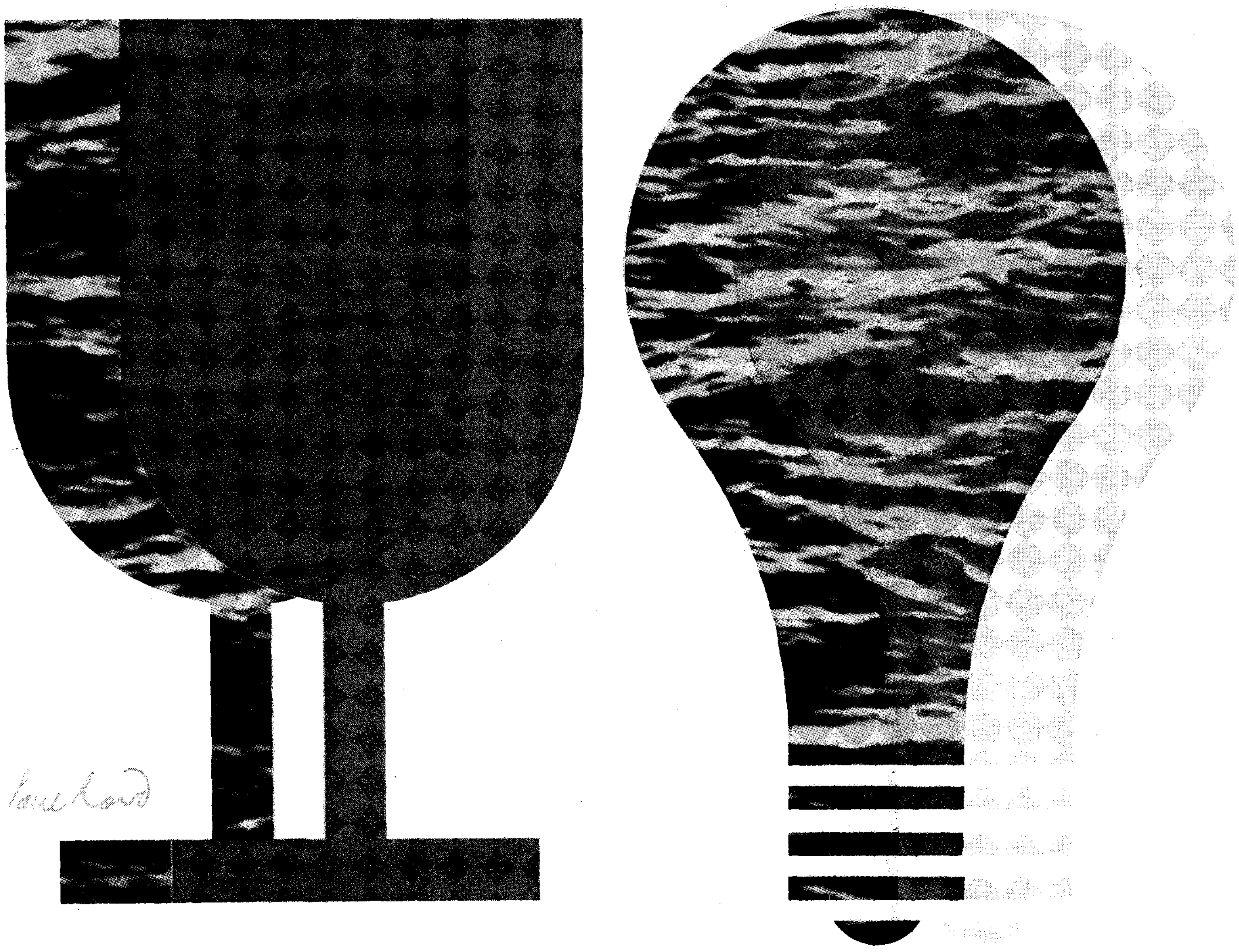

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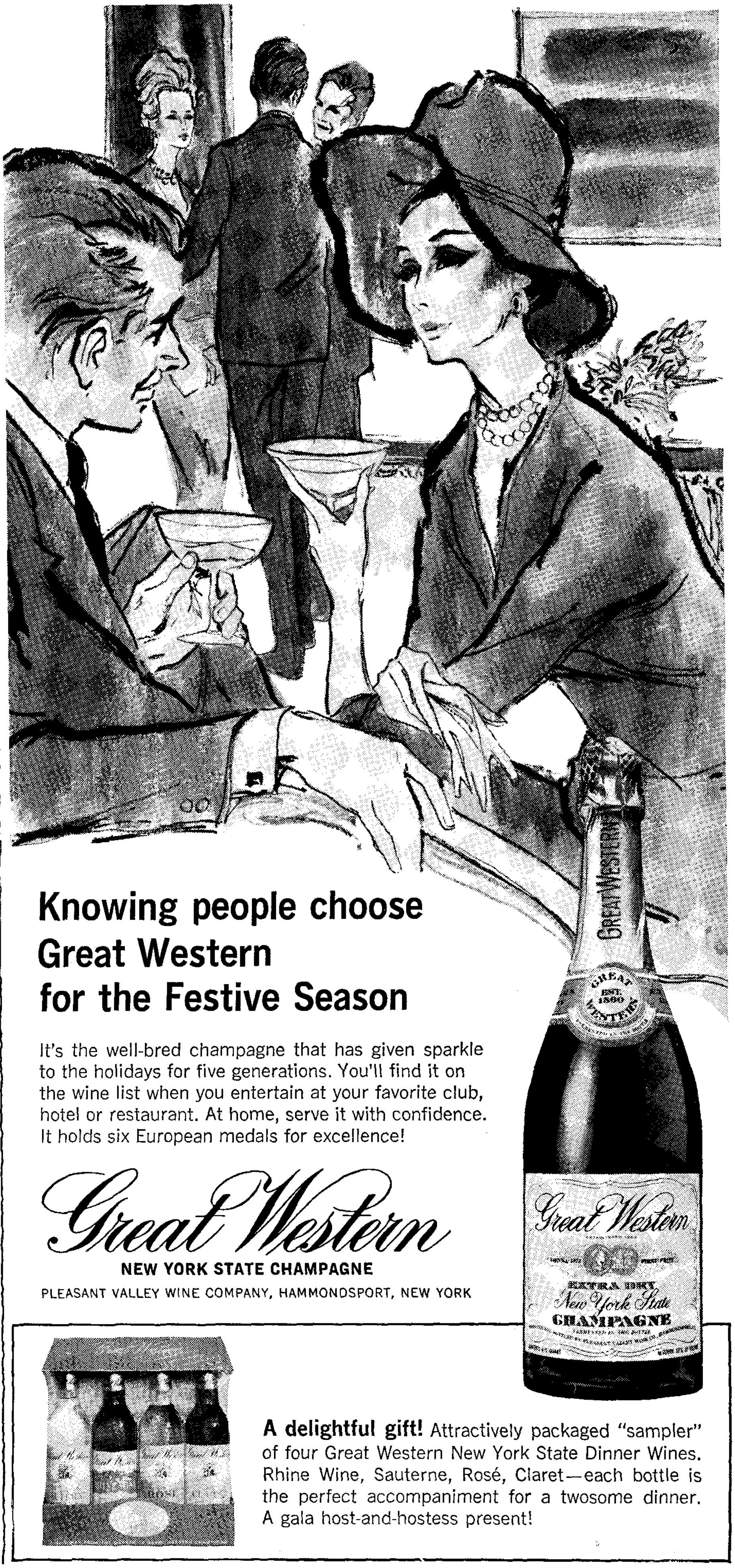
past midnight) settle on the offense plan to be used the following Sunday.

By Tuesday, the film of their opponent's Sunday game has been delivered and is ready to be screened in the dressing room at Yankee Stadium, the Giants' home field. It, too, is divided into offense and defense reels. In the morning, Sherman and Robustelli look at the offense reels and arrive at a rudimentary defensive plan. In the afternoon, the team is shown the complete film of the Giants' last game and is given a preliminary briefing on its opponent's personnel. In the evening, Sherman pores over the defense reels of the opponent's last game, and Robustelli takes the offense reels home with him to Stamford and studies them with Jimmy Patton, the Giants' safety man and assistant defensive coach, who lives not far away.

Wednesday is a full day for all hands. At the stadium, Sherman talks over with Robustelli and Patton any adjustments they might propose for the Giants' defensive plan. Then comes a two-hour meeting in which the team looks at the film of the opponent's last game and the coaching staff presents the complete game plan for Sunday's battle in a series of chalk talks at the blackboard. There is a long practice on Wednesday, shorter ones on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. At these practices, Sherman and his aides not infrequently readjust a few of their earlier adjustments, for their movie-scouting goes on all week. If a half hour is lying heavy on his hands, Sherman is likely to have the projectionist run off the films of the games that the Giants played *last* year against Sunday's opponent. Throughout this strenuous preparation, no single element plays a more influential role than the scouting report. It is referred to constantly all week, studied and restudied. Tunnell himself is on hand through Thursday, in case any of the coaches want to consult him. Friday is a day of relaxation for him at home in Philadelphia, but that night he is on the move again, heading for a college game on Saturday where there are promising players to look over, and then for the pro game he is scouting on Sunday.

BECAUSE of my involvement with Tunnell, the game between the Cardinals and the Giants, in St. Louis on November 3rd, was one of the most absorbing I have ever watched. I saw it at home on television. At kickoff time, I was still pondering the Giants' probable strategy, as I had been all week. Would they try to move primarily on the ground, out of respect



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for the Cardinals' formidable pass defense? If they took to the air, would Tittle throw only the short, quick passes that he had thrown so successfully against the Browns, when he had completely abandoned the long pass? On defense, would the Giants play their linebackers up close—the adjustment that had stopped Jimmy Brown in Cleveland—or would they concentrate on frustrating the Cardinals' passing attack?

The game was not many minutes old when I began to appreciate what a first-rate job had been done in discovering and exploiting definite weaknesses in the Cardinals' strongest suit—their pass defense. Early in the first period, the Giants took the lead on a field goal that had been set up by a fifty-five-yard pass play from Y. A. Tittle, their remarkable quarterback, to Aaron Thomas, the tight end. On that play, with Thomas and Gifford, the flanker halfback, both aligned to the right, Gifford had gone deep, and Thomas, trailing him, had beaten Fischer, the defensive left halfback, by running a "down-and-out" pattern—cutting sharply out toward the sideline. (Tunnell, I remembered, had noted on his yellow pad that Fischer could be beaten outside.) On the Cardinals' first offensive march, Johnson completed a twenty-five-yard pass down the middle to Randle, but on two subsequent passes—longer ones—that were meant for the same receiver, Randle was very well covered; in fact, the second pass was intercepted by Dick Lynch, the Giants' defensive right halfback. A couple of minutes later, the Giants were in front, 10–0.

Back came the Cardinals on a sustained march. In this series of plays, Johnson, noting that his key receivers, Randle and Conrad, were being tightly covered, adroitly changed his tactics and started throwing short passes down the middle to Childress, his fullback, whom he had used only rarely as a receiver in previous games. With the ball on the Giants' thirteen-yard line, Johnson again looked for Childress, and found him all by himself in the end zone: 10–7. After the kickoff, Tittle capped a Giant drive with a twenty-eight-yard touchdown pass to Thomas, who, in a burst of speed, had angled behind Stovall. (This play, as I saw it, was almost an exact duplicate of the one we had watched in Washington, when Richter, the Redskins' end, had beaten Stovall. Very interesting.) The Cards' return drive stalled almost immediately when Allan Webb intercepted a pass meant for Conrad. The pattern that Conrad ran on this play had been so precisely an-

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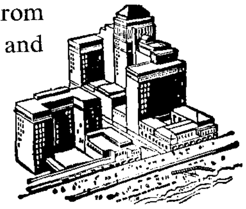

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ticipated that Conrad and three Giant defenders—Webb, Patton, and Erich Barnes—could have fitted easily into a clothes closet. The score at the half was Giants 24, Cardinals 7. Against a defensive secondary that had allowed a total of only three touchdown passes in its first seven games, Tittle had already passed for three.

One of the repercussions of this was that Stovall, the Cardinals' rookie safety man, was replaced in the second half by Bill Stacy, a veteran defensive back who had been nursing a muscle injury but was ready for duty. Another repercussion was that the Giants, who had been so sharp and aggressive, began to let down in the second half after Tittle threw yet another touchdown pass, this one a long lead pass to Del Shofner, his split end, who had outmaneuvered Hill and then outrun him—all the way to California. The Giants' errors of commission and omission in every department from that point on played a substantial part in a rally by the Cardinals that brought them back to within ten points of the Giants, with twelve minutes still remaining in the game. However, the Cardinals' next march was abruptly halted when Barnes intercepted another pass meant for Conrad, and this, in effect, nailed down the game. Final score: Giants 38, Cardinals 21.

I learned a great deal that afternoon, and principally this—that preparation certainly helps to win football games, but only as long as a team maintains its incentive. In the modern idiom, this quality is floridly referred to as "desire," but it is nothing more nor less, of course, than what Dana X. Bible's contemporaries called "determination" and Walter Camp's called "spirit."

TUNNELL seemed fairly well pleased with the results of the game when I saw him the next week, just before he left for San Francisco to scout the 49ers. "I'm really looking forward to our last game—against the Steelers," he said as he checked over the contents of his attaché case. "I've already been to forty games this season—college and pro—and I haven't seen my own team play yet." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

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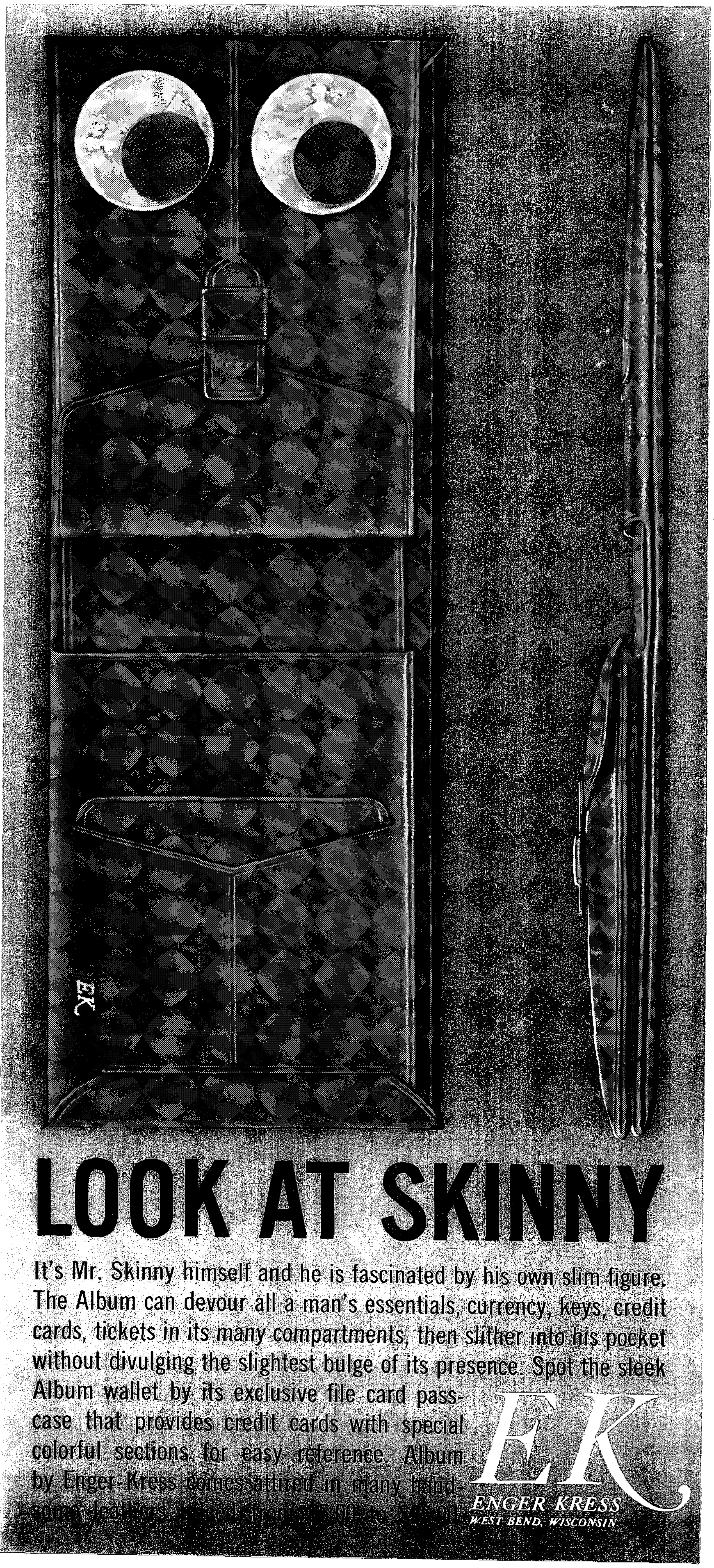

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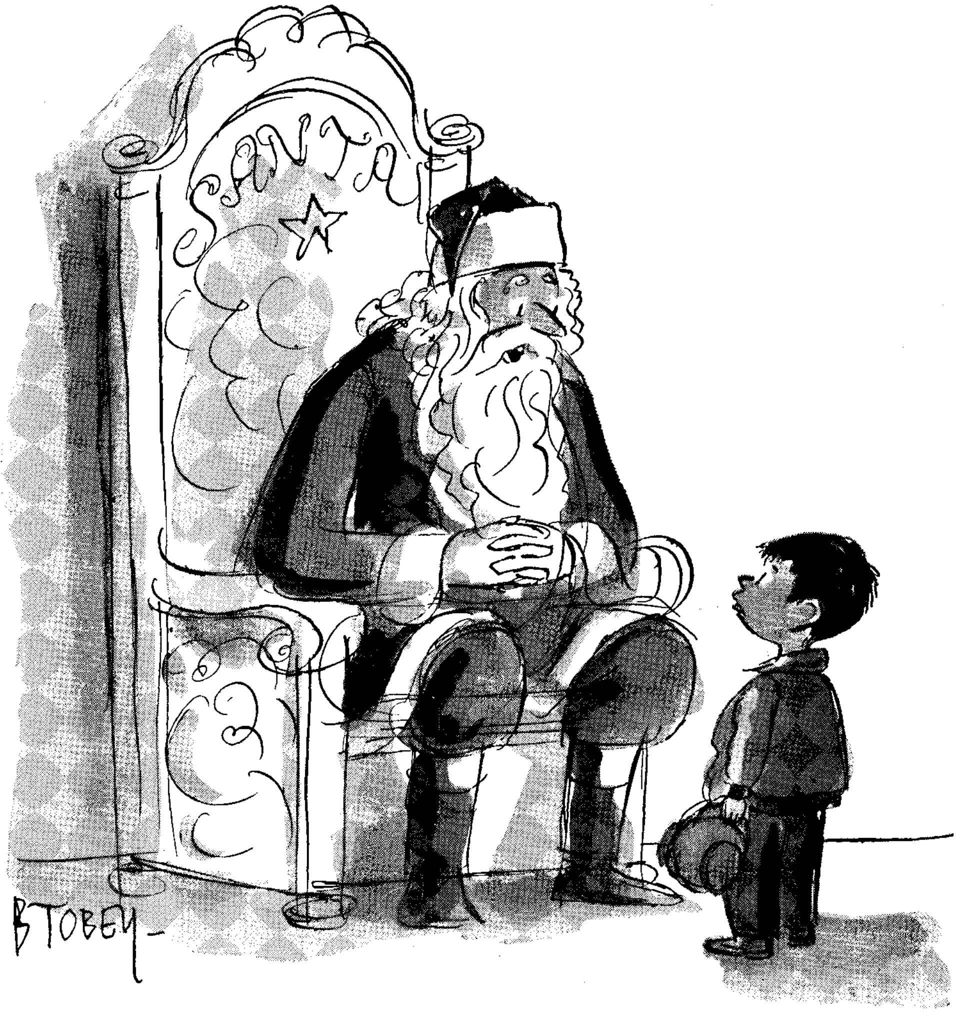
THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

Now that we have elbowed our way through the grimmer part of our Christmas shopping, we are prepared to take holiday cheer as this week's text—an exercise for which we find ourselves in an appropriately hearty frame of mind. Accounting for this complacency—if not jubilation—on our part is the involvement of so many talented cooks in this season's gustatory doings that the prospect cannot fail to please even the most cynical survivor of years of dubious plum puddings and lumpy fruitcakes. Now we'll plunge right into the thick of the heady Christmas preparations, for we can't wait to announce a piece of the best possible luck for all hosts and hostesses, guests, and just plain-so citizens who like to eat well at home with no trouble to themselves. Our good news concerns the kitchen début of Lili Darvas, the actress, who is now appearing brilliantly in the role of home caterer—a smash hit. If an actress in the kitchen doesn't sound particularly reassuring, maybe we had better explain that Miss Darvas is Hungarian, and was raised in the great tradition of Austro-Hungarian cuisine, which on occasion gave even the celebrated chefs of Paris a run for their money. And as if that were not recommendation enough, she is the widow of Ferenc Molnár, who, it seems, was a most exacting epicure. In her new role, Miss Darvas will accept orders for dinners, buffet parties, small receptions, and so on, or she will make single dishes to supplement a client's own menu. It was with an ordered dinner that we first tested her abilities, and although we herewith submit the menu, we can't hope to convey an idea of the high quality of each dish. There was, to begin with, a fish in a well-flavored and handsomely molded aspic (no gelatine), accompanied by a piquant sauce of sour cream, caviar, fresh dill, and other seasonings. The next course was medallions of veal stuffed with a mixture of chopped hard-boiled eggs and herbs in a sauce of the most exquisite delicacy; with that came baked potatoes whose insides had been scooped out, mashed with a purée of creamed spinach, and put back in the shells, and a great casserole of Transylvania goulash—a paprika-laced mixture of sauerkraut, rice, fresh pork, and smoked Hungarian Kolbasz sausage—which, though it was excellent in itself, we thought had no place in so delicate a menu. As a triumphant ending, there was a choice of two cakes—an ethereal-looking one of mocha butter-cream, made with pounded hazelnuts instead of flour, or an orange confection topped with what looked like tiny crystallized cherries but turned out to be glacé cranberries. We chose the latter, never before having seen cranberries used in this way, and we found the combination of the very sweet cake and the tart berries altogether delightful, providing just the right degree of surprise without shock.

There are, of course, other dishes—Hungarian, for the most part—in the Darvas repertory: chicken paprika served with Tarhonya (tiny dumplings *sauté au beurre*); numerous veal specialties; an endless variety of incredible-sounding desserts; and so on. We are, though, reporting only on what we have tried and enjoyed. All the food is brought to the home, impressively arranged on platters, the hot items in baking dishes ready to be reheated in one's own oven, and the cold dishes in containers ready to be popped into the refrigerator. The charge for all this food and service is $10 per person for a minimum of six, and orders must be given two days in advance. For single dishes (enough for four servings), there is no delivery, and the charge is $10 for a chicken paprika with a side dish of dumplings (the servings are unusually generous), $10 for almost any of the veal dishes, $12 for a fish mold with sauce, $8 for the goulash, etc. An eight-inch mocha butter-cream cake (two layers) costs $7; a marron dessert that it enraptured us just to hear described is $10; and the orange confection is $7 in the eight-inch, two-layer size. The telephone number of Miss Darvas's service is BU 8-3953, and the address is 240 East 79th Street.

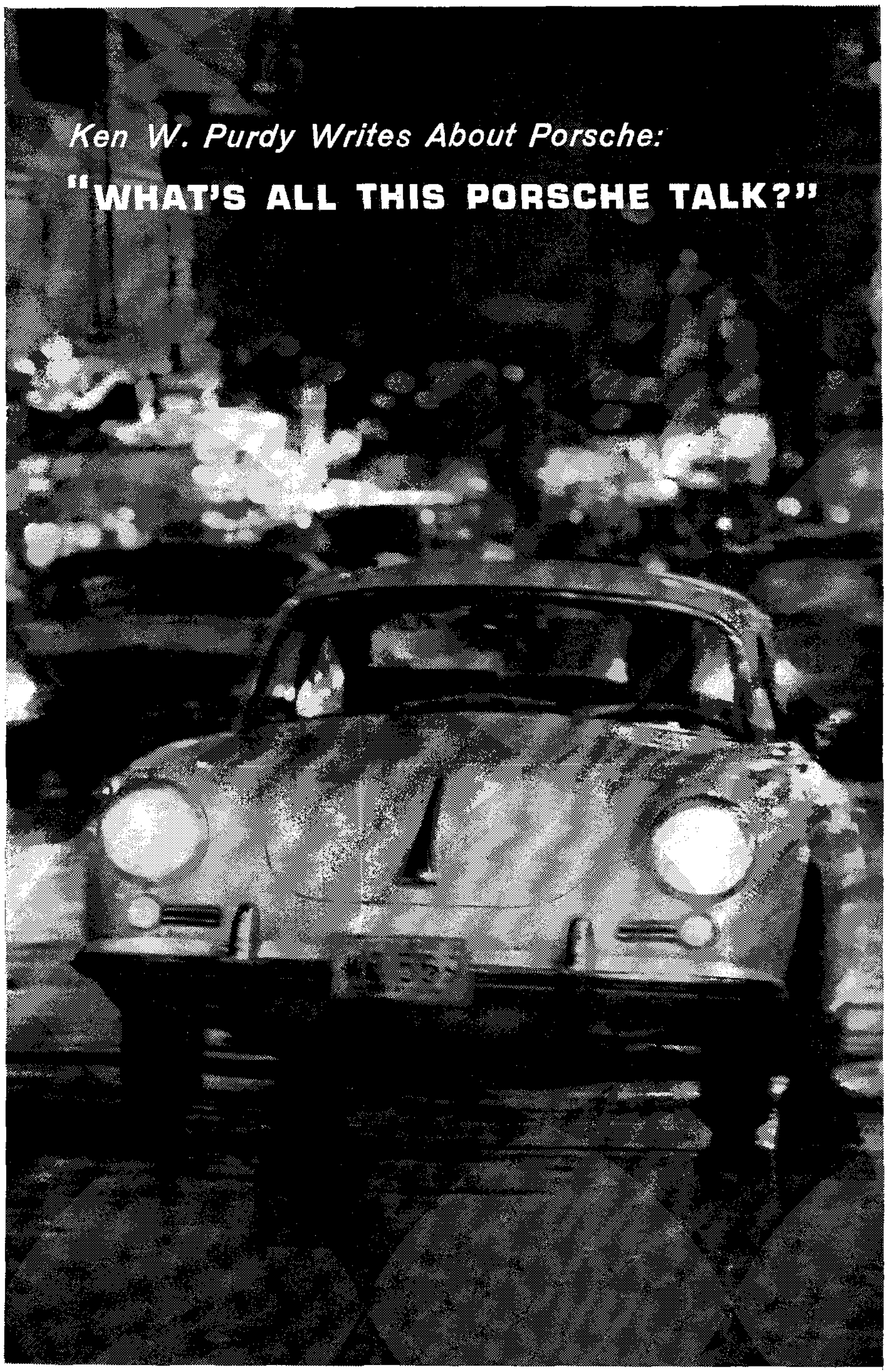
To our way of thinking (tasting), it's Denmark that leads the cheese parade this year, as we think you will



"I'm sorry, young man, but I'm afraid I don't speak Spanish."

agree after sampling some half-dozen imports, never before seen in this country, that are to be had at Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street. All of them except one deliciously creamy blue are the hard type, look rather uninterestingly alike—an unremarkable pale yellow—and bear odd, uncheeselike names. Before passing them up as unappealing, though, wait until you have nibbled your way through the whole lot and recognized the subtlety of flavor that so deliciously distinguishes one from another. *We* have nibbled and nibbled and nibbled, and are now in a state of blissful confusion about which to recommend to you as the best. For a while, we were pretty sure that it was the Desirée, whose indefinably delicate aftertaste is apt to be habit-forming, but then, when we remembered Selandia, which has something of the taste of Gruyère, and that exquisite blue, with the absurd name of Othello (it ranks right after Stilton in our book), and a fine item with a red rind, called Elsinore— Oh, shucks, go ahead and do your own tasting! The cheeses are all of the vintage of 1960 or '61 and they have been matured with the same care that is given a great wine; they are all priced at $1.95 a pound except the Selandia, which costs $2.25.

English cheeses, which have been with us since the beginning of time, are apt, we think, to get overlooked in favor of the Continental newcomers that lend such style to our cheeseboards. Recently, therefore, we made a point of reappraising all the old English favorites, even the Caerphilly, from Wales (though we can't imagine whose favorite *that* is, except, presumably, some Welshmen's), and, my, how good most of them are! Owing to one of those too-involved-to-go-into rulings of our Department of Agriculture, no English Cheddar is allowed into this country, but the cheeses that are admitted—the Double Gloucester, the Cheshire, the Stilton—are wonderfully flavorsome. The slice of Stilton we so enjoyed in our recent tasting came from a cheese straight off the boat and was soft and creamy and delectable; if you have had the ill luck to find this king of cheeses dried out and tasteless, rest assured that the fault lies with your cheese merchant, not with the Stilton. Among the shops that carry one or another of most of the English cheeses—and do well by them—are Bloomingdale's; Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd); Fraser, Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st); Charles & Co., 340 and 683 Madison Avenue (43rd and 62nd, respectively); Maryland Gourmet Mart, 414 Am-



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sterdam Avenue (79th); Macy's; Zabar's, 2245 Broadway (80th); and Altman's.

Perhaps the French have too many problems on their minds these days to bother about getting variety onto American cheeseboards. What we get this year from France—usually to be counted on for a mixed bouquet at this season—is three exceptionally delicate imports that have a good deal of similarity. The creamiest and, to our taste, the most subtly flavored of these is Boursin, which is made in Normandy and has a seventy-five-per-cent butterfat content, and which sells for around $1.30 the six-ounce packet at Bloomingdale's; Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street; Ellen Grey; Charles & Co.; Zabar's; Fraser, Morris; and Maryland Gourmet Mart. The others—also the cream type—are Boursault, a product of Seine et Marne, which has the same butterfat content but is somehow not quite so smooth on the tongue (around $1.40 the eight-ounce packet at Maison Glass, Ellen Grey, Charles & Co., Zabar's, and Fraser, Morris), and one called Excelsior, which comes from the Département de la Seine Maritime (around $1.35 the seven-ounce packet at Bloomingdale's, Altman's, Charles & Co., Zabar's, and Fraser, Morris).

Some years ago, we recommended reservedly in these columns a California cheese called Teleme. We say "reservedly" because while we ourselves found the cheese quite irresistible, we had a suspicion that ours was a special taste and that Teleme—extremely bland and with something of the undistinguished consistency of Mozzarella—might not appeal to people with tastes more cultivated than ours. Anyway, we lost touch with the California source of supplies, and it is only recently that we and Teleme have become reunited. We still find it irresistible, in an odd sort of way, and we are still unsure whether connoisseurs would like it—feelings that appear to be shared by all the everyday cheese-lovers to whom we have offered it. Teleme is to be had in a five-pound loaf from Jurgensen's Grocery Company, 601 South Lake Avenue, Pasadena, California, and from Balzer's, 133 North Larchmont Boulevard, Los Angeles 4, at $1.29 a pound, plus postage. It is the only cheese we know of that not only need not be thawed to room temperature but is actually at its best nibbled right out of the refrigerator; indeed, it has a tendency to deliquesce when warm, so we recommend that you have it shipped

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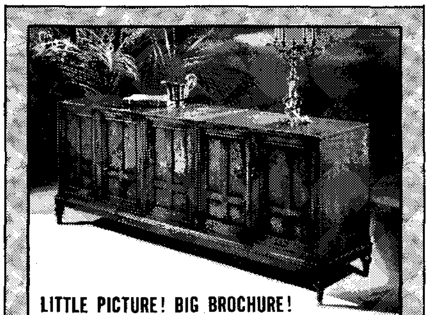

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COOKS from more sophisticated—or, at any rate, less insular—kitchens have for so long taught us to look down our noses at starchy old Mrs. Beeton that one hardly dares suggest that there are some dishes the good lady and the long line of British cooks formed in her image make better than the fancier practitioners of other lands. One of these superior British productions is mincemeat—a confection that, in spite of our Anglo-Saxon heritage, has fallen on hard times in these parts. Mr. Maurice Moore-Betty, an Englishman who has recently set up his pots and pans in a catering business in our midst (he does not confine himself to British cookery, though), turns out an absolutely authentic mincemeat, the like of which hasn't been seen here since your grandmother's day. And if your grandmother was not the mincemeat-making kind and all you know about this old dish is the mixture of raisins and apples moistened with a drop of sherry which passes for mincemeat in our decadent day, you will have a thrilling surprise. The Moore-Betty confection (he likes to call it "loaded mincemeat," which we call redundant) is made of finely chopped beef tongue, suet, raisins, citron, tangerine and lemon peel, and a grand assortment of spices, all heavily doused with whiskey and Jamaica rum—a noble mixture that has been aged to a mellow authority. Mr. Moore-Betty also offers that excellent old standby of British middle-class tables, steak-and-kidney pie, and a fine dish he sets forth. As you probably know, a really superior steak-and-kidney pie includes oysters, even though these are modestly not mentioned by name. As you also probably know, English piecrust is rather thicker than French piecrust, or our own, but when it's well made—as the crust under discussion is—it is extremely light and well flavored. The price of a pie large enough for four generous servings is $10.25, and the mincemeat costs $4 a pint. Everything must be ordered two days in advance (PL 5-1856) and must be called for at the Moore-Betty address, which is 347 East 53rd Street.

WE would as soon have expected to find ourselves writing a sonnet to a graham cracker as going off the deep end over—of all things—some newly discovered ice cream, and vanilla ice cream at that. This, though, is exactly what we are doing over some va-

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nilla ice cream being turned out, for the first time, by Joseph Hyde, the talented chef of Rockland County, in collaboration with those purebred Jersey cows of Fraleigh Hill Farm, in Millbrook, New York. Unless your memory goes back to the days when ice cream was made on every American family's back porch for Sunday dinner, you have probably never tasted anything comparable to this rich and unctuous ice, and even if you do have such memories to call upon, the chances are that the dessert of your childhood was never made of such incredibly golden cream, so thick that it must be spooned, rather than poured, into the freezer. Flecked with the tiny seeds of the vanilla bean that flavor it, this delicious confection, the appearance of which will be viewed with strong disapproval by calorie counters, is unquestionably among the season's gladdest tidings for the rest of us. Since it is made of the same cream that produces the matchless Fraleigh Hill Farm sweet butter, our first alarmed reaction was fear that if all this cream was going into the ice cream there might not be any left for the butter, without which we—and a good many other people, apparently—couldn't possibly live happily. Thank goodness there is plenty of the cream to go around, and the butter, at $3.25 a pound, is still on hand at William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), where the ice cream, too, is sold exclusively in Manhattan, at $3 a pint. The ice cream is also to be had at John Boss, in Sparkill, New York, which is four and a half miles south of Nyack, just off Route 9W.

A COUPLE of decades ago, when we were all painfully self-conscious about our wine drinking, we solemnly agreed, as we made our embarrassed way to the seats reserved for the connoisseurs, that relishes and the like were "unfriendly" to wine, and consequently had no place on the civilized table. Evidently, the wine lovers' intransigence has eased up considerably, for more and more often we find a well-flavored condiment being enjoyed along with a fine bottle by the presumably civilized. Certainly the unusual cranberry sauce—a piquant mixture of whole berries, spices, fresh orange juice, fresh orange rind, and an occasional raisin—made at Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, and sold for $3 a pint, can add flavor to the Christmas turkey without in any way undercutting the proud Christmas vintage. Then, there's Soupçon's excellent sweet-and-sour cucumber pickle ($2.25 a pint), which has its place on the cocktail tray, and piled on a turkey

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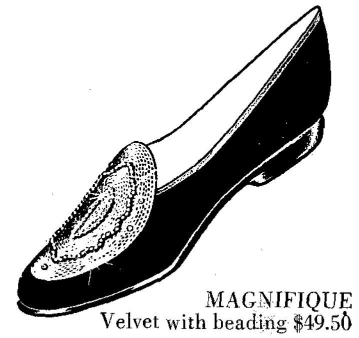
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sandwich as a late-at-night snack is simply unbeatable. A couple of other Soupçon specialties that might help you over the holiday rough spots are an orange sauce for duck ($4.50 a pint) and a suave oyster bisque ($7.50 a quart).

WE have thus far put off reporting on some terrapin Maryland that we recently had from the "21" Club, 21 West 52nd Street, in the hope that we might be inspired to adjectives worthy of such a masterpiece. Maybe there are none; anyway, we know of no way of describing a dish over which choirs of angels might well burst into song. Terrapin is unquestionably the noblest gastronomical triumph that America has produced—way above even shad and corn on the cob and other proud native offerings—and the Maryland dish, as prepared by "21," is absolutely all that it should be, which is saying everything. Moreover, the restaurant is the only place we know of in town that today serves this great dish, which could once be ordered wherever serious epicures forgathered. It makes us wonder about those connoisseurs of yesteryear. Are they all dead? Or are they now eating TV dinners at home? Orders for the terrapin must be given twenty-four hours in advance (JU 2-7200), and the dishes must be picked up at the steward's entrance, just east of the restaurant's main doorway. The charge is $7.50 per portion, for no less than two portions, and "21" warns that additional sherry should be added to the dish in the home, a minimum of the wine having been used in the preparation, for fear of curdling. Two other highly successful take-out dishes from "21"—duckling Bigarade and duckling Montmorency—might seem an anticlimax after the terrapin buildup; actually, though, either one affords a superb followup to the terrapin, or, for that matter, either makes a splendid main dish. The orange sauce of the Bigarade is most subtly seasoned, and the Montmorency is delicious with the contrasting flavor of its luscious

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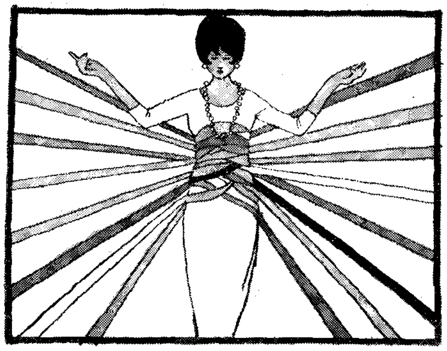


Partially, I think, because I love to go places to saturate myself in beauty and bring back ideas in color and fabrics and shapes. But I also like to travel here in America to see some of my friends, and some of my best friends are stores. In Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, New York, Baltimore and Atlanta—from coast to coast—I have store friends. And one way I know to keep these friends happy is by giving them freshly inspired clothes the year round.

Travel, for me, has always been vitally necessary since it recharges my batteries—lets me see things in a fresh light. Thank heavens I have a husband who usually has some business to do abroad and is at heart an amateur photographer with Steichen ambitions. Together, we make a great team—I with my old sketchbook and he with his modern cameras and lenses. Together we have shuffled off to London, Paris, Zurich, Madrid, Athens, Rome, Istanbul, Calcutta, Bangkok, New Delhi, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Kyoto, Honolulu, Curacao and the Canaries.

We have our own little system for seeking out the interesting and the unusual. Immediately upon arrival, we check our plane or train reservations in order to leave instantly if necessary. Then we head for the museums, best art galleries, best bookstores, best coffeehouses, tea houses and/or bars (and in that order) because that's where you usually see and meet the most exciting people.

Now if you'd like to recharge your batteries, here's my best recipe: Buy an "Adele Simpson" and a ticket to somewhere beautiful. Bon voyage!

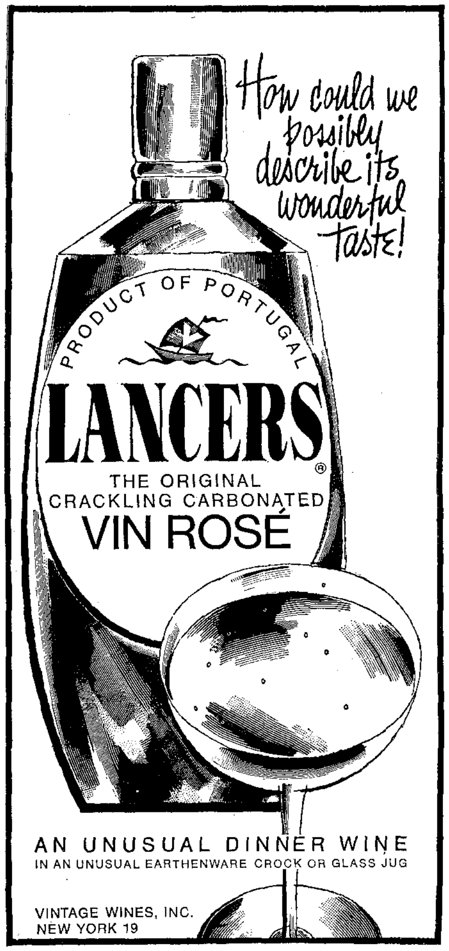
ADELE SIMPSON

cherries. The price is $15 per duckling, each with its sauce sent in a sealed jar.

WE don't know what to tell you about the exquisite baby halibut that are to be had with surprising regularity at the Maryland Market (LY 5-1223). We realize that "surprising regularity" is not the sort of positive assurance needed for holiday-menu planning; on the other hand, these most delicate little fish turn up with such happy frequency at Maryland that it would be a pity to miss the chance of enjoying them. The halibut classified as "baby" weigh from four to twelve pounds (as against the three hundred pounds that the adult fish frequently attain), and they should be served whole or filleted. One that we enjoyed recently was poached in a white-wine court bouillon and served with a Bercy sauce. Ravishing! The price, which goes up and down, is currently $1.75 a pound, and as the fish are in great demand, it's best to place an order some days in advance.

AND now we leave the realm of *haute cuisine* to report on some homely little matters that you may well consider too trivial for us to bring up at this time. Indeed, we shan't be a bit surprised if you laugh in our face when we speak feelingly, right plunk in the middle of a season that we have all agreed to call festive, about an old-timey cereal, called Pioneer's Porridge, which, although it has been made since the beginning of time by the Byrd Mill, in Louisa, Virginia, is brand-new to us. This is a coarse water-ground mixture of corn, wheat, rye, rice, and hulled oats that, cooked like oatmeal or hominy grits, makes a fine, hearty breakfast cereal for those who like fine, hearty breakfast cereals. For the rest of us, it is excellent when cold, cut in thick slices, dredged in flour, and fried in butter as an accompaniment to beefsteak, pheasant, or almost any roast. In Louisa, Virginia, we are told, it is sliced and fried, a poached egg is placed on top, and the whole thing is covered with a cream sauce. The porridge may be ordered from the mill (where, by the way, they also grind a perfectly splendid white corn meal), or it may be bought, at fifty-five cents the two-pound bag, at Zabar's; Maryland Gourmet Mart; and M. Nicola, 271 West 4th Street (near Seventh Avenue). The white corn meal is available at Zabar's, at forty-five cents the two-pound bag.

COLETTE, 1136 Third Avenue (66th), makes a light-as-a-feather brioche ($1), big enough for four,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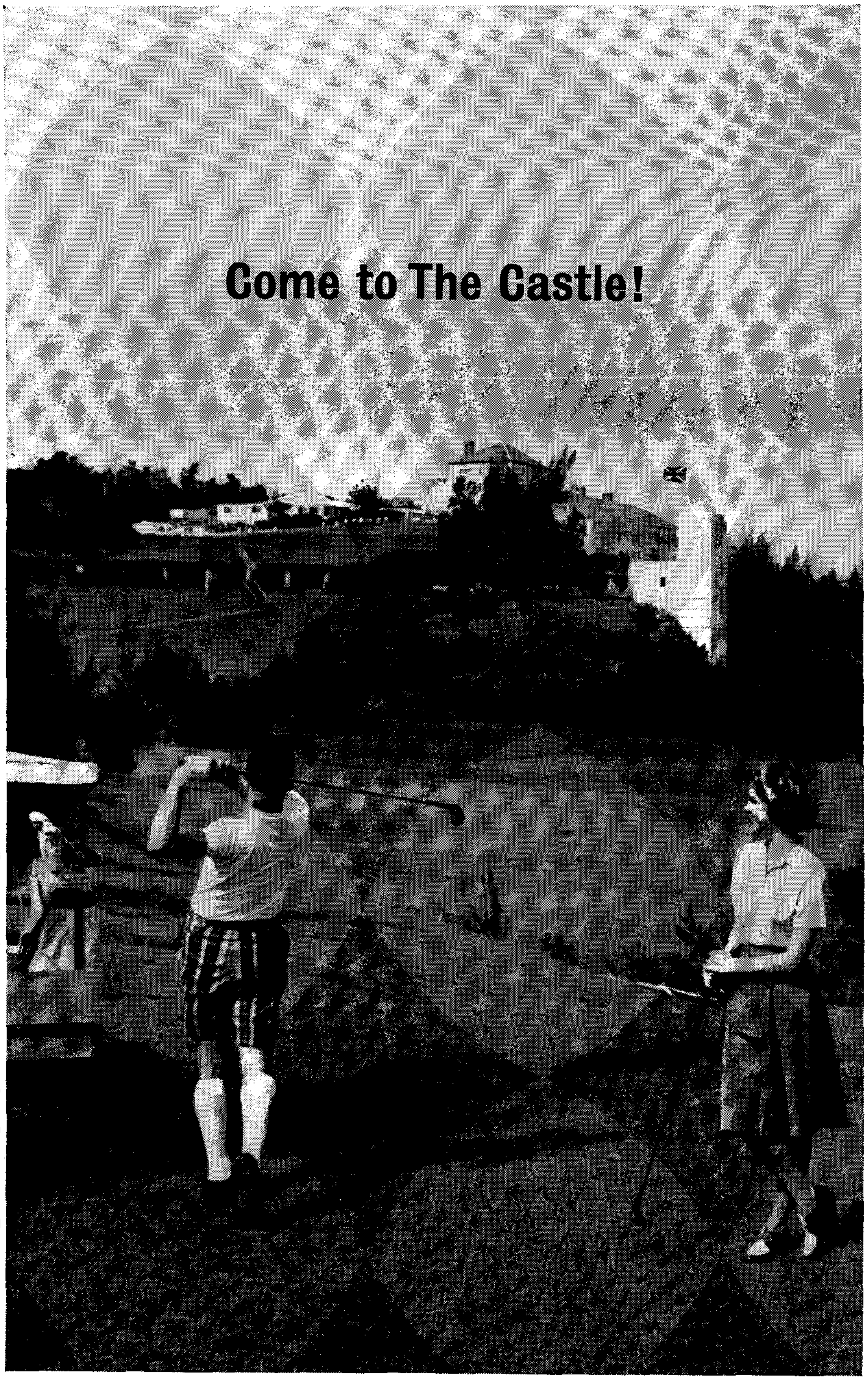
that can take the place of a coffeecake most satisfactorily on the Christmas breakfast table of those who like a less sweet bread. . . . Zabar's, the well-stocked delicatessen on upper Broadway, carries forty different varieties of bread, most of them Russian and Central European specialties, that are fine with smoked salmon, sturgeon, caviar—things like that. . . . Oh, and a last word to the ladies who planned to make a batch of Christmas cookies but have found to their horror that Christmas is sooner than they had thought. (It always is.) Old Denmark has assorted homemade butter cookies, and we hope we won't hurt anybody's feelings by suggesting that they are probably better than what are turned out in most home kitchens. They come in a sturdy little pasteboard keg holding around a pound and a quarter, for $2.55.

Wrappings and Trimmings

NOW that we've settled the menu, let's set the table. The following decorations may look good enough to eat, but, with a few exceptions, we don't suggest eating them. For instance, you'll find a colorful centerpiece at the Potting Shed, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd), that consists of a whopping wicker basket heaped with a Christmas salad of vegetables in Nature's own reds and greens—parsley, asparagus, baby red onions, radishes, cucumbers, string-beans, tomatoes, and peppers. No need to worry about a dressing and its calories, though, for none of these beautiful groceries are genuine; $50. So it is with the pairs of giant mushrooms, each pair roughly eight inches tall and fourteen inches across, at Papier Malcé, 55 Greenwich Avenue (near Seventh Avenue). They're a tempting olive green, but they're inedible, being made of accordion-folded paper and intended as a centerpiece. They grow out of an earthy-looking cardboard ground, and the price is $1.69 per pair. On the other hand, Linsley and Arden, Ltd., 1008 Second Avenue (53rd), sells a lovely centerpiece made up of one graceful long-stemmed red silk rose in a wicker pot and, hung all around on that pot, twenty genuine, edible, red-and-white striped candy canes; $25. Call Hunter & Darmi, 1055 Park Avenue (87th), and they'll deliver a glass bowl eight inches across and brimming with fresh seasonable greenery: Oregon holly, desert cedar, white pine, juniper, and the like. A simple centerpiece concept, and perfectly sound, it's $10.

If it's a centerpiece of flowers you want, flowers you can certainly have. Call The Greenery, 306 East 53rd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Street, and reserve a big wicker basket full of babies'-breath, coxcomb, and pink and white sweetheart roses. They're fresh flowers, but they've been treated with some sorcerer's elixir that keeps them beautiful indefinitely. A velvet ribbon tie, red or green, matches the basket; $15. At Flowers Unlimited, Inc., 1140 Third Avenue (66th), there's a small basket—if your table's big, you might try two baskets—woven of red bamboo and filled with plastic loganberries and boysenberries, which provide two handsome shades of dark, winy red to match the color of the old port you're planning to decant; $10.50, topped off with a two-tone velvet ribbon to match the berries.

Over at The Green Thumb, 22 East 65th Street, one charming centerpiece starts off, at the bottom, with a big bird's nest of natural twigs and straw, and, going up, turns into a gay Christmassy bush (imitation) bedecked with treasures—dolls, doll houses, gingerbread men, bells, balls, pine cones, and goodness knows what all. This conceit costs from $7.50 (six inches tall) to $25 (eighteen inches). The shop had the children's table in mind when it invented this one, but if you want to swipe it for the grownups, who is to stop you? Then, for the youngsters, you could pick up at Buyways, 72 Macdougal Street, a splendid honeycomb-paper snowman with a black stovepipe hat and a silvered broomstick. He's globular, like all the other snowmen, and eighteen inches tall, and he costs $1.25. His small sons, who resemble him in every detail, are only three inches tall but more practical-minded; they carry place cards. They're six for seventy-five cents.

IF it's flowers plus candles you want—and that's not unreasonable—the Guy Butler Flower Gallery, 1194 Third Avenue (69th), has an attractive S-for-Santa-shaped centerpiece made mostly of pine cones, festooned with walnuts and green and gold Christmas balls, and edged with a holly border. Five stately (fifteen-inch) candles rise along its twenty-six-inch sinuosity. It's $35, and don't dawdle, because there's a week's wait. For dawdlers, the same shop has an impressive arrangement all ready—a pair of black candles set in milk-glass holders strewn with imitation blackberries, green grapes, and leaves. The over-all height is twenty inches, and the price is $10. If you can use a centerpiece candleholder as much as three feet high, there's a humdinger at Flowers Unlimited. It's the Guggenheim Museum of centerpieces—a gleam-

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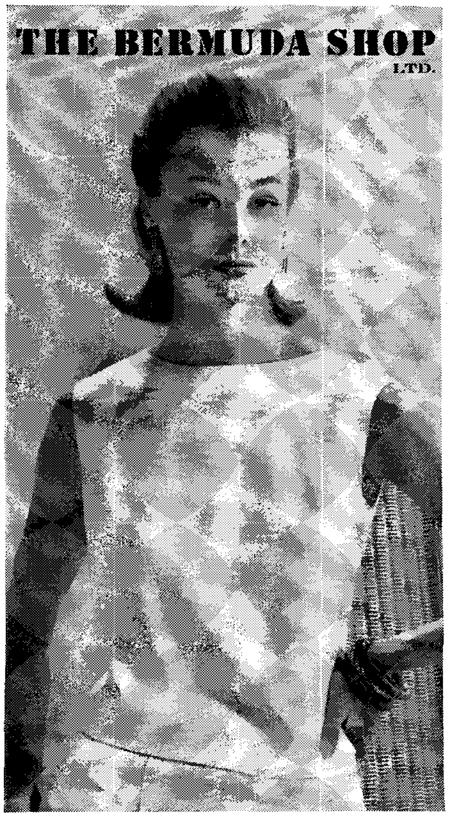

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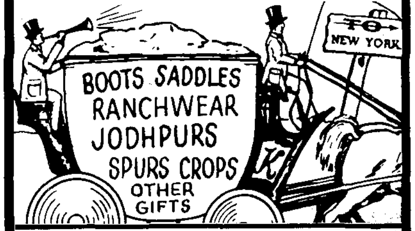

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ing gold-metal spiral rising out of a golden pottery chalice. Along the spiral there are seven dark-green tapers and five hanging bunches of wine-red grapes (ersatz), and in the interior there's a juicy plastic pineapple surrounded by plastic strawberries and raspberries; $45. The Potting Shed has a lovely single-candle centerpiece—a great gilded-glass goblet chock full of cherries, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, and leaves, all fake and all helping to support a glorious tall red candle; $17. A spot of brightness for your terrace? The Potting Shed can provide a giant, working hurricane lamp that is heaped, at its base, with imitation holly, mistletoe, bees, butterflies, and birds. There's a huge candle inside the lamp; $50. And, to return to the table, the Stark Valla Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, has an engaging apple-candle centerpiece. Four green tôle hoops with a few tôle leaves make a wreath, about as big as a dinner plate, that lies flat on the table. Thanks to six prongs, the wreath supports, by impaling them, six fat wax McIntosh apples, as red as only McIntoshes are, which burn themselves hollow and shed a McIntosh-red light. This arrangement, candles included, is $16.95, and replacement apples are $1 apiece. In the same spirit, more or less, British House, 304 East 85th Street, has nice cone-shaped red candles, seven and a half inches tall, sitting in silver-metal holders banked with generous servings of genuine spruce cones and imitation cherries and cedar greens; $12.50 apiece.

Gilbert-Whitbeck, 1103 Third Avenue (65th), proposes a charming pair of low, shiny brass candleholders that are appropriate to the season because they're wreath-shaped. Look closely and you'll see that the wreaths are compounded of little brass ribbons and bows; $25 the pair. At Irene Hayes-Wadley & Smythe, 420 Park Avenue (55th), which sounds like a firm of brokers but is a firm of florists, the candleholders are delightful papier-mâché angels hand-painted in Mexico by color-happy Indians. (One scheme is olive green overpainted with red, pink, and yellow flowers and birds.) Your table had better be biggish, because these are not little angels; not counting the tall, slender candles in their crowns, they range in height from a foot to three feet. But they couldn't be prettier; $25 to $60, with the candles. Bergdorf Goodman has smaller angels—a kneeling pair who, together, hold up three candles, and thus qualify as a candelabra. This piece, handmade in Spain of crisscrossed strips of black

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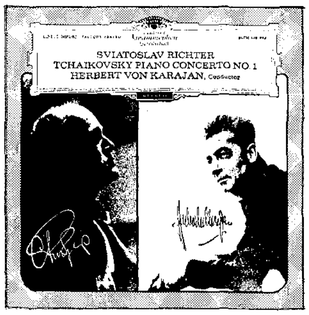

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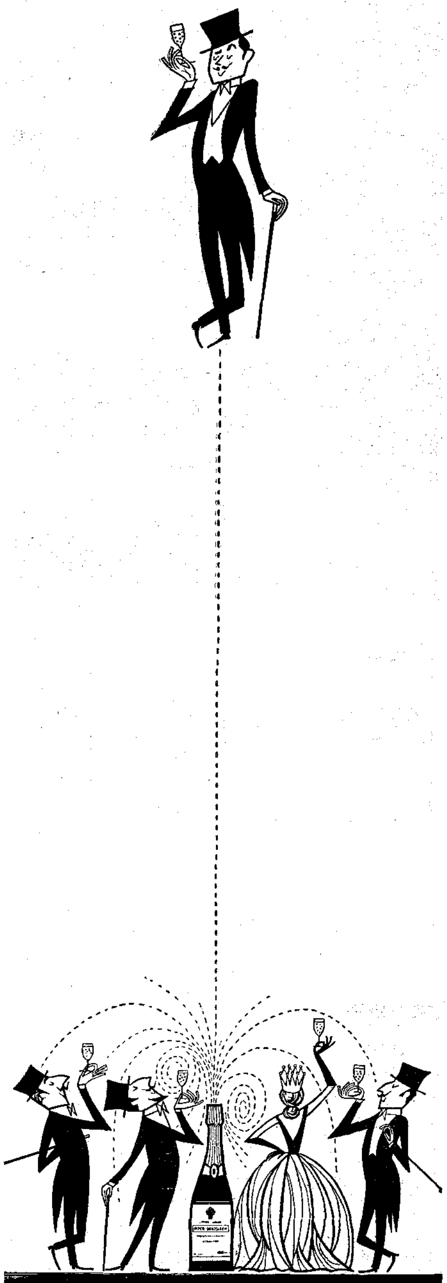
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wrought iron, suggests, in miniature, a scene of grand, baroque, sweeping elegance. It stands a foot high (without candles, which you supply) and costs $37.50. We know of still another pretty angel who is involved with a candle, but she's probably too noisy for most tables. Still, she's so attractive that she deserves a place somewhere—maybe on the sideboard. She's of Italian papier-mâché painted in soft colors, and she stands about twelve inches tall. In her arms she holds a musical instrument—a lyre is one of several possibilities—and she stands on a moss-covered platform atop a square tôle music box. Her tune—we weren't looking for offbeat effects anyway—is "The First Noël." As for her candle, it's a great stalk of beeswax, set between her wings; $45 at Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street.

If your everyday candlesticks need only *bobèches* for the holidays, the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), have some that should do nicely. They're plastic circlets, some five and a half inches in diameter, heaped with tiny plastic fruits; $4.25 a pair. And if you would like a holiday candle that needs no holder, there's a majestic six-sided nine-incher at Brentano's. Its translucent white wax is veined with gold foil, so it looks like a mysterious marble obelisk; $5.95.

NOW for some decorations that don't have such clear-cut functions but could be useful in several ways. An example is a low gold-colored basket, six and a half inches in diameter, filled with make-believe red carnations and holly, at British House; $6.50. It would be fine as a centerpiece for a small table—one seating four, say—but you may have another and better idea. Bonniers, similarly, has minute (four inches high) straw baskets filled with gay paper flowers (red) and paper leaves (green). They could brighten up stretches of white damask, and then again they'd look fine in a clump at the base of a favorite rubber plant; $3.75. And we know of a couple of impressive empty baskets that might be the foundation of centerpieces and/or might hold fruit or, for sweet-tooths, a pile of Christmas candy. The first, at Altman's Trim-the-Tree Shop, is about eleven inches in diameter and is made of lacquered pine cones wired together. It sports a sumptuous red velvet bowknot on its handle, and it costs $10. The second, also made of pine cones wired together, is even bigger—fourteen inches in diameter—and its cones are lightly sprinkled with multicolored but genteel glitter; $10 at Stark Valla.

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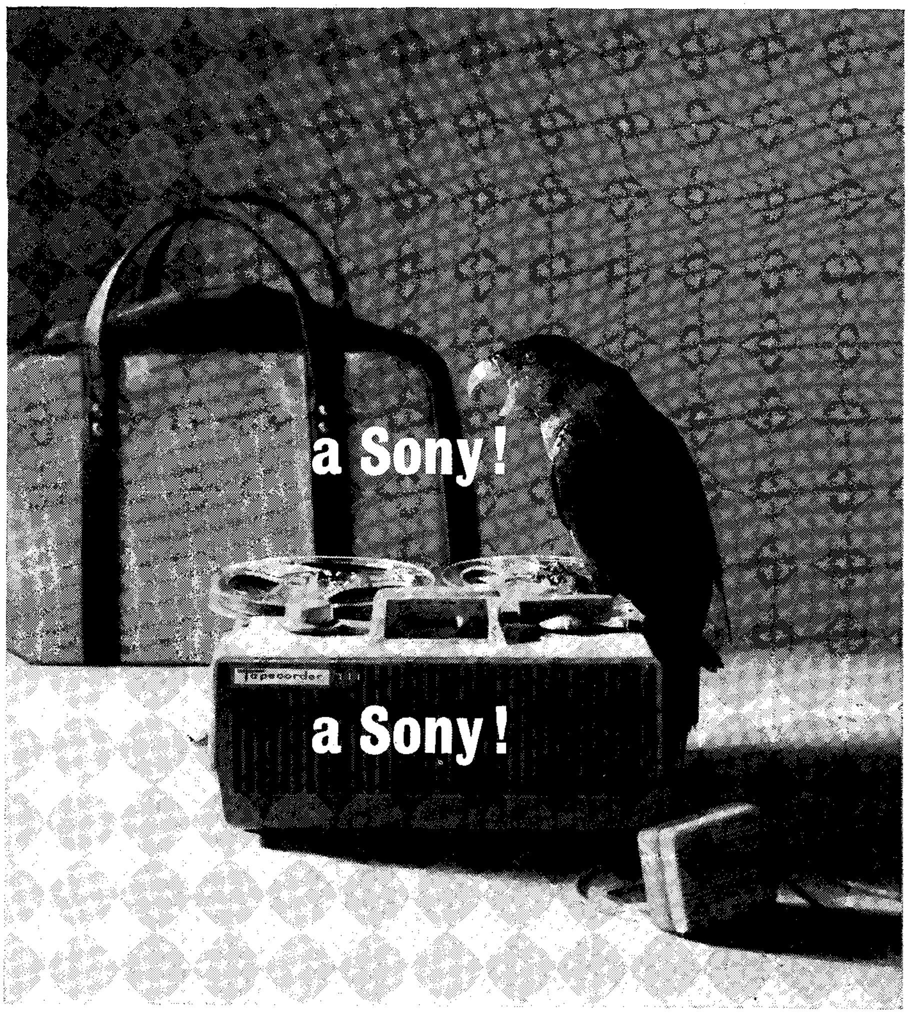
Some of this year's tree-shaped pieces are small enough for tables—especially buffet tables, where the height of the decorations is likely to be less of a problem than it is on dining tables. One tree bouquet, an absolute dazzler, is a boxwood pyramid, two feet tall, whose branches, abloom with red and purple anemones, are supported by a complicated hidden frame concealing water bowls that will keep the arrangement fresh for quite some time. It's $50 at Fellan, 192 East 72nd Street, or 786 Broadway (10th). At Linsley and Arden, there's a beauty of the same sort—a boxwood plant nearly two feet high—but this one is growing in a clay flowerpot. It has been clipped into tree shape, trimmed with fresh white pompons and garnet roses, and dressed up with a green velvet bow on its stem; $22.50. Then, there's another real tree—it's made of real Spanish moss, anyhow—at Georg Jensen. About a foot high, it stands on a wood base and is decked with small-scale red velvet bows, fake jewels, silvery beads, and gilded snowflakes; $15. George Cothran, 1027 Third Avenue (61st), has a glamorous tree, three feet high, bearing assorted fruits and pine cones; all the components get a mysterious antique hand finish that coats them with a dusty, stylish blue. This takes a day, so remember to reckon accordingly. The price is $125, and bang goes your whole allowance.

The Guy Butler Flower Gallery makes a candle tree, thirty-three inches tall and two feet across at its widest, that is brilliant in at least two senses of the word. Eight dark-green wrought-iron arms hold eight fat candles in amber cut-glass cups, a ninth cup with a ninth candle tops off the tree, and the whole structure is festooned with quantities of natural-colored fruit and lengths of jewel-encrusted red velvet ribbon. The price is $65, and there's a week's wait. A very pretty, very full tree composed of fake caper branches, with their green leaves and white blossoms (so *that's* where the capers you get in bottles come from!), plus white raspberries, and trimmed with countless red velvet bows, is on display at Bonwit Teller. Thirty-two inches tall this one is, and its base is a gilded wicker basket; $90. If the children need an auxiliary tree, Max Schling, 765 Fifth Avenue (58th), has a seventeen-inch suggestion. Its base is a music box ("Silent Night"), and in place of ordinary ornaments it has a host of small, fuzzy Teddy bears; $30.

Some people fancy trees that hang on the wall, and with that preference in mind Piazza 65, at 133 East 65th



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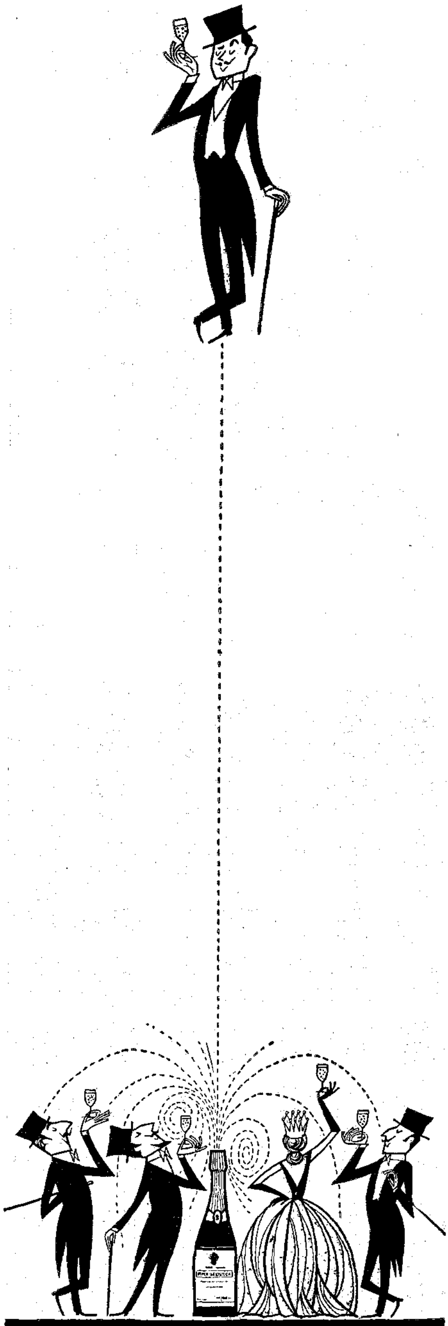

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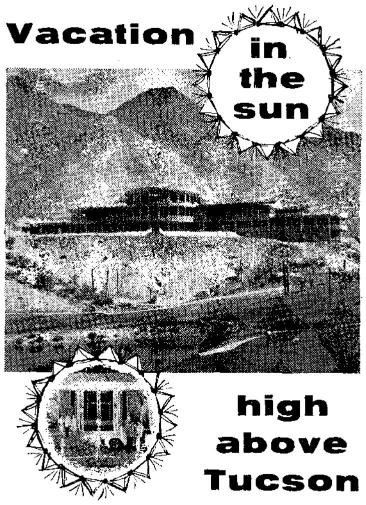
Street, offers a shining half-round concoction of gilded plastic fruits, gilded pine cones, and pale velvet flowers. It's about two feet high, counting the scantily clad papier-mâché cherub who waves a star-tipped wand at its top, but not counting the golden streamers at its bottom. The price is $23.50. A two-dimensional hanger—this one a tree cut out of green felt, in a pot cut out of red felt, four feet high over all—has a purpose. It offers a couple of tiers of appliquéd pockets (about a dozen), to hold and display the house's gross Christmas-card receipts; $12.75 at the Elder Craftsmen.

BEFORE we get down to trimming the big tree, let's scatter a few figurines here and there. A six-inch pottery owl, for a starter. He's painted owl colors and he wears a necklace of snow-covered leaves, clear glass berries, tiny red peppers, and shiny peanuts. You'll find him at Pleasance Flowers, 29 East 73rd Street, and he costs $16.75. Then, there's a papier-mâché angel, eighteen inches tall, who stands in a fashion model's backward-leaning pose—suitably enough, since she's wearing a fetching blue-green-and-gold cap-and-gown ensemble. She's $12 at Saks Fifth Avenue's Carlin Comfort Shop, 10 East 50th Street. A dignified shepherd, a foot tall, contrived of a woody Sardinian weed, is $6.50 at Bonniers, and a lamb for him to tend, made of the same plant, is $2.75. A delicate Holy Family (Joseph is only four and a half inches high), made of wood shavings, with white thread hair, is $7.50 at Georg Jensen.

Irene Hayes-Wadley & Smythe has reproduced a small Victorian music box, got up to look like a stage, that is a whole Christmas pantomime in itself. It plays a tinkly dance tune, and a harlequin figure visible through the glass front of the box pirouettes on a white platform bound with green velvet ribbon. A band of sequins does for the footlights. On either side of the box—on the *out*side, that is—there stands an imitation boxwood tree tied with a red velvet bow; $50. A much smaller music box, at Bouquets à la Carte, 169 East 63rd Street, sits in a wicker basket nestled among such delightful fresh flora as mistletoe, garnet roses, carnations, and holly, with a Christmas ball or two to complete the cheery pile. While it plays "Silent Night," three cloth butterflies on long wire stems hover over the enchanted landscape. It's $35.

HERE we come to the tree itself. If it's in a metal stand, as many trees are, the priceless Aubusson—or,



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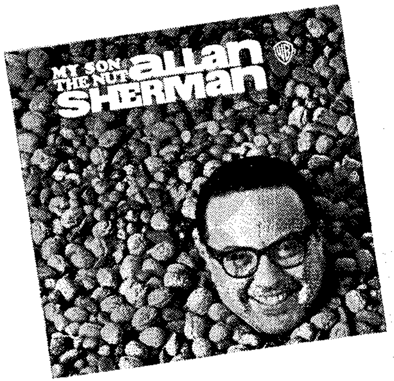

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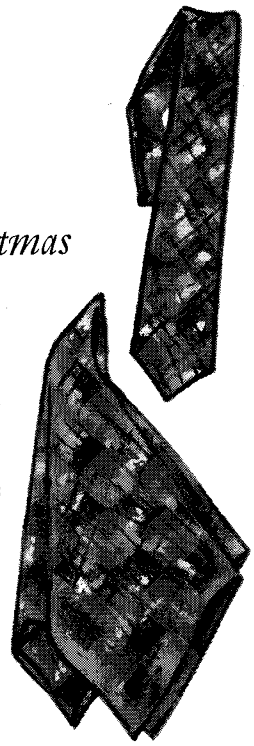
anyway, the landlord's priceless floor boards—may need protection. Altman's suggests a two-piece bottom-of-the-tree set, which is fairly handsome into the bargain. Part I is a big round sisal mat, to go underneath the tree stand, and Part II is a lampshade-shaped sisal skirt, conceived in the spirit of your great-grandmother, who dressed the piano legs, but then most tree stands really are indecent. The skirt wraps around the legs—no, limbs—of the stand and conceals them. The sturdy material is white with a pattern of gold holly leaves and berries; $7.95 the set.

Up we go to the very top, to affix a big cardinal made of red feathers, who sits philosophically on a red velvet ball; $4.50 at Altman's. Birds are also a specialty at Azuma, 802 Lexington Avenue (62nd). Some perky ones there, part fuzzy cotton and part fluffy feathers, perch—or are perched—on flexible wire feet; $1.80 or $2 (depending on size), in red, yellow, green, or blue. The Guy Butler Flower Gallery likes feathers, all right, but instead of birds they suggest orange or turquoise feather flower sprays with long twine-around stems. One such stem bears three full-blown morning-glories, another two peony buds and several green feather leaves; $3.50. At Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (75th), they like flowers, all right, but instead of feathers they use newspapers—the Sunday comics are especially effective—cut to make the petals of huge (eighteen-inch) flowers with bright tissue-paper centers and wire stems a yard long; $5.50. There's a glorious red poppy, seventeen inches across, at Rex Richards, 782 Lexington Avenue (61st), made of heavy-gauge crêpe paper and set on a long wire stem bound with green silk thread; $10. And British House provides a package of six convincing synthetic red carnations, the size of real carnations and designed for twining on tree branches, for $3.

Some fruit for your tree? You could hang up a pomander (you know, an apple stuck full of cloves) dressed up with a red velvet-and-satin bow. Its scent should mingle pleasantly with the pine; $2.25 at Elder Craftsmen. Lord & Taylor's Christmas Bazaar sells restrained tree fruits (soft cotton encased in tough plastic) in sets of seven—a brown apple, a dull-orange apple, a



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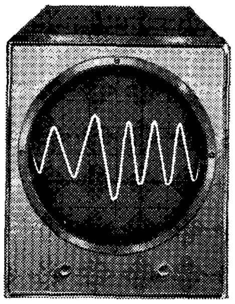

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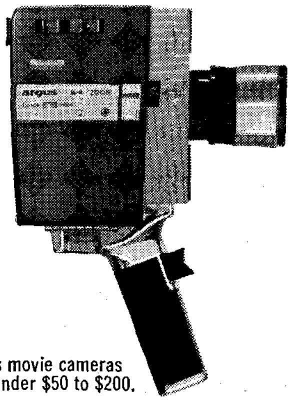

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brown pear, a bunch of brown grapes, an apricot-colored apricot, a dull-green lemon, and a dull-green orange. They're about half the size of the real fruit, and the set is $6. If hanging fruits one by one strikes you as old-fashioned, you'll be happy to learn that the task has been semi-automated. Lord & Taylor also has yard-long swags of gold-flocked plastic that bear seventeen of these same fruits; $13. L. & T.'s most appetizing light string is a fifteen-footer whose ten plastic lights look like Christmas cookies ($5), and its prize garland ($3) pursues the same tantalizing but inedible theme; it's a twenty-seven-foot length of vinyl popcorn. Even the best-dressed tree could probably use Altman's seven-foot garland, which is a chain of faceted beads (gold or silver) made of unbreakable plastic; $1.

What's new in Christmas-tree balls? Well, there are big Italian straw-mesh ones, gold or red, with matching velvet-ribbon hanging cords, at Georg Jensen for $1. The store also has gossamer balls, made of fine starched threads—about as light and airy as tree ornaments can get. The color possibilities are orange, red, green, pink, or blue, with occasional gold and silver threads worked in for gleam; $1.75 apiece. A glittering glass sphere, at Bloomingdale's, shelters a gold paper angel within; $2.98. And a slightly bigger (five-inch) ball, at Fred Leighton Imports, Ltd., 177 Macdougal Street, has two cheerful sunburst faces painted on it, one per hemisphere; $5.95. Finally, Stark Valla recommends small two-faced mirrors as tree-ball substitutes. They're the size and shape of silver dollars, they've been threaded for hanging, and a set of six costs $2.50.

Let's give this deserving tree a gold star—well, anyway, a gold-metal star, with six points and a total width of three inches. Eighty cents at the Little Shop Around the Corner, 26 East 91st Street.

WHEN friends and relatives meet at holiday jamborees—often after some time—it's wonderful how attractive everyone looks. Skinny little girls have become shapely young women; callow youths have acquired poise; a cranky cousin appears with a new dress, a new permanent, and a new smile. This naturally leads to kissing, and there are plenty of Christmas decorations to encourage the idea. Consider first a tiny white ceramic basket, with a gold cord for hanging it up, that contains several sprigs of mistletoe, a real sweetheart rose, and some small gold plastic Christmas balls; $3.75 at Bou-

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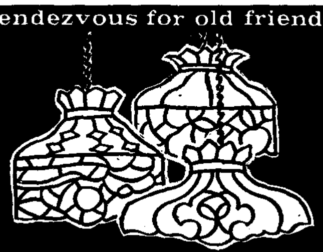

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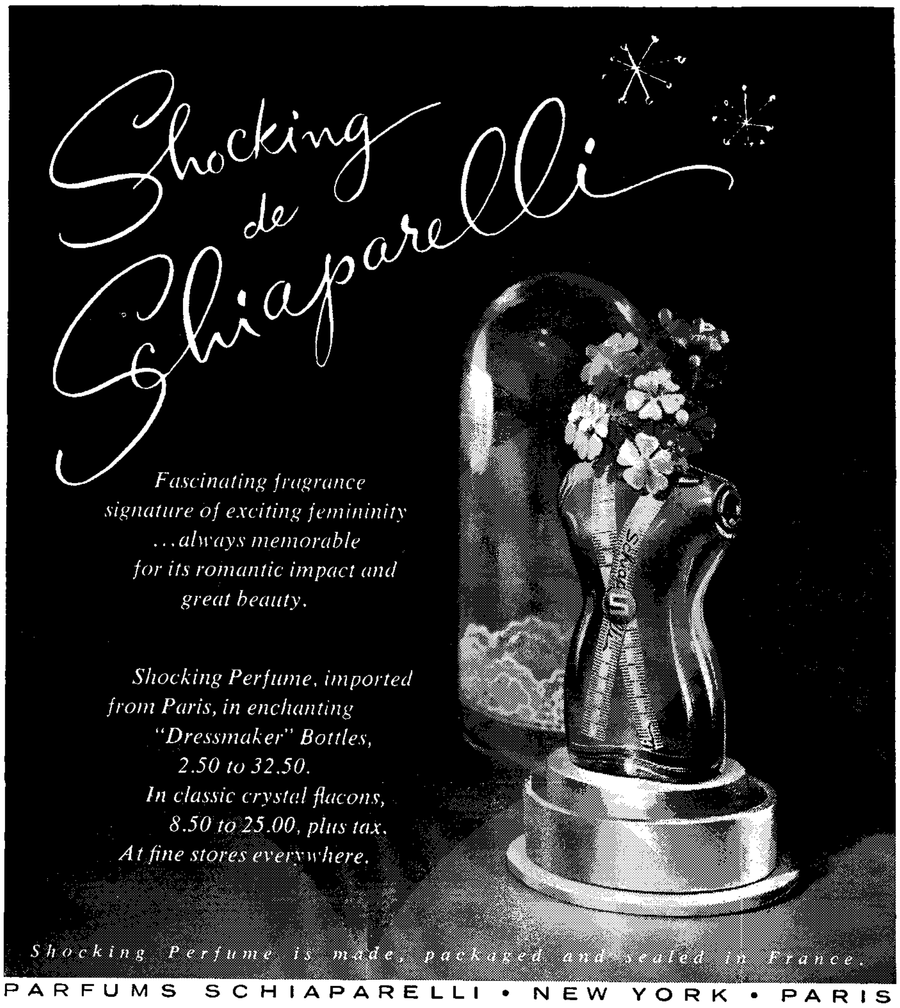
quets à la Carte. If that's too discreet, Bonwit's tremendous kissing ball, made of fake parsley ashine with silver glitter and crowned with big, sparkling strawberries, holly berries, and a red velvet bow, is bound to get its message across; $12.50. For those traditionalists who insist on mistletoe, there's a plastic bouquet of it dangling at the end of a plastic mistletoe vine—a foot long, all told—at the Pink Balloon, 971 First Avenue (53rd). It's $1.25. And Altman's sells a ball of artificial mistletoe and holly for thirty-nine cents. For a girl who wants to be unmistakably kissable, Buyways has a pretty white headband with a sprig of plastic mistletoe prominent in its center; $1.

We've seen a few other jolly things, mostly mobiles, to hang in doorways or from the ceiling. We admired a sort of light commotion of straw, at Bonniers, consisting of a chain of two hoops, one above the other, each hoop containing a large gathering of spinning straw people—the wallflowers soloing, the extroverts dancing in couples. It's $5.75. And Jon's Scandinavian Shop, 179 West 4th Street (near Sixth Avenue), has a Danish mobile, a sort of elementary Calder of brass wire from which are hung, in elegant balance, three astronomical marvels—fat, three-dimensional red paper stars, every single one of them with twelve points; $3.50.

NOW for some things to hang against the wall. Spanish saints, for a beginner. (Spanish décor is modish this year; let's hope saintliness also catches on.) These are contemporary, one-of-a-kind wood carvings gilded and painted like the antique objets d'art that collectors covet. The figures have beards, halos, downcast eyes, clasped hands, and flat backs. An eleven-and-a-half-inch saint is $8 at Brentano's. We proceed to a small conversation piece of angels—a pair of them, at arms' length, but with their feet entwined. The whole thing is no more than six inches wide and five inches high, and the material is molded white alabaster; $5, at Piazza 65. And you'll find a collection of entertaining, small, lead-framed stained-glass pieces at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th), including many tried-and-true Christmas motifs—trees, tree balls, angels, and so on. Some are all-year-round friends, like the cast of the Pooh books, who will look just as good in May as they did in December; $4 to $16.

YOUR most important visitor is supposed to drop in via the chimney, but since all the rest of the company will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enter by the front door, it shouldn't be neglected. Hunter & Darmi, given a day's notice, will transform it into what looks like a great Christmas package, tied with wide red velvet ribbon and garnished with a multiple red velvet bow and a bushy Christmas tree. The tree is made of natural green boughs and trimmed with either cranberries, walnuts, imitation fruits, or gumdrops; $20. Or you might greet the revellers with a wreath of lycopodium leaves. (Don't shy away; lycopodium is a pleasant standby among the familiar Christmas greens.) This fragile-looking plant makes a happy background for a *bon-voyage* basket's worth of genuine nuts, apples, oranges, and pears, along with some pine cones. (It's really sturdy enough to hang outdoors.) The price is $35 at Linsley and Arden. One graceful wreath (for apartment doors, we'd say) includes a gamut of nice fake greenery—green moss roses, echeveria, miniature lemons, and small Christmas balls, not to mention a moss-green velvet bow. This is $30 at George Cothran. British House can provide a waterproof double-faced wreath—for people whose front doors, if not their whole houses, are glass, of course. The materials are imitation English holly and imitation crab apples, and the bow is red velvet ribbon; $17.50. The plastic wreath at the Pink Balloon is a good-looking fourteen-inch mélange of greenery, pine cones, berries, grapes, nuts, apricots, and apples; $30. Another way to express hospitality is to come right out and express it, and that's the idea of a red suède door belt, two and a half inches wide and a yard long, that hangs by its buckle. Reading down, Chinese style, and with a jingly sleigh bell below every letter, it spells out "WELCOME." It's $10 at Bloomingdale's.

A child's desires are so much bigger than his legs that it's a little chintzy to ask him to hang up one of his own socks. If you're beyond brooding about spoiling vs. loving, we recommend Bonniers capacious cotton boot—red and white, with a red stretch jersey back. It would easily fit the biggest man on the Giants' football team, and it's $1.95.

GIFT wrappings now, starting with the easiest. The ready-to-go gift box presents no problems, even to a child, and in a version at Stuart's, 1036 Third Avenue (61st), it's covered with flocked red paper, bordered with gold paper, and tied with a red velvet ribbon, and it couldn't look more inviting. A nest of five such boxes, the largest fourteen and a half inches long, twelve

This is not Fred Astaire

It's Rudolf Valentino, of course. Chances are you'll never dance like either one of them. But you can choose and learn two of the latest dances right away. The cost? Introductory offer—6 private lessons for $8.75. Far less than an evening at most night clubs. Dancing is wonderful exercise . . . and more fun when you know how!

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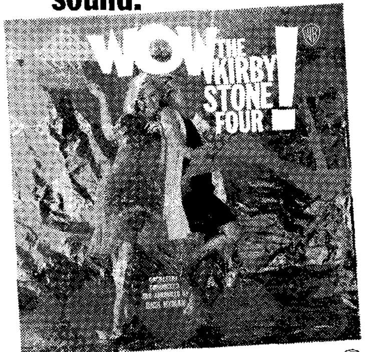

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and a half inches wide, and three and a half inches deep, costs $6.50. If the child is packaging his own breakable handiwork—a pottery ashtray, say—Stuart's can supply him with shredded tissue paper to use as a shock absorber. A bag of the stuff (it comes in various bright colors) as big as a honeydew melon costs seventy-five cents. For packages that need tying, and for persons who have trouble making knots, an elastic gold cord, thirty-two inches long, has come to the rescue. (Shops have been using this, but amateurs, we are told, haven't been able to buy it until just now.) Lord & Taylor sells five for fifty cents, under the deplorable name of Elas-Tys.

Intermediate and advanced wrappers will be enchanted by Lord & Taylor's white wrapping paper covered all over with small red fleurs-de-lis. Four sheets, each twenty-eight inches by forty, are $1.50, and twenty-five matching stick-on seals are a quarter. One wrapping paper at Bloomingdale's suggests a Christmas kaleidoscope—a pattern of large snowflakes and small star flowers on a solid ground. There are lots of triple-color combinations—two greens on midnight blue is one of the nicest—and three sheets, each twenty inches by twenty-six, costs $1.

The Little Shop Around the Corner keeps forty different colors of plain velvet ribbon on hand ($1 will get you ten yards), and quite a few fancy flocked-velvet ribbons—moss-green flowers on gold, for example—at fifty-five cents a yard.

GALA touches: Stuart's has two dandy package favors—a red velvet strawberry dotted with seed pearls and trimmed with an olive velvet bow (fifty cents), and a heavy gold-foil rose, three inches across (twenty-five cents). Papier Malcé suggests that packages be sealed with English sealing wax, which they sell, in four-inch sticks, for thirty-five cents a stick. (Red wax is official, but if you'd like to try gold, they have that, too.) For a seal, they recommend a brass affair ($1.25) with a regal handle. What does it imprint on the wax? "Merry Christmas." And, by no coincidence, that's just what we wish you.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

[*From "The American Way of Death," by Jessica Mitford*]

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Old Hands

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CHRISTMA

AN eight-year-old named Virginia has written to me saying that her friends have told her there isn't any Cary Grant and begging me to give her the truth of the matter. I've answered this troubled tot roughly as follows: Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. There is and practically always has been a Cary Grant. He exists and I hope will continue to exist as long as there is any need in Hollywood for a man who not only has extraordinary presence, good looks, and charm but is also extraordinarily skillful at playing romantic comedy roles, often by keeping a fastidious distance from them, and this need, Virginia, would seem to be increasing daily out there among the toy, Hershey-colored hills. To be sure, a number of plywood facsimiles of Cary Grant have been produced on studio lathes, but the difference between them and him is laughably easy to spot, and never more so than when the picture in which the genuine article appears is itself a facsimile. Take "Charade," Virginia, which you and your parents and grandparents will be able to spend a sizable portion of the Christmas holidays waiting in line outside the Music Hall to see. As its title hints, it's a preposterous mock thriller, in which we're encouraged not to believe a single thing that happens, though more than once a perverse attempt is made to shock us into conventional *rigor Hitchcocksis* by a desperate chase over rooftops or a display of horribly mutilated corpses. The plot of the picture has as many loose ends as an abandoned Maypole, and the dialogue boasts such classic nineteenth-century lines as—hero to heroine, indicating villain about to fire on her—"That man is Carson Dyle!!!," but who would bother to criticize these trifles when Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn are the stars of the picture and Paris is its setting? We watch the handsome pair having a late dinner aboard a *bateau-mouche* that glides, a cage made of bars of light, under the creamy bridges of the Seine, and all we require of the pair is that they continue to be elegantly dressed (Miss Hepburn by Givenchy and Mr. Grant by an unidentified sewer

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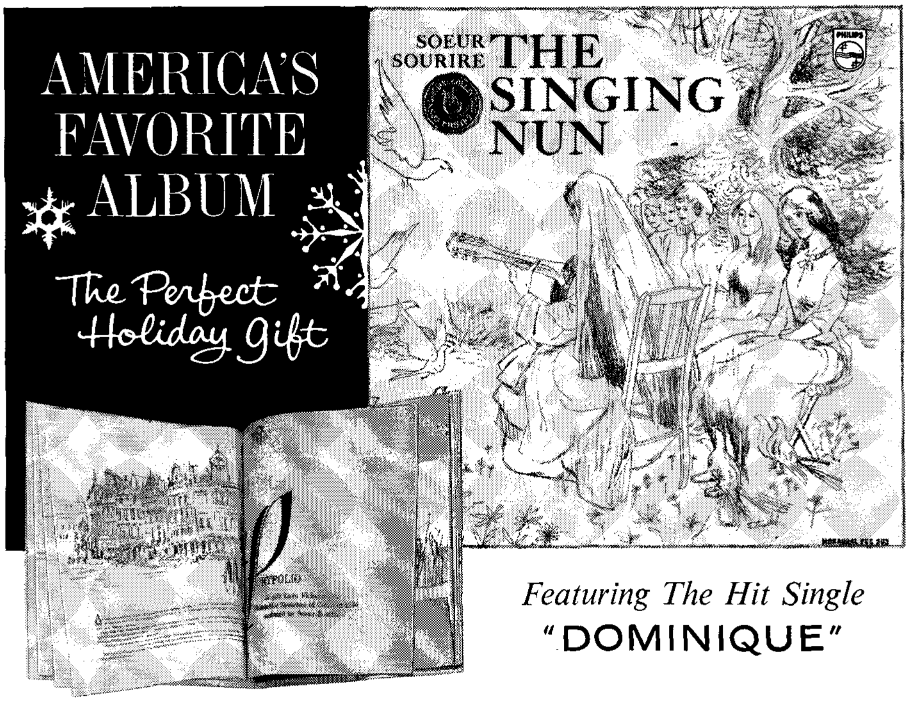
of fine seams), quarrel with grace, make not very serious love, and neither suffer much nor be revealed to have had any sordid motives for their often contrary behavior. As far as I'm concerned, Cary Grant can go on making versions of this silly, attractive picture for another twenty years at least. No Cary Grant, Virginia? On my behalf, tell your cynical little friends to go soak their heads.

A TRUE thriller, taking itself seriously and well worth our taking seriously, is "High and Low," the latest work to reach us from the celebrated Japanese director Akira Kurosawa. Mr. Kurosawa rejoices to ransack other cultures for the plots of his pictures—he has contrived to make both "Macbeth" and Gorki's "The Lower Depths" seem characteristic embodiments of the Japanese soul—and the present picture is derived from an American detective novel by Ed McBain, called "King's Ransom." The setting has been shifted from Manhattan to Yokohama, where a kidnapping occurs in the house of a wealthy, self-made manufacturer. Played with marvellous grumpy indignation by Toshiro Mifune, the manufacturer is engaged in carrying out a tricky business deal; one false step will bring ruin, and it is at just this moment that the kidnapper strikes. The money required to swing the deal is, as one might expect, equal to the amount demanded in ransom, and, to heighten the irony and the moral difficulty of the occasion, the kidnapper has committed a grotesque blunder—it isn't the manufacturer's son but the son of his chauffeur who has been spirited away. Few thrillers can afford to be leisurely, but "High and Low" is boldly, wisely so; we march step by step through the complicated sequence of events by which the ransom is raised, the child recovered, and the police set about tracking down and capturing the unknown criminal. Mr. Kurosawa has been confident of his power to render the machinery of police detection every bit as fascinating to us as the continuous alteration in the emotions of the manufacturer and the criminal; he has also been confident of his power to find beauty not merely in what it pleases us to see but in what it is



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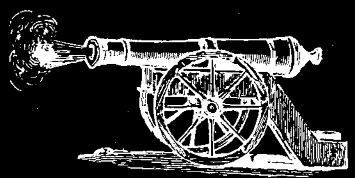

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necessary for us to see. "High and Low" lasts nearly two and a half hours, but I, who heartily dislike long pictures, am unable to think of a scene I'd be willing to do without.

"THE CARDINAL," produced and directed by P. T. Barnum under the transparent pseudonym of Otto L. Preminger, is an ambitious, vulgar bore, with a few welcome patches of unintentional comedy. Taken from a fat, old-fashioned novel by the late Henry Morton Robinson, the movie jogs along behind a young priest, Stephen Fermoyle, from his ordination, in 1917, to the moment when he receives a cardinal's hat, in 1939. It's a Lanny Budd-like pilgrimage, in the course of which every sure-fire base is touched—indeed, jumped on and thoroughly soiled—from the First World War, the rise of Hitler, the persecution of the Jews, and the Negro problem down South, to the usual temptations of the flesh and intellect. Unluckily, Fermoyle himself is so woodenly woebegone a figure that the picture might well have been called "How to Succeed in the Church Without Really Crying." In its long history, Rome has suffered many embarrassments, and it will easily survive "The Cardinal;" I hope as much can be said for the cast, which includes Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider, Carol Lynley, Jill Haworth, Raf Vallone, Burgess Meredith, Ossie Davis, and even John Huston, who throws himself into the role of a cigar-smoking Boston cardinal with what amounts, under the circumstances, to wanton high spirits. —BRENDAN GILL

•

AFIELD WITH "THE GROUP"

[*From a book review in Natural History*]

Sarita Van Vleck's book, which undertakes to follow the life of birds through their annual cycle, is a very nice, unpretentious book, and there is some almost lyrical prose in it.

However, one sentence in the book is unworthy of a graduate of Vassar, the author's alma mater: "With life centered around a wet habitat, the Redwing would be unlikely to nest in its absence." Even if something could center *around* something, the line would be a horror.

•

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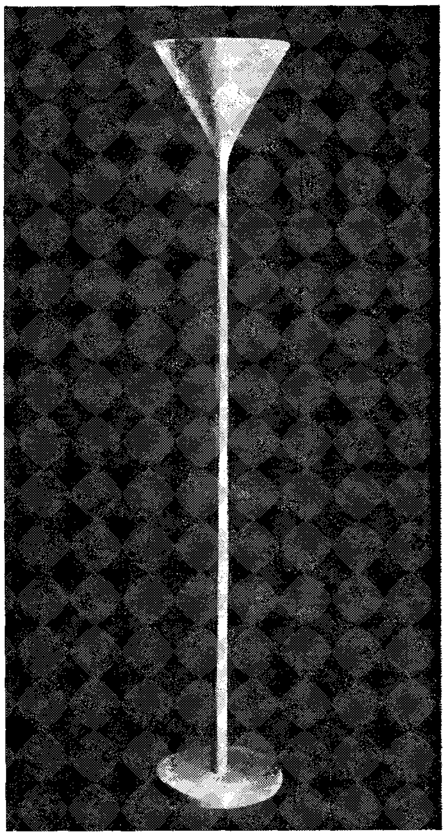

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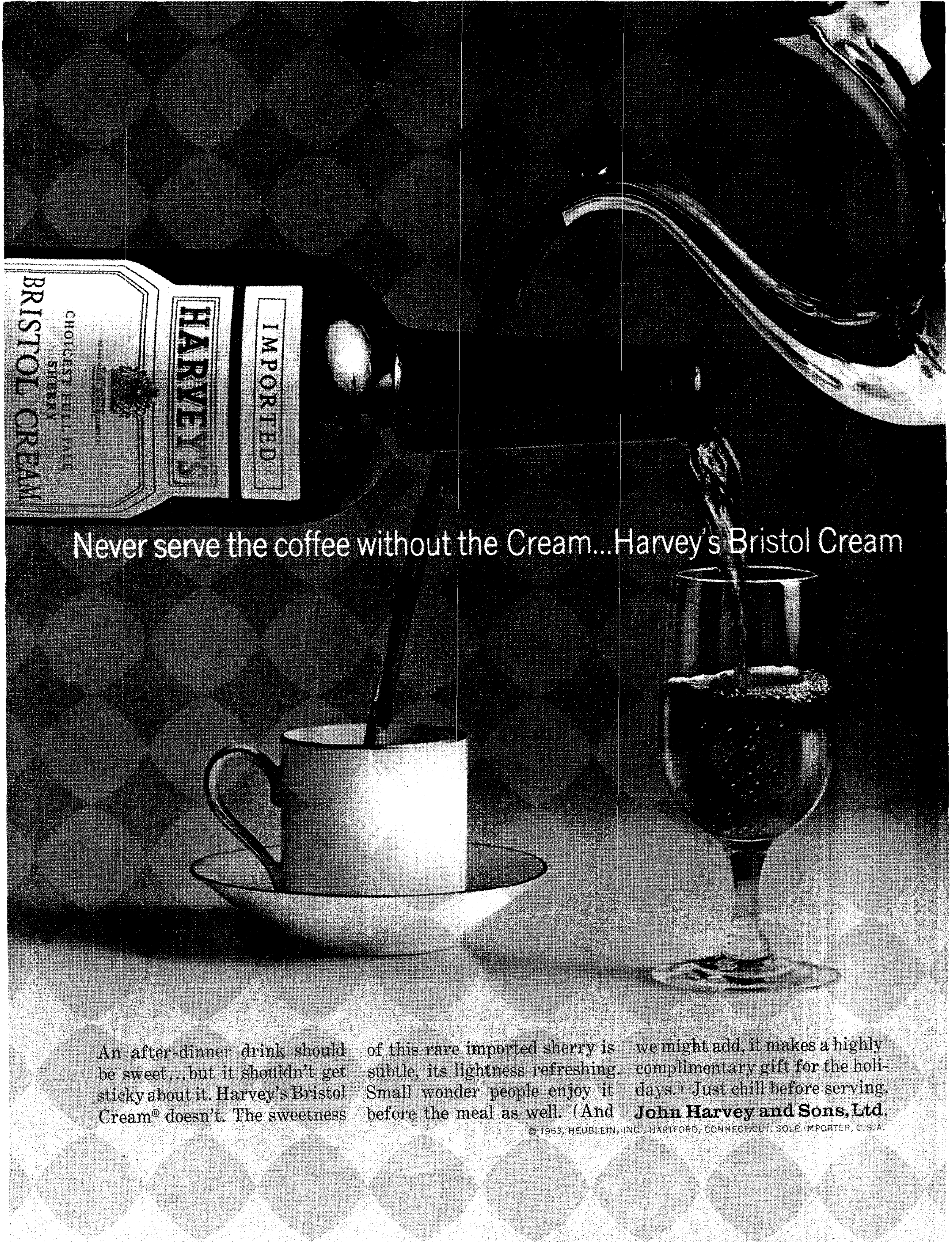
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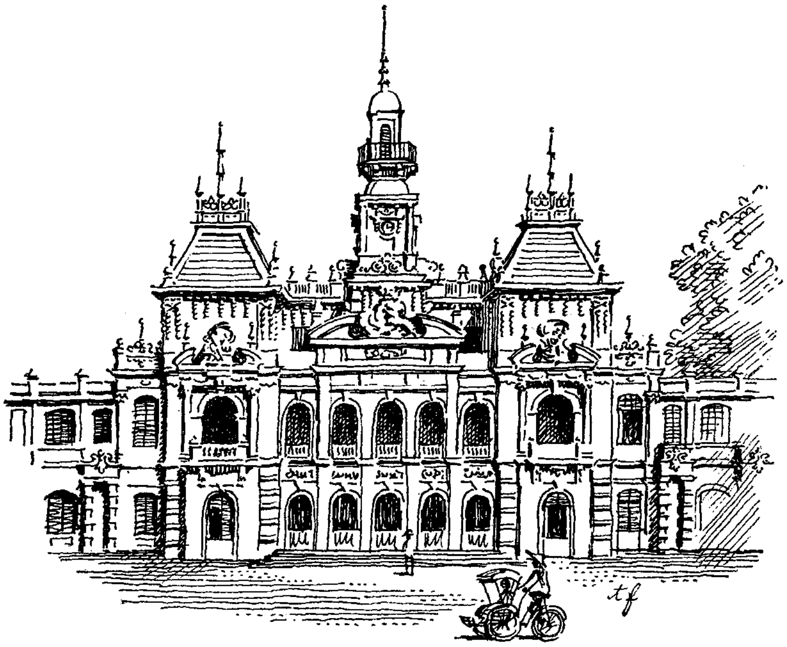
LETTER FROM SAIGON

DECEMBER 1

THE grim events that have occurred within the past month in South Vietnam and in the United States, similar in their shock effects if not in their political consequences, underline the strange historical association that has developed between the two countries during the last decade and remind Americans in Saigon that violence can suddenly shape their own destinies no less than it has shaped those of the Vietnamese, whose lives have been dominated by it for so many years. While news of President Kennedy's assassination moved the Vietnamese in a profoundly personal way—one newspaper said, "We would like to bury the late President with all the flowers of Vietnam and all the tears we can shed"—the slayings of President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother and chief cohort, Ngo Dinh Nhu, although they were deplored by most Americans here as a cruel and unnecessary climax to an otherwise carefully executed *coup d'état*, did not especially upset most Vietnamese. Their resentment against the two brothers, and particularly against the mystical, tyrannical Nhu, who was the evil genius of a family dynasty that included his wife and three other brothers, was deep. The sense of relief over their removal is still expressed everywhere, and the tense and repressive atmosphere that was so perceptible here a year ago (when I last visited Vietnam) has been replaced by an almost anticlimactic mood of relaxation. There is, in fact, a notably unrevolutionary air—a mood of repair and convalescence that is perhaps inevitable after several years of increasingly brutal dictatorial methods. This doesn't mean that nothing is being accomplished by the Military Revolutionary Council, made up of practical-minded generals headed by Duong Van Minh, which now sits at the top of a governmental structure composed mostly of civilians, under Premier Nguyen Ngoc Tho. The generals have already replaced or switched many officials of the old regime in the provincial governments, as well as in Saigon, and in the Army. Not all the replacements have been applauded locally—especially in cases where individuals closely associated with the old regime have simply been moved from one province to another—but the sad truth is that there is a grave shortage of men who possess both proper qualifications and completely clean pasts. On the fighting fronts, after a very bad week following the coup, when the Communist Viet Cong was responsible for more than a thousand hostile incidents—a record-breaking number—and after two subsequent weeks of severe enemy action, government forces are at least holding their own again in most areas. This is not true, though, in the Mekong Delta region, south of Saigon, where, over the last several months, the guerrillas have gained the upper hand, and the situation is more menacing than ever before. Consequently, the military over-optimism of the Diem regime has given way to caution; both American and Vietnamese officers believe that the Viet Cong will continue to press strongly in the months ahead, especially during the rice harvest, which begins next month, in an effort to take every advantage of the period of governmental transition.



The North Vietnamese Communists, in their noisy castigations, of course, always linked Diem with the Americans, insisting that he must go—despite the fact that not long before the coup Ho Chi Minh's Communist government, in Hanoi, abetted by the French (who have been more in evidence here lately than for many years), began *sub-rosa* overtures for a deal with the Diem regime on Hanoi's terms. Now the Communists are trying to smear the new government, which they insist is just as much an American puppet regime as Diem's. It's as difficult to gauge the effect of this propaganda as it is to gauge the full impact of Diem's fall on the countryside, where, to the peasants, "the government," whether under French or Vietnamese administrations, has always been regarded in varying degrees as a necessary evil. The Viet Cong has continued to make inroads in the villages, regardless of who was in power in Saigon, largely because of the highhanded methods of the small-time officials who have collected provincial taxes and, in the process, have forced peasants to put up with endless petty graft and corruption. Most of these minor bureaucrats are still where they were, and they will be hard to clean out, but it now seems that those in power in Saigon may finally realize that unless meaningful political and social improvements, rather than just reinforced security measures, are introduced in the villages the people cannot be made to believe in the fight they are being asked to continue waging against their fellow-Vietnamese, and some sort of accommodation with North Vietnam may after all become the only alternative.

The Vietnamese, who have never experienced any real freedom, are still in a political vacuum. Opposition leaders who were silenced for so long by Diem and Nhu have only begun to rally their scattered followers, many of whom have just been released from government dungeons, after being held for months or years without trial. Indeed, the dungeons still hold a number of non-Communist political prisoners, both new ones and old ones, and while civil liberties, including freedom of the press and of assembly, have been effectively restored (and the previously persecuted Buddhists seem satisfied with the regime so far), there are already signs that the new government is insecure in its democratic orientation. It has gone out of its way—perhaps only naturally, but

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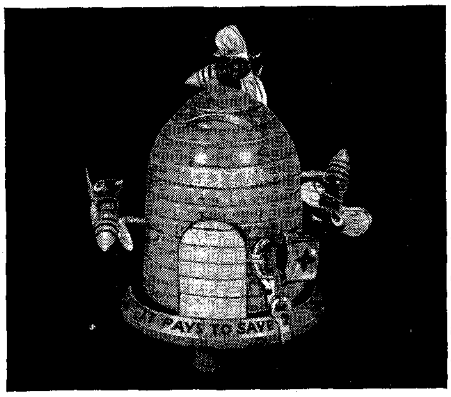

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at the same time rather ominously—to protect its leaders' prerogatives by shunting some promising young officers and civilians off into unimportant posts, and among those sidetracked are several men who were involved in one way or another in the planning and carrying out of the coup. The ruling generals, a loose and far from mutually trustful clique composed mostly of French-trained southern Vietnamese, are afraid that such men could become the spearhead of a fresh and dynamic opposition. What is needed more than ever right now, of course, is precisely a dose of dynamism, and what is so far lacking among the new leaders is fervor of the sort exhibited, for instance, ten years ago in the Philippines by the late Ramón Magsaysay against the Communist Huks. A number of the Americans here knew Magsaysay and worked with him, and some of these are urging the burly, personable General Minh to assume a similar role, moving around the countryside and dropping into trouble spots unexpectedly, the way Magsaysay did, rallying the peasants into an informal intelligence network, and exhorting the soldiers to improve the still sluggish tempo of operations—in which each week only about six per cent of those engaged actually make contact with the enemy. General Minh has not yet committed himself to such a personal role, but he has said he is considering it, and the Americans, who remember Magsaysay as also something of a reluctant dragon at first, are quietly continuing to press him. Minh told a correspondent not long ago, "Our job is to give light to the people and conquer their hearts." There is a lot of conquering to be done.

THE improbable circumstances of the coup itself—which was ultimately led by Minh and his fellow-generals, although it was initiated by others—and the details of events in the months that preceded it, including the strife between Nhu and the Buddhists, are still coming out. They provide a remarkable story of a regime plunging headlong to disaster against a background of plots within plots, of duplicity and counter-duplicity. All of this centers on Nhu and his wife, who, working on Diem's vanity and his suspicion of others, were increasingly able to dominate him, and, through him, the entire government. According to those I have talked with, Nhu, whose fundamental contempt for everyone outside his family, Vietnamese as well as American, led him to dwell increasingly in a megalomaniac world of his own, where

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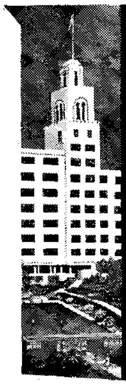

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he revelled in playing individuals and groups off against each other, allowed himself toward the end to deny all reality as he pulled everyone around him into the abyss. A Vietnamese who was close to the situation has told me, "You could see the beginnings of madness in his face—a sort of somnambulistic stare, always with that cold smile. The atmosphere was like that of the last days of Hitler. Nhu believed only what he wanted to believe, and wrenched all facts to fit his concepts. If we tried to tell him what the situation actually was—that a certain Army division wasn't where he thought it was, or that if American aid was cut off we could not continue financing the war without serious inflation—he simply told us we were fools and defeatists."

Nhu gathered around himself a group of sycophants to feed his swelling pride. In earlier days, he had had some efficient young brain-trusters who had acquired valuable political experience in other countries, but after an abortive coup in 1960 he replaced them with men of whom Colonel Le Quang Tung, one of those killed in the coup, was typical. Tung was a former servant of the Ngo family, who, after a hitch as a noncom in the French Army during the colonial war, received an appointment from the Ngos as a lieutenant of intelligence, in which job he squeezed money out of wealthy businessmen for the Can Lao Party, a secret organization that was Nhu's agency for ferreting out all forms of opposition. Late in 1960, Tung received a non-stop promotion from lieutenant to colonel and was put in charge of the newly created Special Forces, Nhu's private army, which last summer handled Nhu's crackdown on the Buddhists.

As Nhu withdrew further into himself, he refused to see even the Cabinet Ministers any longer, because they were likely to try to get him to shift his course. When several despairing Ministers finally tried to resign, they were persuaded to remain in office by Nguyen Ngoc Tho, the Buddhist Vice-President, who now heads the provisional government. Tho was doing his best to act as a moderating influence; then he himself found the situation increasingly intolerable, and wanted to quit in his turn, but General Minh, who was in the palace as military adviser but who knew that the coup was imminent, urged him to remain. As the crisis with the Buddhists began, Nhu's chief ally was his wife, who had developed her own power obsession, and who threw herself into political matters with increasing hysteria,

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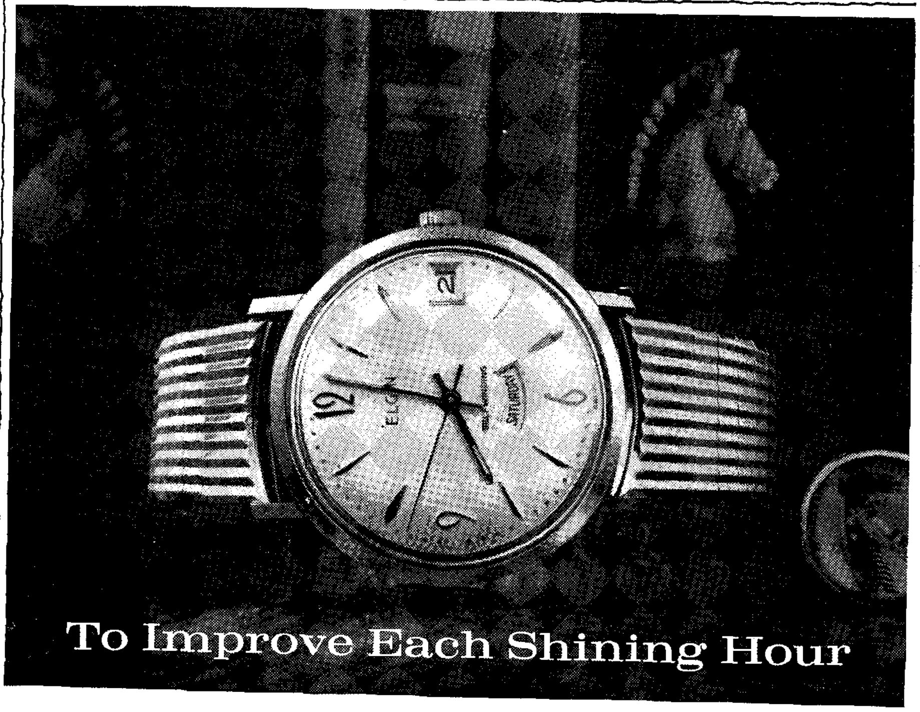

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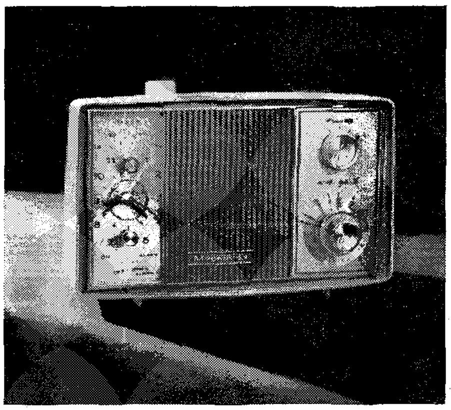

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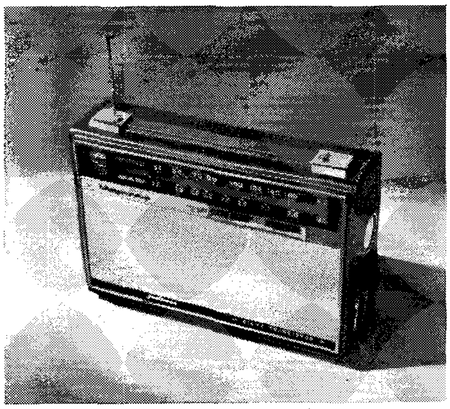

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backed by her own female sycophants and her own female military auxiliary corps. "At first, Nhu simply let his wife go her own way," my informant told me, "but then he began taking her advice, and in time he began vying with her to see who could be more extremist. The two of them and Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc [Diem's and Nhu's brother, who had become a dominant figure in central Vietnam] worked closely together, and at length Diem listened only to them. Those of us who knew the situation from the inside were always aware of the utter futility of the Americans' efforts to separate Diem from Nhu. Diem would never have removed Nhu. Whenever some of us tried to convince him of the gravity of the Buddhist situation, and momentarily felt that perhaps we had begun to bring him around, Nhu would brainwash him all over again."

The sources of the Buddhist rebellion of 1963, a number of people here believe, may have been from the start as much political as they were religious. The Buddhist uprising must be considered against the background of a problem that had its beginnings when the Diem regime was established after the 1954 Geneva Agreements partitioned the country at the seventeenth parallel, creating Communist North Vietnam and anti-Communist South Vietnam. At that time, more than a half million Catholic refugees from the north streamed across the parallel and quickly became the most ardent supporters of the Diem government, which had up until then had only minority support. The destitute refugees, led by their priests, established new villages, many of these bearing the names of the old ones they had forsaken. In short order, they ceased being virtual squatters and became what could be called a "new class." Because Diem felt he could rely on them, and because their clergy had access to the Presidential palace, Catholics came to dominate a significant proportion of the country, especially in central Vietnam. Before long, not only many of the village leaders but many, if not most, of the district and provincial chiefs were Catholics, and many of the important military leaders were, too. Through the influence of this burgeoning hierarchy, Catholic villages benefited most from government relief and aid programs, got the largest land grants to build schools and hospitals, were given priority for loans under the government's agricultural credit system, received official permission to cut and sell lumber from carefully protected

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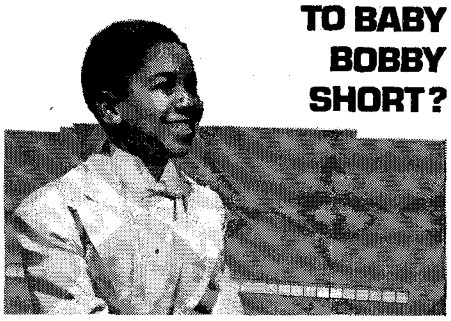

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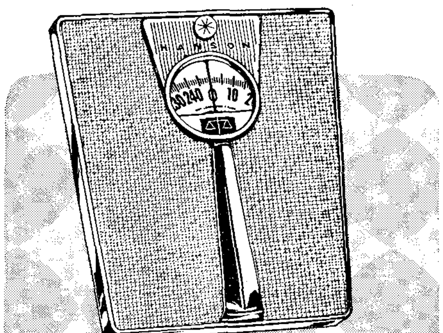

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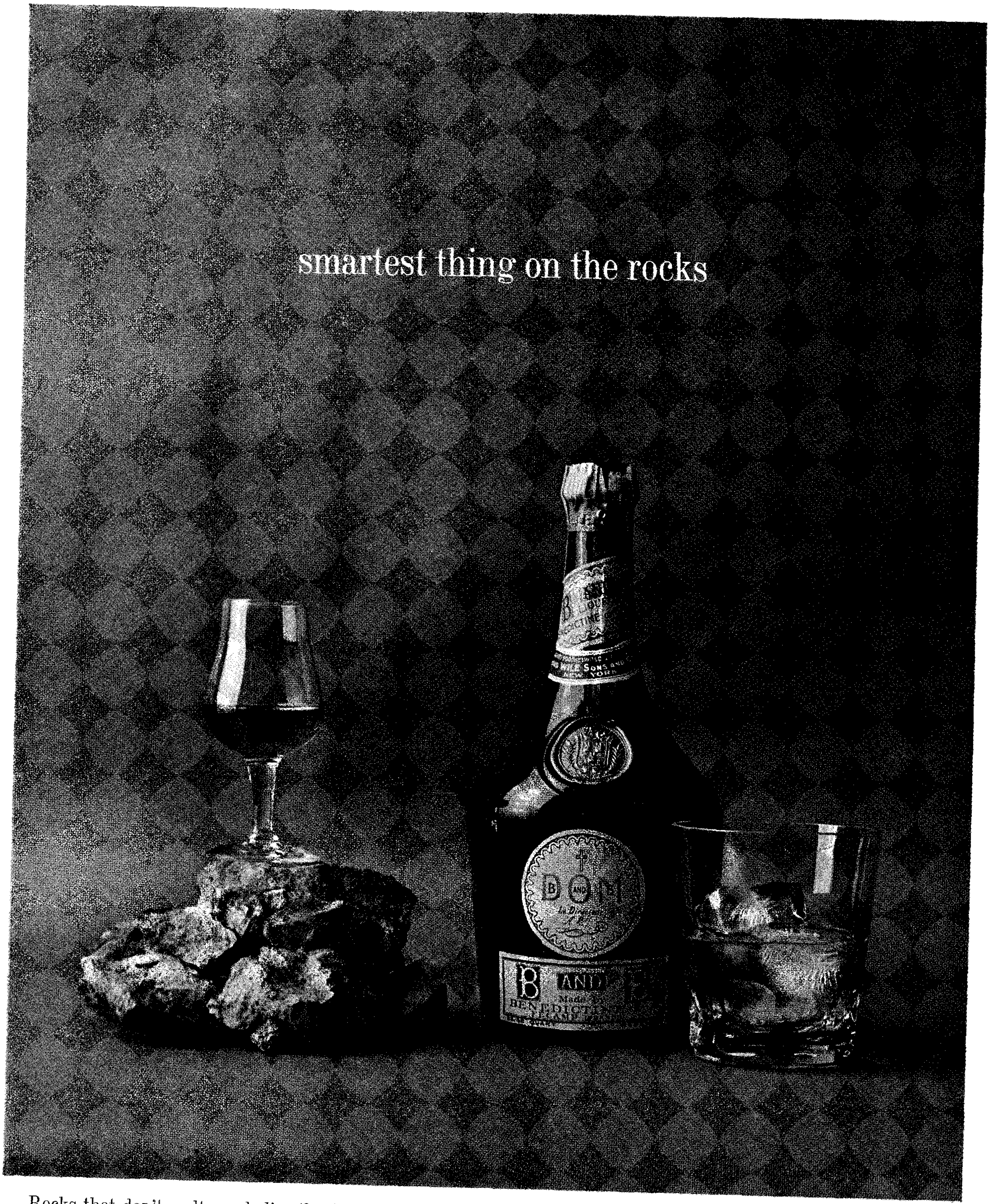

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It is doubtful whether the ruling family, until quite recently, was consciously engaged in any religious persecution of the ten and a half million of Vietnam's fourteen million people who are nominally Buddhists. (Actually, only some three million of these are practicing followers of the Buddha, the rest being primarily ancestor-worshipping peasants.) However, favoritism toward Catholics at the palace led to increasingly frequent individual acts of discrimination and repression against Buddhists on the part of the priests and officials who were the leaders of the nation's million and a half Catholics. (Most of the remaining two million Vietnamese are members of pagan hill tribes, who were simply ignored by the government until a couple of years ago, since when, under considerable American pressure, many of them have been lured out of the hills and persuaded to join the fight against the Viet Cong.) As the military situation grew more serious, so did the position of the Buddhists. For example, in the creation of "strategic hamlets"—villages that were fortified militarily and then, at least ostensibly, benefited by "civic action" programs that included the creation of roads and schools—the Catholic population was often exempted from the necessary physical labor, which was performed by non-Catholic soldiers or work brigades. In the government's land-development schemes, Catholics were given the best and safest areas to cultivate. Moved perhaps as much by the instinct of self-preservation as by pure opportunism, hundreds of nonreligious people—in some cases, whole villages at a time—sought conversion to Catholicism, a process that not all priests encouraged, even though the ones who didn't sometimes found themselves in trouble. A number of local officials were given government funds for distribution to zealous priests, enabling them to conduct propaganda campaigns to counter mounting criticism of the government, and in some cases Catholic villagers were given weapons and told to prepare to protect themselves and their families against a possible Buddhist revolt. Sometime around mid-1962, as the Saigon regime became more and more frightened, the campaign against the Buddhists did take on aspects of persecution. And where before there had only been smoldering discontent and a growing malaise, by the spring

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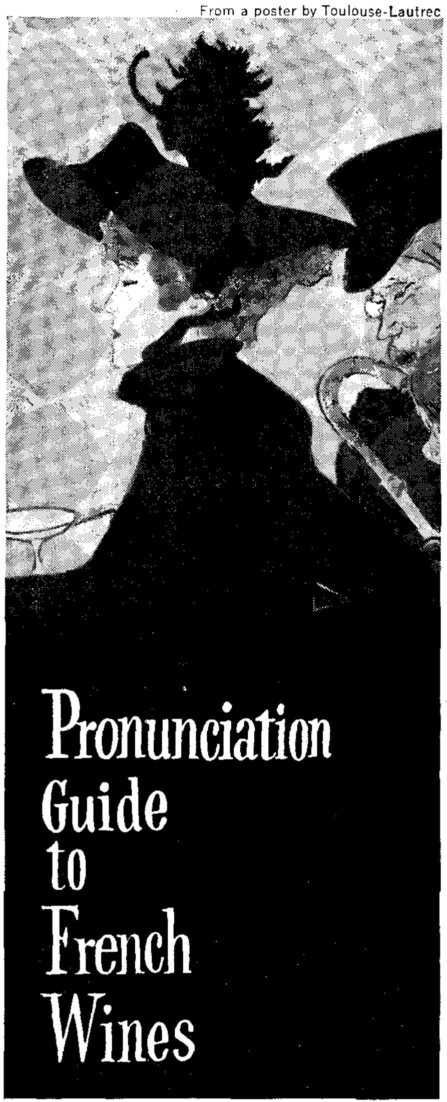

Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Montrachet	*Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent	*Prance Dar John*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge	*Prance Rouge*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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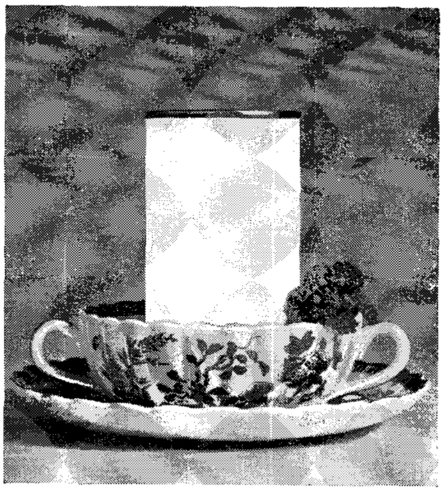
of 1963 a burning anger against the authoritarian attitudes and actions of the government had begun to roll across the countryside.

The Buddhist rebellion erupted in early May at Hué, the old capital, on the northern coast, when nine worshippers were shot and killed in consequence of an argument over the right of Buddhists to fly their religious flags and hold mass meetings during the commemoration of the twenty-five-hundred-and-seventh anniversary of the Buddha's birth—a celebration that happened to overlap one commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Archbishop Thuc's consecration as bishop. The trouble had begun when Thich Tri Quang, the Buddhist leader of central Vietnam, refused to send Thuc a congratulatory telegram. The government thereupon gave orders for strict enforcement of a two-year-old ban against the flying of religious flags, despite the fact that during Thuc's celebration the Vatican flag was displayed along with the national flag, and Thuc's picture appeared all over Hué. The Buddhists defiantly began to display their own banners three days before the Buddha's birthday, on May 8th, while the Catholic flags and pictures were still up. When the provincial administration backed down on its order against the Buddhist flags, and further agreed to allow Buddhist altars and lanterns, as well as flags, to remain on the streets, the Buddhists were emboldened, and they determined to go through with plans they had made for a mass meeting on May 8th and for a later rally against religious persecution. On May 8th, at Thuc's behest, Buddhist crowds were ordered to disperse, but fire hoses, blank shells, and tear gas failed to move them. Major Dang Sy, the Catholic deputy chief of the province, then ordered his troops to use live ammunition and grenades, and the nine killings took place. Although the government claimed that the deaths were caused by Communist plastic grenades, all neutral observers are agreed that Major Sy's men were responsible. Five weeks later, following negotiations between the central government and the Buddhists, the government granted some Buddhist demands, including the right to display flags regularly, but it still refused to admit guilt over the Hué incident. By this time, the first of the seven Buddhists who eventually committed sacrificial suicide had been soaked in gasoline by his adherents and had set fire to himself at a Saigon street crossing. World opinion, shocked by the event, became increasingly critical. Efforts by



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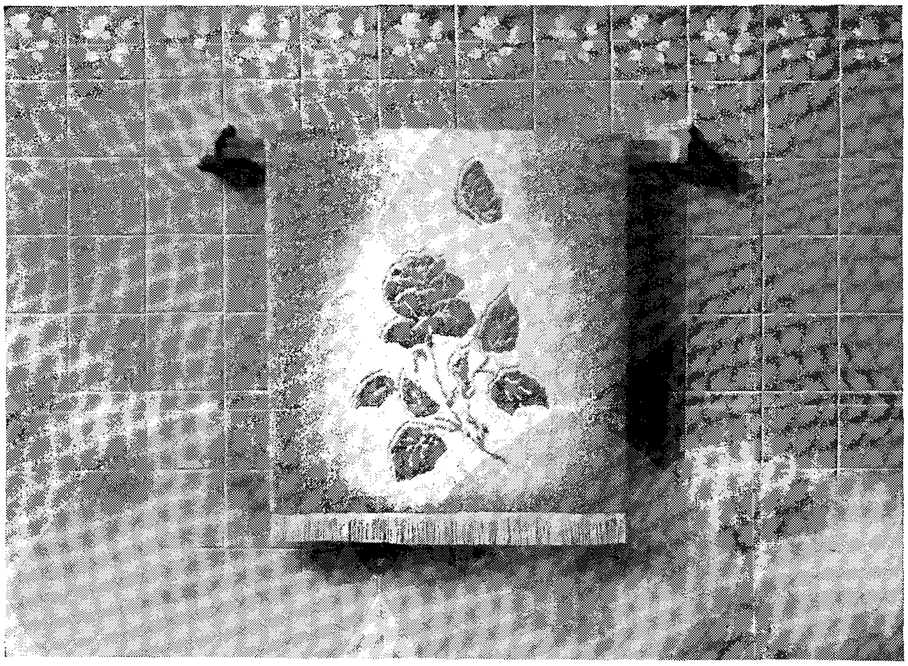
Americans to persuade Diem to settle the problem peacefully simply served to arouse Nhu and his wife to make wild claims that the Buddhists were publicity seekers and were dominated by the Communists, which was never true. If the Buddhists, for their part, were by now obviously determined to press the issue in every possible way, the Nhus were equally determined to quell them by force and protect the regime at any cost—even by staging an internal blood bath, if necessary. By early August, Nhu, goaded by his wife, who reportedly had called him a coward, was talking vaguely to a number of generals and others about putting on a stage-managed "coup" that would be anti-American as well as anti-Buddhist.

On August 21st, Nhu ordered a drastic action designed to maintain his brother Diem as front man and to put Nhu himself in full control of the country. Following a declaration of nationwide martial law, Buddhist pagodas were raided all over Vietnam by Colonel Tung's Special Forces. In Saigon, they used tear-gas bombs and grenades in storming the Xa Loi Pagoda and three other pagodas, arresting several hundred Buddhist priests, and hauling them away. Similar raids took place in other cities, including Hué, where a number of people were killed or injured. It developed afterward that Nhu, in an attempt to implicate his Army generals in the anti-Buddhist action, had forced them to sign a predated memorandum implying that they had known in advance that the raids were going to take place, whereas all but one or two had not. Nhu had also previously fooled the top echelon at the American Embassy by pretending that he was prepared to negotiate with the Buddhists, though many lesser Embassy officials had warned their superiors of what would probably happen. It is noteworthy that the new American Ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge, arrived in Saigon the day after the raids, having been rushed there ahead of schedule to take the place of his predecessor, Frederick Nolting, Jr.

If Nhu thought he had taught the Buddhists a lesson, his plan quickly boomeranged. Among other miscalculations, he had failed to anticipate the reaction of Vietnamese high-school and college students, who had not traditionally been as politically minded as students in China and other Asian countries, but who in this case proved to be. As a result of the student unrest that followed the pagoda raids, schools and colleges were closed and several thousand students were arrested. This move,



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in turn, created a serious morale problem in the Army, since the brothers and sisters of many soldiers were jailed. A number of leading professional people and some military officers whose loyalty Nhu doubted were also imprisoned, and although most of the prisoners, including the students, were released on September 16th, when martial law was lifted, several hundred of the officers and professionals were still held and, as they subsequently reported in detail, subjected to various forms of electrical and water torture. As terror mounted, the United States, under Ambassador Lodge's tough leadership, moved toward the inevitable showdown. After the pagoda raids, Washington suspended the twelve-million-dollar monthly allotment it was giving Vietnam in the form of foods and manufactured products, which the government sold to help balance its budget and pay for the war. At this, Nhu stubbornly refused to allow his Ministers to dip into Vietnam's own reserve funds, insisting that money could be obtained "somewhere else"—i.e., by raising new crops or by levying new taxes, both of which had previously been tried unsuccessfully, and neither of which could be done overnight, anyway. At bottom, Nhu probably still thought that he could outbluff Washington, but when he finally saw that he couldn't, he publicly accused the United States of having caused "the process of disintegration in Vietnam." Individual Americans in Saigon were now threatened, and the atmosphere was no longer merely tense but positively dangerous.

It was at about this point that Nhu began his flirtation with the Hanoi Communists. Sometime in September, but certainly after General de Gaulle had made a statement implying that peace between North and South Vietnam was possible and that a neutral Vietnam would receive France's help, Nhu conferred with a French representative who was stationed in the northern capital, and who visited Saigon along with a Polish member of the International Control Commission, which had been established in 1954 to see that the Geneva Agreements were enforced. At first, Nhu probably thought he could use the threat of negotiations with North Vietnam as another means of bringing the Americans back into line, but as the situation deteriorated further, he began really believing that he might make a deal. Vietnamese friends have told me of a prophetic remark made four years ago by a French priest who was well acquainted with Nhu: "He is a man totally

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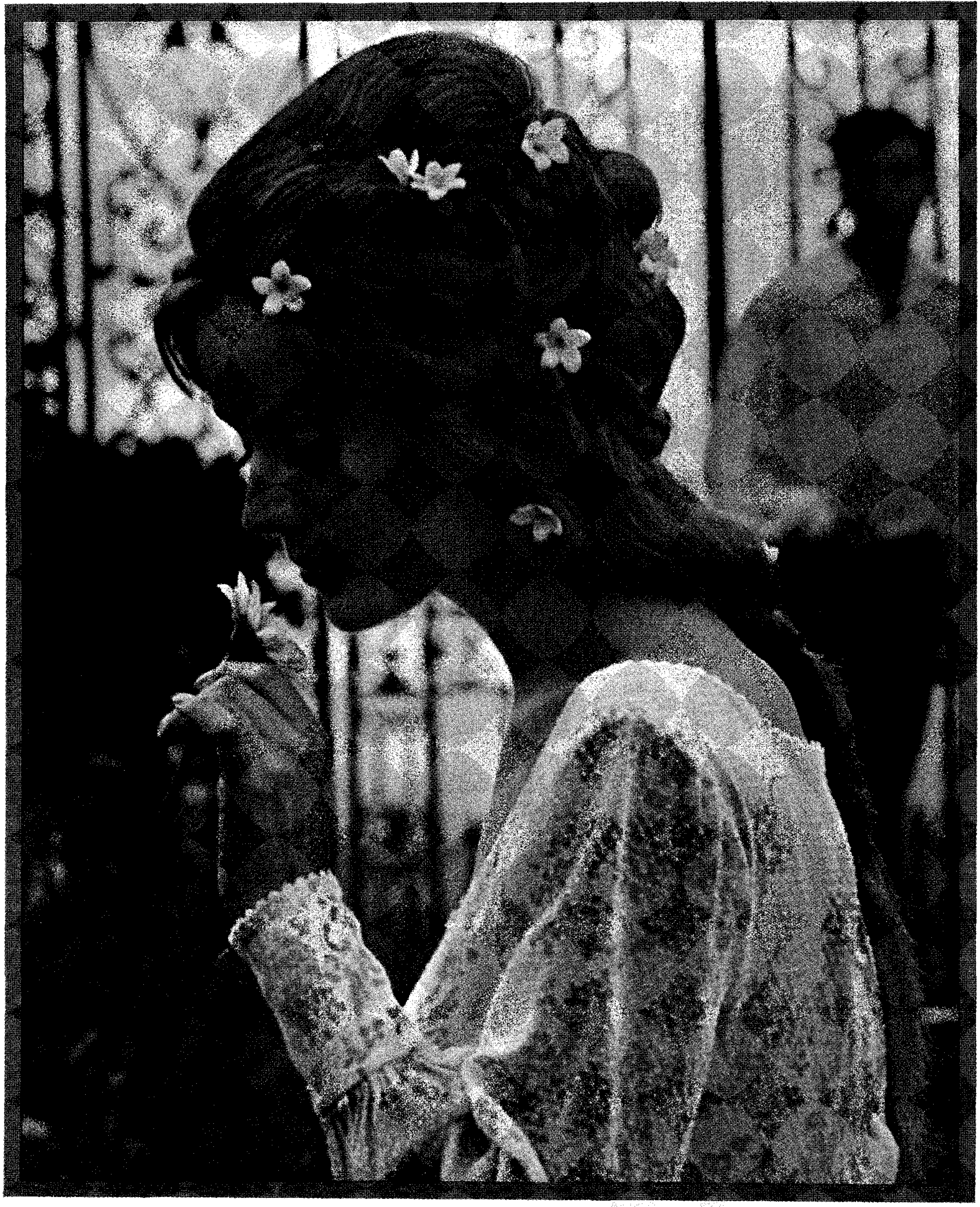

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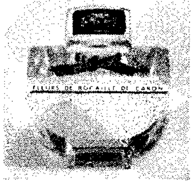
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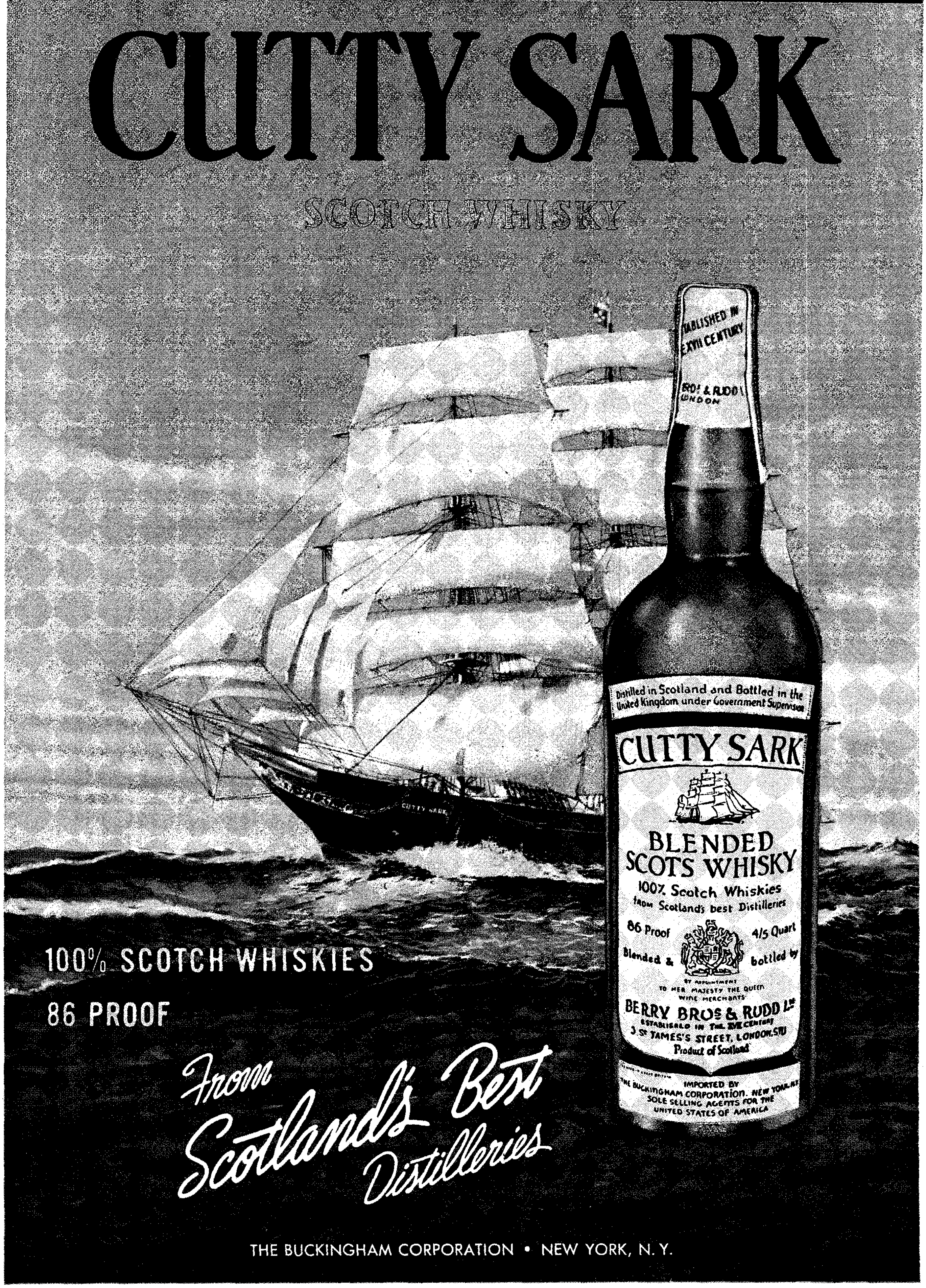
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committed to a policy of '*Après moi le déluge.*' " It seems that Nhu's Hanoi contacts largely sealed his doom, because they helped to solidify his opposition—particularly among the generals, who in the final days took the decisive role in the coup.

PLANS for some sort of coup had, in fact, been hatching as far back as mid-1962. The chief original plotter was a tiny man with a brilliant mind—Dr. Tran Kim Tuyen. For several years, Dr. Tuyen had been the government's Director of Social and Political Studies, and, as such, had in effect been for a time the real head of Vietnam's secret political intelligence apparatus. On two occasions, first after an abortive coup in November, 1960, and again after another in February, 1962—when the Presidential palace was bombed and the Ngo family narrowly escaped being killed—Dr. Tuyen protested to Diem about Mme. Nhu's increasing meddling in politics. Nhu ignored the first protest but took offense at the second, and thereafter Dr. Tuyen was out of favor. However, he kept his job until mid-1963, mainly because Nhu thought he could use the Doctor to keep tabs on plotters against the regime. There are those who now insist that Dr. Tuyen was primarily an *agent provocateur*, who had been luring Cabinet members into corrupt financial transactions so that Nhu would have something on them. Apparently, Dr. Tuyen did engage in such activities, but he was playing a far deeper double game, for he was seriously plotting against the regime. And last September, he was virtually exiled to Cairo, as Vietnamese consul-general—a fact that would seem to prove that Nhu himself had grown scared of him.

Before he left, Dr. Tuyen had laid his plans quite thoroughly. His principal instruments were Colonel Do Mau, the Chief of Military Security in Saigon; a number of senior Army colonels who occupied key military positions around the country; the commanding officers of several marine and paratroop battalions stationed near Saigon; and some contingents of the Fifth Division that were operating north of the capital. Dr. Tuyen also had some of his own men in Nhu's Special Forces and in elements of Nhu's palace guard, and he had secret support from various important government officials and from important civilians. But what was even more significant was that Dr. Tuyen had access to an elaborate undercover network, stretching far into Army combat units

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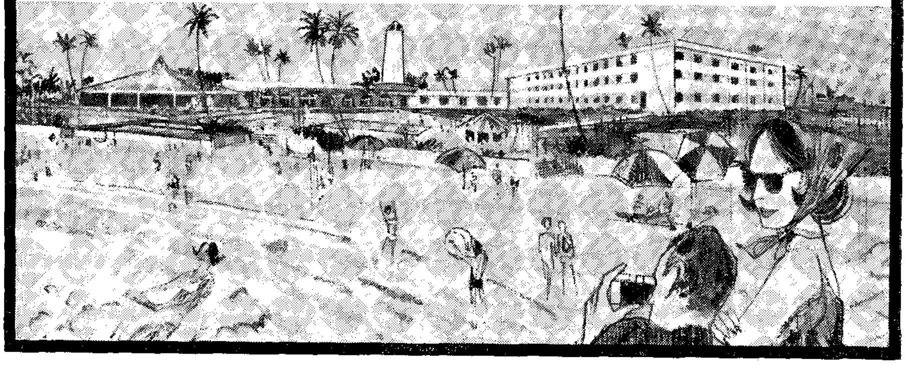

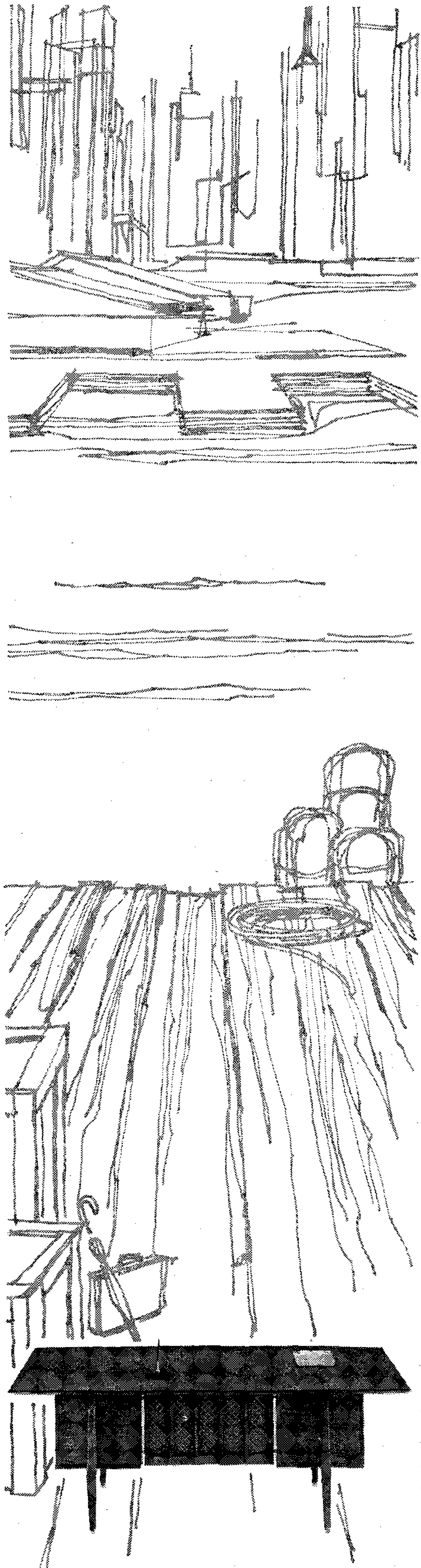

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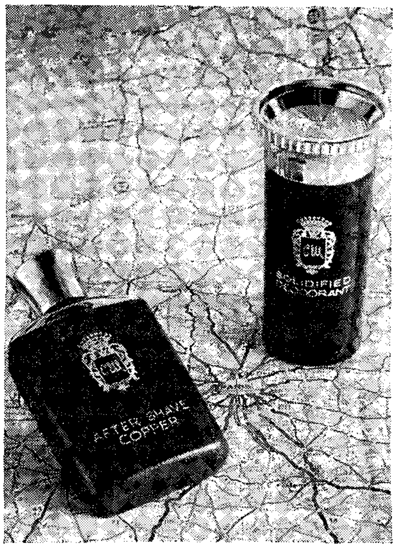
in the field, which he had originally established as a sort of pro-Nhu antisubversive corps. His first projected date for a coup was last July 15th, but he then found himself unable to rally sufficient support among the top generals. Although the generals were discontented, and although, individually or in private talks, they had been considering the possibilities of a coup, they were fearful of what could happen and were still divided among themselves. Also, because of his past record, they didn't particularly trust Dr. Tuyen.

After Dr. Tuyen left the country (Nhu carefully kept the Doctor's family in Saigon as hostages), the essential elements of his plot were inherited by his accomplice Colonel Do Mau. Do Mau was now able to enlist General Tran Thien Khiem, the executive officer of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had direct control over the troops in the field, and these two now became the chief planners of the coup. Their principal instruments were the contingents initially mobilized by Dr. Tuyen, plus an independent group of young officers, mostly Signal Corps, plus some Transportation and Air Force men, making common cause with some students' and workers' groups, which, under the name of the Military and Civilian Front for Revolution in Vietnam, had begun plotting on their own early in August. Their leader was a cousin of Colonel Do Mau's, so it wasn't difficult to establish liaison at the crucial moment. The fact was that young officers throughout the armed forces were becoming disillusioned with the regime, and this feeling was strengthened when they saw that as the Buddhist rebellion spread, people everywhere were willing to flock to pagodas, even in the face of gun muzzles.

The generals who had refused to work with Dr. Tuyen had now begun to plot a coup of their own. The plotters included General Minh, who had earlier been deprived of his field command by Diem to serve in the innocuous palace role of military adviser; General Tran Van Don, who was acting chief of staff of the Vietnamese armed forces but who did not have as much control over troops in the field as General Khiem; and General Le Van Kim, the former commandant of the national military academy, who had been out of favor with Diem for a long time and had no job at all. Curiously, the generals lacked the direct contact with combat troops and field commanders that the civilian Dr. Tuyen had established. They succeeded in obtaining promises of coöperation from the commanders of two corps



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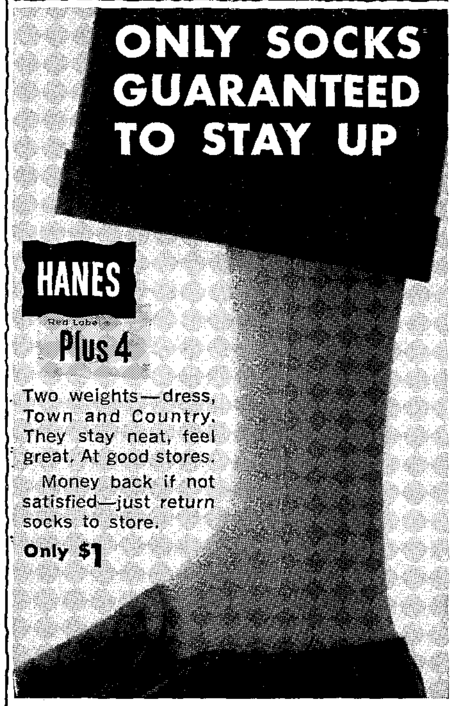

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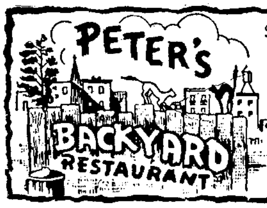

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in the northernmost region of the country, but they still had to cope with two other corps commanders—General Ton That Dinh, who was also military governor of Saigon, and General Huynh Van Cao, who commanded the Fourth Corps, south of Saigon. Both of these generals were still loyal to Diem and Nhu, and it was no accident that they had been given control of the troops surrounding Saigon. The plotting generals' initial plan had been to get some troops that they thought *they* could trust into the city in August, and for that reason they had suggested to Nhu at the time of the pagoda raids that martial law be established, and although he had agreed to the suggestion as part of his plan to implicate all of the generals in the raids, he had allowed troop movements only by the Special Forces. He had, however, given over-all charge of the anti-Buddhist operation to the loyal General Dinh, an unconscionable braggart, and a man of consummate ambition. General Dinh, who is now Minister of Security, subsequently played an amazing double role, which did not become resolved until an hour or so before the coup began. A few days after the anti-Buddhist raids, Dinh began boasting privately and publicly that it was primarily he who had saved the country from the Buddhists and Communists and from "foreign adventurers"—meaning Ambassador Lodge and certain elements of the Central Intelligence Agency. Now the other generals decided to play upon Dinh's vanity and to utilize him for their own ends. Although many details were reported in the United States some time ago by David Halberstam of the *Times*, the full extent of General Dinh's duplicity and the ludicrous maneuvers of the plotters as he wavered back and forth have only recently become known. At first, the generals egged Dinh on to ask Diem and Nhu to make him Minister of the Interior. The reaction was just what the generals had expected; Diem and Nhu became furious, and told Dinh he was too big for his breeches and should stop meddling in politics. Dinh then asked for a brief leave, thinking that Diem would consider him too valuable to let him go. He was further humiliated when Diem granted the leave. When Dinh returned to the capital in early September, he stayed away from his headquarters and sulked. Now the other generals again went to work on him, telling him that he was the one who should really lead the coup. Dinh still wavered, but he finally went along with a plan to send his deputy, Colonel

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Nguyen Huu Co, who was fully in on the plot, south to set in motion an elaborate subplot to neutralize General Cao, the Fourth Corps commander, who was still totally loyal to the regime. Co succeeded in bringing the various Fourth Corps unit commanders into the coup scheme, but he overplayed his hand, and an officer who was loyal to Diem reported Co's activities to the palace. General Dinh was called in to see Diem and Nhu. After saying that he was at fault for not detecting Co's disloyalty, he suggested that the Colonel be shot. Nhu refused, saying he wanted to use Co to find out more about the plot. More important, Nhu wanted to use Dinh in a remarkable counterplot of his own. According to Nhu's scheme, a few days after Vietnam's national holiday, October 26th, General Dinh, along with Colonel Tung and elements of the palace guard, was to conduct the first stage of a weird pseudo coup. To fool the Americans as well as the plotting generals, Colonel Tung would send some of his units out of Saigon on alleged combat duty. Meanwhile, other loyal troops and tank units would secretly take up positions around the city. Then, suddenly, supposedly anti-Diem police units and goon squads would stage a fake revolt in Saigon. Diem and Nhu, at the first sign of action, were to go to Cap Saint Jacques, a resort southeast of Saigon, where they had a command post with full communications prepared. It would look, they thought, as if they had fled a bona-fide uprising. The phony revolutionary government in Saigon would then proclaim a fuzzy new program, and some well-known political prisoners would be let out of jail. But then other gangster squads would go into action, and there would be a blood bath, during which, it was planned, some Americans as well as some Vietnamese would be killed. Within forty-eight hours, to "restore order," Generals Dinh and Cao, using the troops they had stationed around Saigon, would attack the city and take over, and Diem and Nhu would return from Cap Saint Jacques as vindicated heroes.

It was all very craftily laid out. However, the group that had originally worked with Dr. Tuyen and was now allied with General Khiem and Colonel Do Mau learned of the first stage of Nhu's fantastic scheme. This group had already made plans to carry out a real coup on October 24th, but General Khiem had vetoed the idea, because there would not be enough trucks and tanks available on that date. Nhu, in turn, had got wind of this post-

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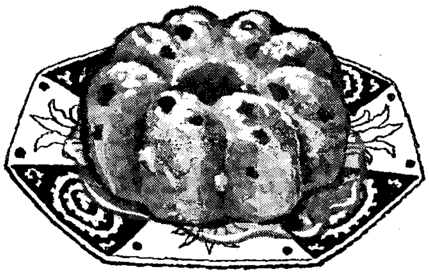

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poned coup, and he thereupon decided to advance his own schedule, skipping the first stage of *his* coup and going right into the second stage, in which, after signs of an uprising, General Dinh's troops would seize control of the city. General Dinh, still wavering, had his own doubts about whether Nhu's plan would work. Most observers believe, however, that at this stage he was more inclined to be loyal to Nhu than to the generals he had set up tenuous contact with. At this point, the role of General Khiem, who was in charge of over-all troop dispositions, became more important than ever. Up to now he had been cautious, but the moment he was given full proof of what Nhu was up to, he agreed that the real plotters had to act quickly, and he was spurred on by the proof that was submitted to him of Nhu's behind-the-scenes talks with his Hanoi contacts. Colonel Do Mau and General Khiem worked out details of the planned attack, and the other generals were brought in on them. Now came the climax—more Graustarkian than Shakespearean. Toward the last week of October, General Dinh, who had been apprised, in part, of the other generals' plan and had been promised an important role if he took part, apparently reported to Nhu what was about to happen. The coup was set for November 4th, and Nhu, scheming up to the end, suggested that Dinh get the date advanced to November 1st, thinking to throw the real plotters off in their schedule, so that he could proceed with his counter-measures. The plotters, still suspicious of Dinh and immediately making new plans of their own, agreed to the new date. Then, quietly alerting units whose participation Dinh did not know about, they outsmarted Dinh completely, boxing in his troops, which Nhu had counted on for carrying out his own plan. At 10 A.M. on Friday, November 1st, Colonel Do Mau produced his trump card. He called a meeting of top officers, including Dinh, at the well-guarded military headquarters in Saigon, and, instead of letting Dinh go back to his own headquarters, as Dinh had planned to do, kept him and the others there until the coup was under way. At this final moment, Dinh, knowing that he was on the spot and also knowing that he would have an important role now and later because he and his troops were vital to the plotters' success, agreed to play their game to the hilt. Also there was the unfortunate Colonel Tung, who had answered a summons to what he thought was a routine staff meeting, and who had no inkling of what was about to

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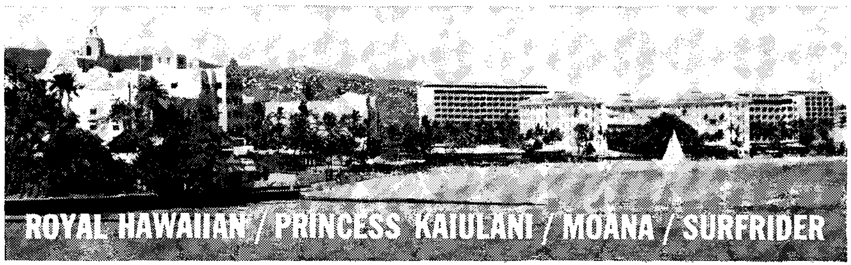

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happen. Tung was ordered to tell his Special Forces troops to surrender at once to the anti-Diem forces, and when he refused, he was taken out and shot. About the same time, the Navy commander in Saigon, also a pro-Diem man, was assassinated on a highway outside the city.

From the moment the coup started, at around 1:30 P.M., it was carried out with complete precision. Two marine battalions, two airborne battalions, and two battalions of General Dinh's Fifth Division were hurriedly brought into the city, along with three dozen tanks and armored personnel carriers, and deployed at crucial points. Some Signal Corps and Transportation units commanded by the young revolutionary officers who had been doing their own independent plotting were also in on the plans and ready to move. In less than an hour, the central police headquarters, the post office, and the radio station were captured. Shortly after dusk, Presidential guard units at Diem's Gia Long Palace were subjected to a tank and mortar barrage, and by midnight the guards had surrendered and their barracks had been seized. From the beginning, Nhu and Diem had been completely fooled. When a member of Nhu's security police telephoned the palace to report the military actions, Nhu assured him that they were part of a careful palace scheme. Only after all the key points had been seized by rebel task forces did Nhu begin to suspect what had happened. He tried to telephone General Dinh to tell him to counterattack, and when he found that the General could not be reached, it became clear to Nhu that he had been outfoxed. When the two brothers were asked to surrender, they brazenly demanded that the generals come to the palace for "consultations;" during the unsuccessful 1960 coup, such talks with the plotters had created just the lull that Diem and Nhu needed to regain the upper hand. This time, the rebels refused to dicker. At about this time, Diem got through to Ambassador Lodge on the telephone. Lodge, if he hadn't known about the details of the coup in advance, had certainly known for several days that something was brewing. He expressed anxiety about Diem's safety, and apparently recommended that the two surrender. Diem rejected this idea, and also brushed aside a suggestion that he and Nhu take refuge in the U.S. Embassy. The call ended with Lodge saying he would try to protect Diem and his family from personal harm. Diem, with Nhu at his side, then

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frantically started telephoning all the divisional and provincial headquarters he could reach, asking for help, but none was forthcoming. One supposedly loyal division of General Cao's Fourth Corps had been commandeered by Colonel Co, and until it was too late General Cao himself had been completely taken in by the assertion that the action had been arranged by Nhu. Final, frenzied calls by Nhu to paramilitary units, including the Republican Youth Corps, made up of teen-age drill groups, were also futile.

The attack on the palace itself, led by tanks, began at 3:45 A.M. on November 2nd. Long before that—probably as early as eight o'clock the previous evening—Diem and Nhu had sneaked out through a tunnel and had gone in a Red Cross ambulance to the many-roomed house of a rich Chinese friend in Cholon, a Chinese section of Saigon. Direct communication had long before been set up between this house and the palace for just such an emergency. During the attack on the palace early Saturday morning, the insurgents repeatedly telephoned a military aide of Diem's who had remained there, and put individual unit commanders on the phone to prove to him that the palace was surrounded, that all key points in town had been secured, and that all "loyal" troops had joined the rebels. The aide relayed the information to Diem and Nhu in the Cholon house. By the time the palace surrendered, around six o'clock in the morning, one of the officers leading the assault, Colonel Pham Ngoc Thao, had found out from one of Nhu's captured officers where Diem and Nhu were, but Colonel Thao didn't want to go after the brothers without permission from General Khiem. At first, General Khiem would not believe that Diem and Nhu were not in the palace, and only after troops had searched it thoroughly and found no sign of them was he convinced. Then he told Thao to go and get them.

At seven in the morning, Colonel Thao arrived at the house in Cholon. After he entered it, he picked up a telephone to call the palace and report his whereabouts to the rebel officers now in control there. Diem and Nhu, apparently listening over another extension in the Cholon house and recognizing a strange voice, managed to flee to a small Catholic church nearby, and they hid there. Around nine, Diem got to a phone, called General Khiem, and agreed to surrender. An armored personnel carrier was sent to get him and

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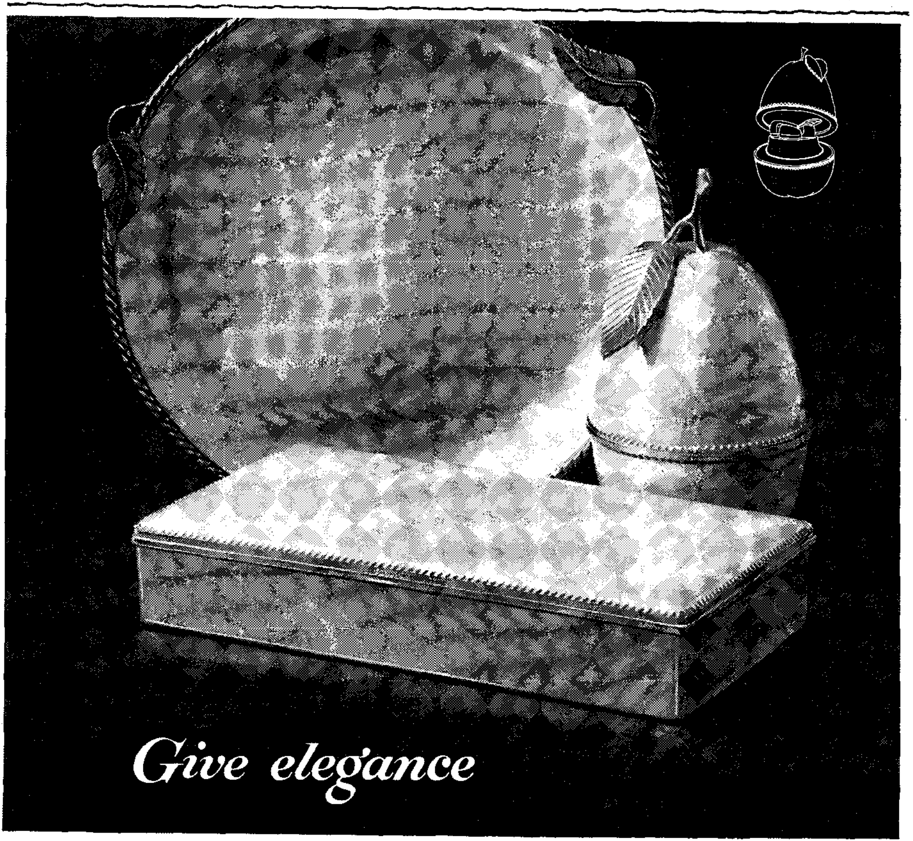

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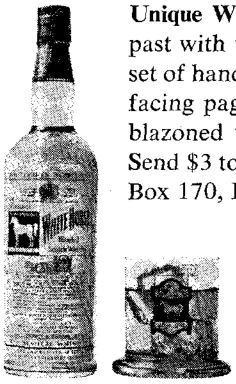

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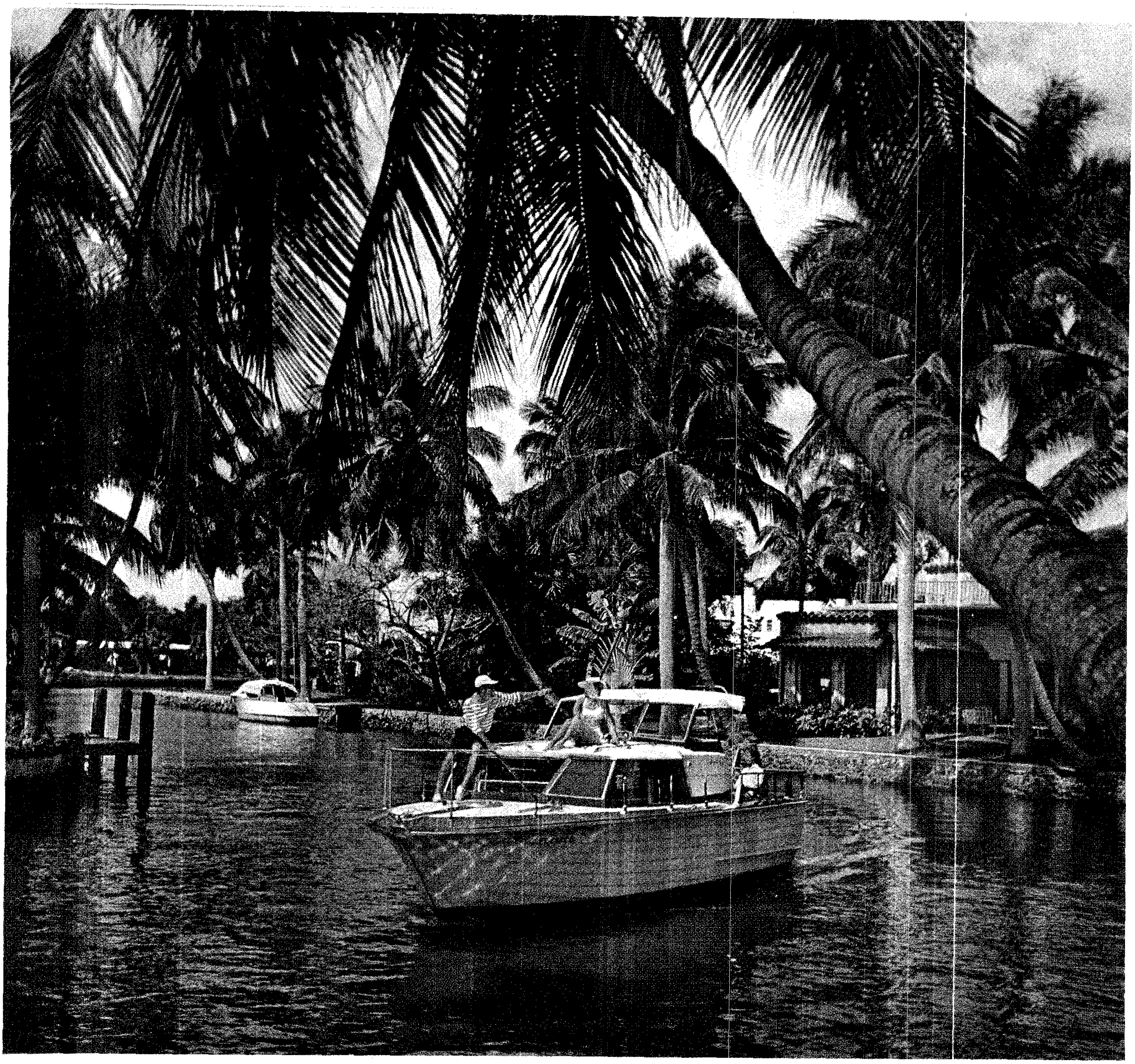

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Nhu. According to one account, the first man the two saw get out of the carrier was a colonel whom they knew and trusted, and they came forward. However, according to most reliable reports, behind the colonel in another vehicle was a general who had his own reasons for wanting both of them, and particularly Nhu, quickly eliminated. It was this general, I am told, who gave the order that the brothers be killed. They were murdered inside the personnel carrier by a police major. He shot Diem in the head, then similarly shot Nhu, who was afterward stabbed repeatedly by other officers.

Around 11 A.M., the bodies were found by a relative of the Nhus who had been sent to the scene, and he had them taken to a Catholic hospital, where a French doctor simply signed their death certificates but did not conduct an autopsy. At that time, some of the generals, and especially Dinh, who had been opposed to the murders and were shocked by them, were trying to make it appear that the brothers had committed suicide, but no one believed these accounts. The original death certificates described Diem not as head of the state but as "Chief of the Province," one of the earliest jobs he had held in his career during the French colonial period, and described Nhu as "Chief of the Library Service," one of *his* early posts. This is said to have been a Vietnamese way of expressing contempt for the two rulers. No one knows for sure where they are buried, but the best guess is that several days after the coup the bodies were placed in unmarked graves at the military headquarters on the outskirts of town.

One of the first exiles to rush back to Saigon was Dr. Tuyen, who is considered by many to have been the mastermind of the coup, and who surely laid the early groundwork for it. He returned within a few hours of Diem's and Nhu's demise, and it proved to be his biggest mistake. He and four of his top aides, plus some other men he had worked with, were arrested within a few days, and are still being held. Whatever happens to Dr. Tuyen, it's obvious that, no matter who plans a coup or who carries it out, there can be only one set of victors.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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The freeway will be open to public travel tomorrow and is expected to afford considerable east-west traffic congestion.—*San Mateo (Calif.) Times.*

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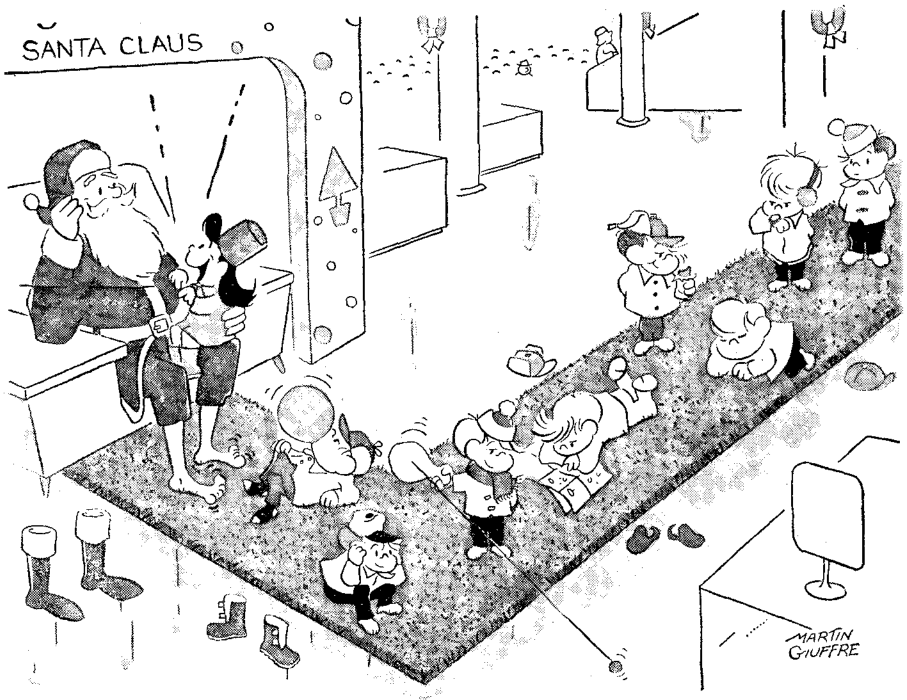

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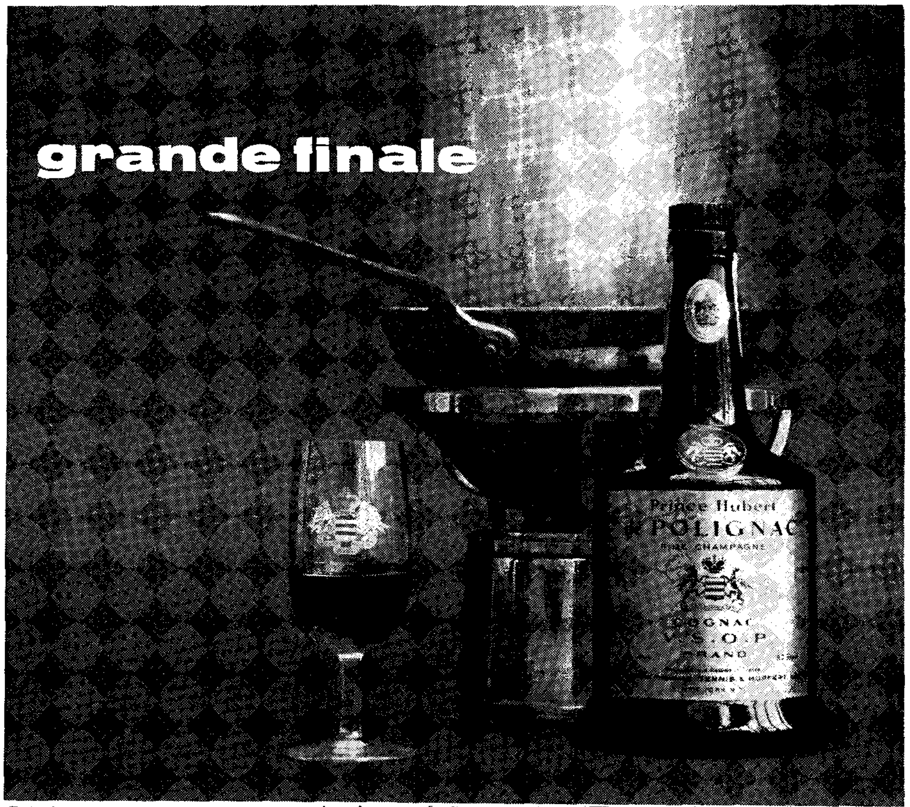

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We did win *some* prizes, however. (Thank goodness.) Simmons showed that we had more adult readers per copy than any other magazine in the study. We had the lowest cost-per-thousand for reaching the professional-managerial audience. We had the lowest cost-per-thousand for reaching corporate officers, directors, owners, partners, and general managers. In our own bailiwick, it seems we're doing fine. Now if we can only interest those female readers . . .

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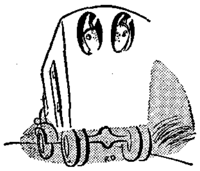
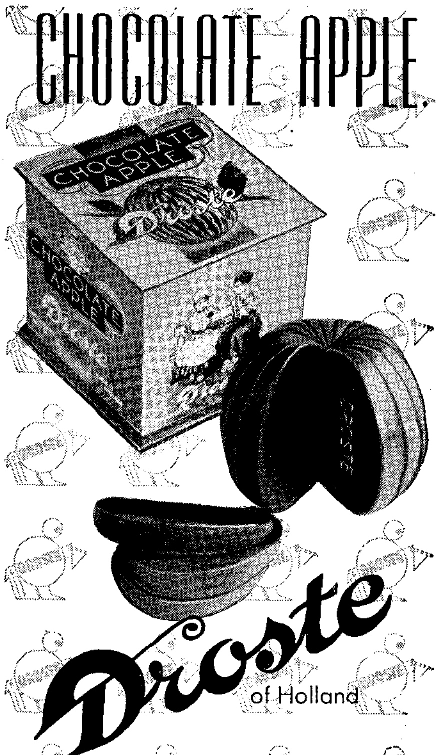
Season's End



THERE is always a certain sadness about the end of things. It was there at Aqueduct last Saturday, when the race meeting that had seemed interminable closed. Indeed, after two hundred days at the Big A—a hundred and twelve in the spring and summer, and, after a break of four weeks at Saratoga in August, eighty-eight more—one couldn't help feeling rather at a loss. It was quite the longest session at any track that anyone can remember, and also the most successful financially. Both the attendance and the amount wagered in the mutuels topped the combined totals last year for Aqueduct, Belmont Park, and Saratoga; attendance was 6,283,070, compared to last year's 6,056,904, and the betting was $597,558,554, compared to $582,478,748. To wind things up, the crowd of 54,204 last weekend bet $5,526,864, which was only $42,782 less than 71,876 enthusiasts bet on Labor Day. Of course, those totals will be remembered when the question about dates comes up before the legislature at Albany in January, and you can bet your boots that opening day in 1964 is going to be earlier. It might be March 14th, or even March 2nd. (The trotters expect to get going on February 15th.) There may be a later closing, too. The weather won't always be as unusually mild as it has been on Long Island for the past month, but horseplayers never give a thought to that except when it affects the condition of the track.

Even though it was a gray, early-spring-like afternoon and the runners were not our best horses, the racing last Saturday was crackerjack. The most exciting event was the Stuyvesant Handicap, a race that Man o' War won as a three-year-old. In this year's renewal, Donut King led for about seven of the nine furlongs, after which Rocky Link took command and won by a head from Sunrise Flight, with hard-working old Yorky coming in a couple of lengths behind for third money. For horseplayers trying to get even on the season, there were some fairly long long shots, ending with a real Getaway Day special—Temperley, who won by five lengths and paid $69.70.

Looking backward, one is forced to



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conclude that, except for half a dozen horses and perhaps as many races, the 1963 season in New York was something less than distinguished. I think Wrong Horse Harry spoke for the man in the grandstand when he said, "I didn't make any money, but I had some wonderful opportunities." For the record, and for those who dote on statistics, Ussery was the leading jockey, with two hundred and fifty-seven winning mounts, and Buddy Jacobson was the leading trainer, saddling a hundred and twelve winners. As you may or may not know, Jacobson trains horses with a walkie-talkie. The exercise boy on a horse that Jacobson is concentrating on wears a receiver strapped to his back and gets his instructions as he rides. It seems to work all right. By the way, I'm told that Jacobson said recently that there wasn't the slightest difference between the training of a stake horse and the training of a selling-plater. The same routine goes for both Perhaps with a walkie-talkie . . .

OH, well, Aqueduct's closed and Pimlico, in Baltimore, closes on Monday, but they've been off and running at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans and at Tropical Park in Miami since Thanksgiving Day. And, nearer home, there's always Charles Town, in West Virginia.

IF you ever saw the famous Lipizzaner horses do their marvellous exhibition of dressage at Die Spanische Hofreitschule, in Vienna, or at the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden some years ago, or in the movies, I'm sure you'll enjoy the collection of more than two hundred striking photographs of them and their rococo home that E. P. Dutton & Co. has put into a sumptuous book called "The White Stallions of Vienna." The text is by Colonel Alois Podhajsky, who has been their director for a quarter of a century. Altogether, a fine Christmas gift.

COLONEL MARTINGALE says, "See you at Bowie." They open there on January 17th. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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CHRISTMAS
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ON Tuesday night of last week, at the City Center, the New York City Ballet got off on what promises to be one of its most brilliant seasons. Perhaps its recent tour of Russia has convinced it beyond a doubt that it is one of the three or four greatest ballet companies in existence, and that it works under the direction of a choreographer who is unequalled anywhere. At any rate, there was a striking amount of *brio* and self-confidence about what went on the other night. With the return of Erik Bruhn this season, the company now has three male virtuosos—the others being Jacques d'Amboise and the cyclonic Edward Villella—all of them spellbinders. On the female side, it has Maria Tallchief (who did not, however, appear on opening night), Patricia Wilde, Melissa Hayden, and Patricia McBride. And, on an only slightly less glittering level, there are Patricia Neary, Mimi Paul, Victoria Simon, Gloria Govrin, Suki Schorer, Carol Sumner, Anthony Blum, Conrad Ludlow, Kent Stowell, and many others—surely, in toto and tutu, as dazzling an array of performers as one is likely to come across. In the orchestra pit, for most of the evening, was the indispensable Robert Irving, a man who may sometimes be overlooked but who, to my mind, carries out his remarkably varied duties with a consistent artistry surpassed by few conductors anywhere—even in the more sober world of opera and symphony concerts.

There was nothing new on the program. It opened with "Divertimento No. 15," in a very elegant performance, greatly enhanced by Mr. Bruhn. Then came the early Balanchine opus "Prodigal Son," with Mr. Villella cast, for once, in a dramatic rather than an athletic role, and doing quite well with it. After that came Jerome Robbins' "Interplay," which retained most of its youthful sparkle, though there were a few slips here and there. The evening wound up with "Stars and Stripes," that gentle little satire set to Sousa's booming music. All this struck me as wholly delightful, except for "Prodigal Son," which dates from the Diaghilev era of frequently overdramatized ballet, and

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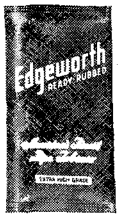
which is beginning to look dated. Ironically, it is George Balanchine himself who is responsible for its air of obsolescence, because it is he, more than anyone else, who has freed ballet from the dead-serious story, costume, and scenery style that was the rage in the Paris of the twenties.

ONE of the pleasantest experiences of the week was the appearance of the Canadian soprano Lois Marshall, singing Richard Strauss's "Four Last Songs" with the Toronto Symphony, under Walter Susskind, in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday night. Miss Marshall has the capacity for exquisite phrasing and for projecting the bittersweet mood that these little masterpieces demand, and I found her interpretations of them nothing short of enchanting. In these works, and elsewhere, Mr. Susskind showed himself to be the capable and suave conductor of a remarkably well-drilled orchestra notable for its bright-toned brass, its powerful first flute, and its excellent first oboe, as well as for a string section that, if not the most overwhelming in the world, is at least able, scrupulous, and pleasing in tone quality. The program began with Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione," and continued with a "Movement for Orchestra," by the Canadian composer Harry Somers, that followed, more or less, the slender tradition of Webern.

Later the same evening, I hurried to Philharmonic Hall to hear the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf, and got there just as it began to play a somewhat similar, though more elaborate, composition called "Study for Orchestra No. 2," by William Sydeman, a local composer. I found neither work very exciting, and I was amused to see my colleague Miles Kastendieck, of the *Journal-American*, describe the Somers composition, next day, as "cereal" music—the sort of music piously referred to by composers as "serial," which, indeed, invariably appears to me to have the texture, contour, emotional impact, and power over the human spirit of oatmeal. Mr. Leinsdorf went on to present a young Turkish pianist (female and pretty) named Idil Biret as the soloist in Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto. Miss Biret nearly knocked herself out in her efforts to encompass the formidable virtuosity that this work demands. She has a facile but not always accurate technique, frequently blurred by a too lavish use of the pedal, and the other night she often tried to magnify what is naturally a small tone by pounding unmercifully from curious-



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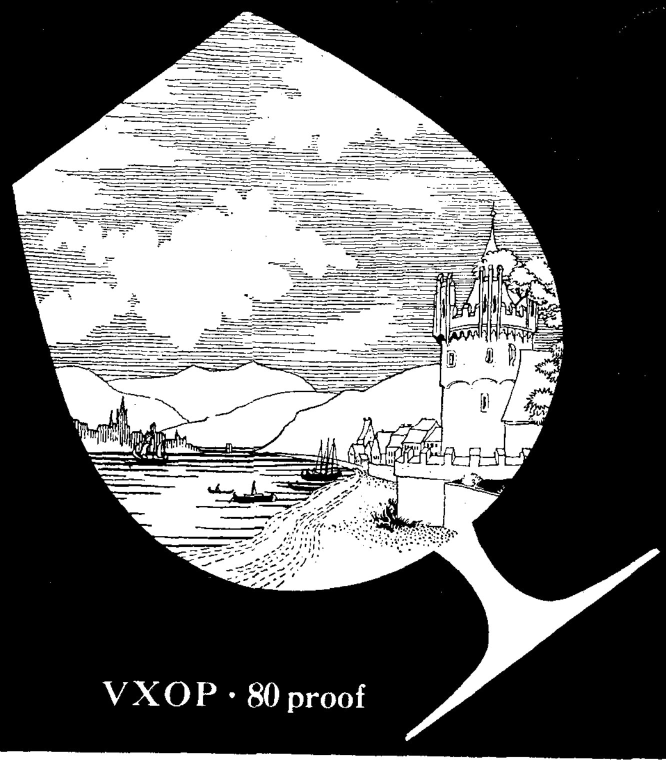

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ly upraised wrists. I should have liked to hear her in something simpler.

THE singing style of Joan Sutherland is by now familiar to all of us. She is that great rarity, a brilliant coloratura soprano capable of producing a large, warm body of tone along with her fireworks. She is also a specialist in the *fioritura* traditions of the early nineteenth century, and her performances in works of this period give us an idea of how the legendary sopranos of the time must have sounded. If there is any flaw in her singing, I should say that it is a certain monotony, arising from the intense emotionalism of every phrase. Even if she were asking for someone to pass the butter in a recitative, I suspect that her request would be couched in the most tragic of musical terms. However, since most coloraturas convey no emotion whatever, I suppose we should be thankful for the surplus she provides, and in any case the flaw is a small one when taken in conjunction with her extraordinary elasticity, accuracy, and power in dealing with the most taxing of soprano roles.

Last Thursday evening, the Metropolitan trotted out its current production of Bellini's "La Sonnambula" (it was new last season) and again put Miss Sutherland in the title role, which she again sang almost to perfection. To me (the audience did not seem to agree), "La Sonnambula" is a dreadful bore, and I cannot understand why Mr. Bing did not undertake to revive one of the much more beautiful Bellini operas—"Norma" or "I Puritani"—instead, since Miss Sutherland is obviously capable of singing either of them, too. But "La Sonnambula" it was, and so I strove manfully to reawaken an interest in ladies who arouse jealousy in their lovers' hearts by being discovered, innocently, in other men's beds. From the purely vocal point of view, the evening was a good one, thanks not only to Miss Sutherland but also to John Alexander, perhaps the most striking of all the Met's recently acquired tenors, and to Giorgio Tozzi, who sang the role of Count Rodolfo superbly; Jeanette Scovotti, a particularly effective Lisa; and Janis Martin, who did the role of Teresa with special eloquence. Silvio Varviso, who conducted, followed the singers around expertly. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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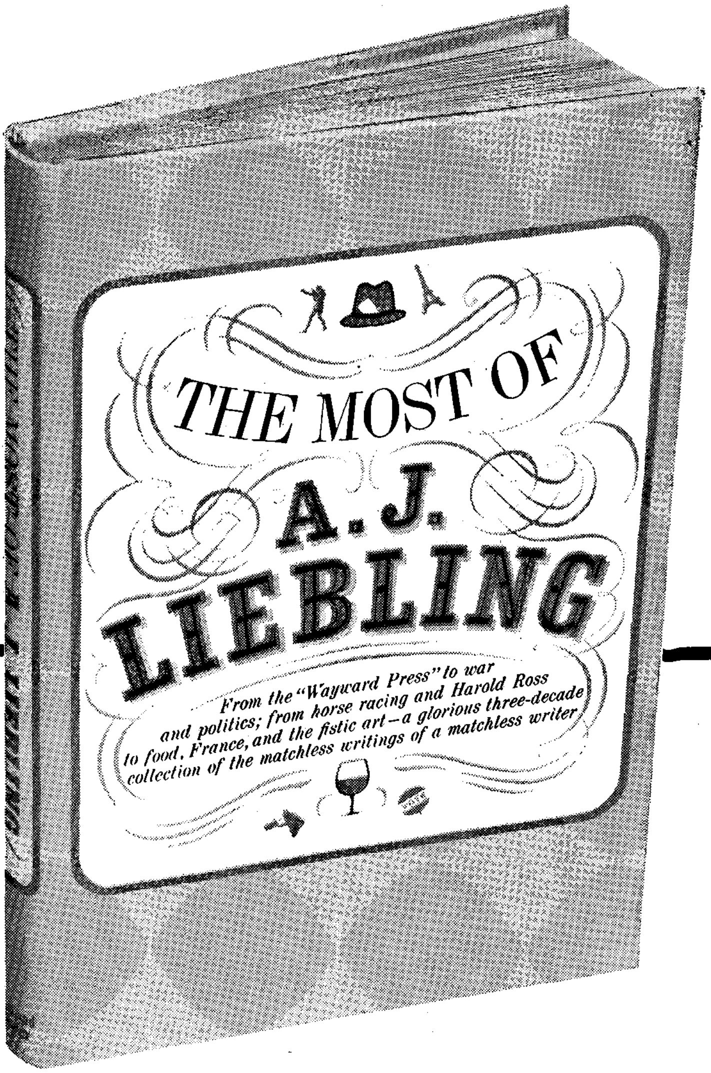
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BOOKS

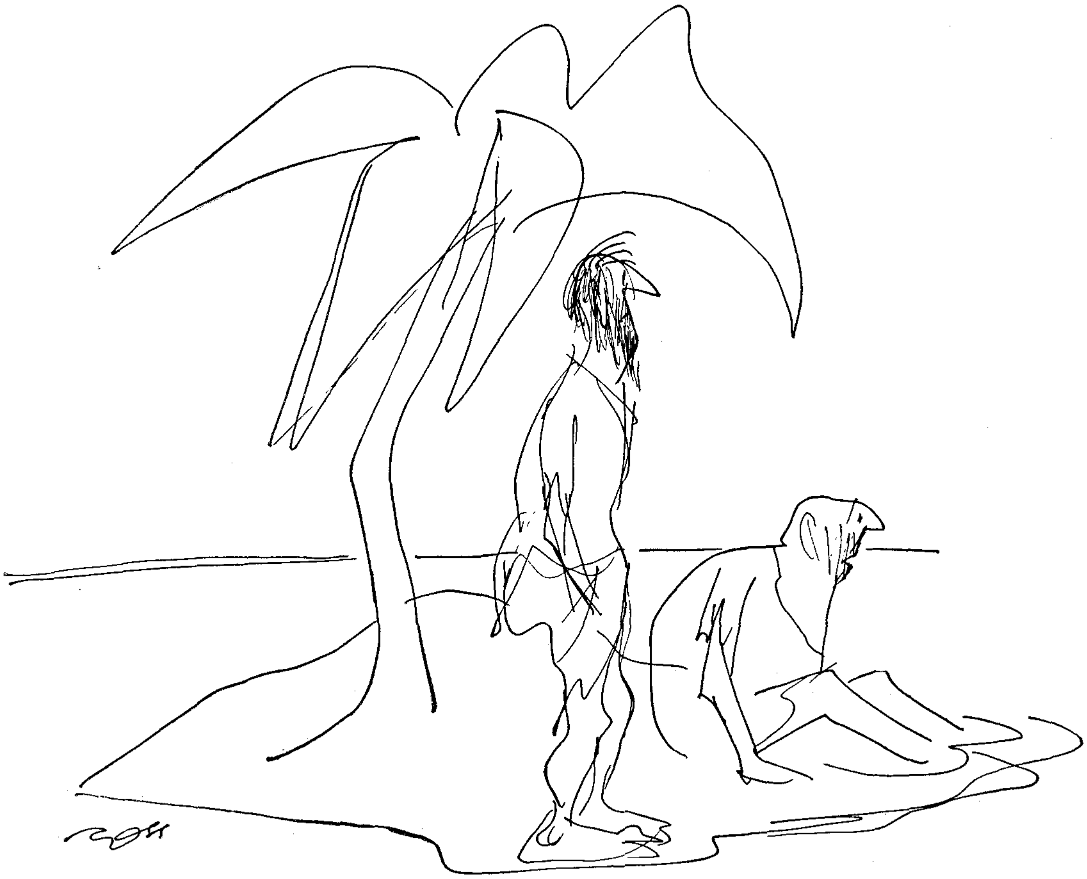
The Region of Everyday Hurt

“A Slanting Light” (Knopf), the dogged and exceptional third novel of an English writer named Gerda Charles, humbly asks of the reader as much as the author has asked of herself. Because of the reader’s pleasant, old-fashioned feeling of being needed, and because the book eventually surmounts most of its considerable problems, it is more approachable, perhaps even more affecting, than the eloquent and remote perfections of more celebrated writers.

Few novelists have the perception and muscle to handle goodness without jeering or fawning. Miss Charles’ honesty and courage have led her directly to the neglected area between these extremes, and the result is a fervent but unsentimental study of the six-month relationship of two good, complex, and very different people—Bernard Zold, an American small-town librarian turned playwright, and Ruth Holland, an English bluestocking. Zold, born of poor Jewish parents in upper New York State, is forty-one. He is clumsy, a baggy dresser, high-domed, and ugly in a fat way. He is also shy and polite and ingenuous. His high seriousness and his intelligence are apparent, but when he talks he tends to sound either pompous or jocular. He has recently discovered that he has great gifts as a playwright, and, with a couple of successful Off Broadway runs under his belt, he goes to London with his wife, mother, and only child to supervise the production of one of his plays. There he rents a house in St. John’s Wood and hires Ruth Holland as a housekeeper.

Miss Charles’ treatment of Ruth is carefully circumspect, as if she were afraid of whitewashing a character she so clearly admires. At first, Ruth, who is forty, seems witchlike and cruel. The daughter of a Liverpool printer, she is not pretty, and she has been ironically praised for her beautiful arms and “gentle” brow. After sixteen years of marriage, she suddenly leaves her husband, a dry-as-dust Liverpool art teacher, whom she had married partly to escape her origins and partly out of sheer whim. She flees him because she is, we are told, “*a new kind of woman.* I am a type of intellectual Englishwoman who has hitherto never been found outside the upper classes. Oh they abound there . . . intense, unconventional, restless, intelligent; so many Caroline Lambs in every generation. But *I’m new;* a new kind of provincial-urban, intellectual Bovary from the sooty-brick, mean streets and the sweet shop on the corner.” She has nothing in common, though, with the romantic working-class heroes now populating English fiction. She *is* sooty-brick, mean streets, and depressed about it at that. She finishes this testament with naïve grandiloquence: “If only there were someone alive in England to understand me! But there was only Orwell who might have done; and he is dead.” This shrewish, all-emancipated-and-no-place-to-go pose gradually thins, though, and we begin to see that Ruth’s ego and impetuosity and frustration are balanced by loyalty and patience and even humility. It is Zold who uncovers these qualities with one of the surest forms of flattery—he uses her as his confidante.

These two strange figures perform a fascinating dance at the outset of their relationship. Ruth is repelled by Zold’s appearance and brooding and seeming self-pity, and she is equally put off by the ménage he has brought from home. Old Mrs. Zold is sly and cantankerous, his wife is a winsome but brainless chatterer, and his eight-year-old daughter is stolid and spoiled and waxy. Slowly Ruth realizes that Zold, though he is no martyr, is buried beneath his inarticulateness and his family—a double cross he has long ago decided to bear. She also comes to understand his innocence, his painfully naked social self, and his overriding devotion to his work, which has, she is convinced, marks of greatness. As she gradually filters through his impassive exterior, she finds sympathetic spaces within, and her repugnance turns to admiration and her admiration to total



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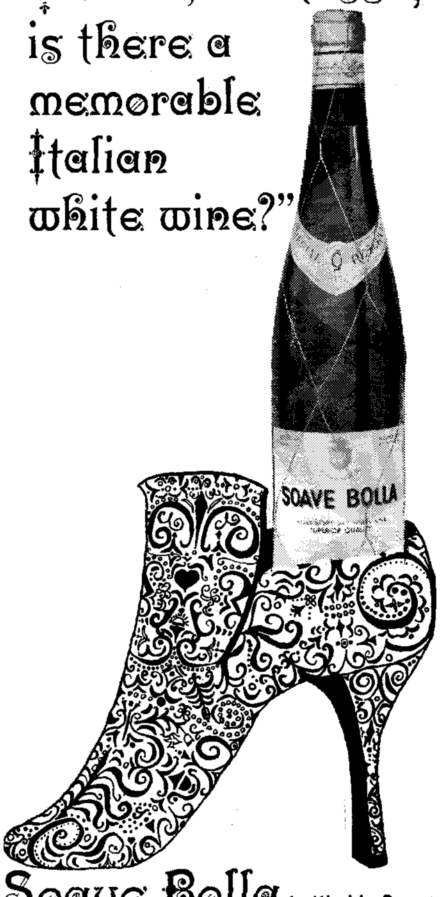

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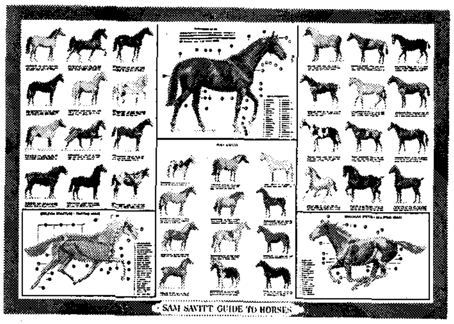
respect. Zold responds far more quickly. He immediately senses in Ruth—beyond her intelligence and strength—the sort of compatibility that generally happens just once, and then often between alien natures. He is embarrassed by her servant status, as well as by her having to witness the Zolds' continual and bitter quarrels. (Miss Charles' untangling of the skein of animosity, jealousy, stupidity, guilt, love, bitterness, and boredom that characterizes the Zolds' life together is done with a refreshing nineteenth-century cause-and-effect plod-plod.) He finds himself talking uncontrollably to her and, in time, tells her that he has never before spoken so freely. Since Ruth suspects that his sexual drive is now permanently embedded in his work (he no longer loves his wife), and since she is aroused only by what she mysteriously refers to as godlike "dark" people, they do not fall conventionally in love. Skipping several beats, they slip into the supra-affection of long-married people whose devotion has survived the physical. They are ideally but impractically suited, and each in his plight—Zold is trapped in his flesh and Ruth in her spirit—succors the other. Zold learns through Ruth that to survive he must harden himself against jealousy and pettiness and viciousness (Miss Charles peoples the English theatrical world with appalling freaks and frauds), and Ruth, after basking awhile in his nobility, takes on a purpose and serenity that may one day send her back to her husband. Such is Miss Charles' triumph that when Zold returns to America (the play, though well received, has a limited run in a small house, and is not picked up by the West End), their separation is at once logical and rending.

For the most part, this fine double portrait is accomplished in spite of the author. The book is in the form of long letters from Ruth to her husband, who still loves her and whom she unmercifully bullies with the details of various fleeting—and rather unconvincing—affairs she has had since she left him. (He begs her to write, but she forbids him to answer, on pain of her ceasing to write.) Yet her letters—would they be written at all under the circumstances?—invariably lapse into novel form, and it is hard to understand why Miss Charles avoided the straight first-person narrative. Holland, at best, is shadowy, and Ruth's attitude toward him is jarring and out of joint. The author's tin ear also hampers the book; her Americans—most of them are Jewish—sound like gongs, and her English either mince or drone. Equally un-



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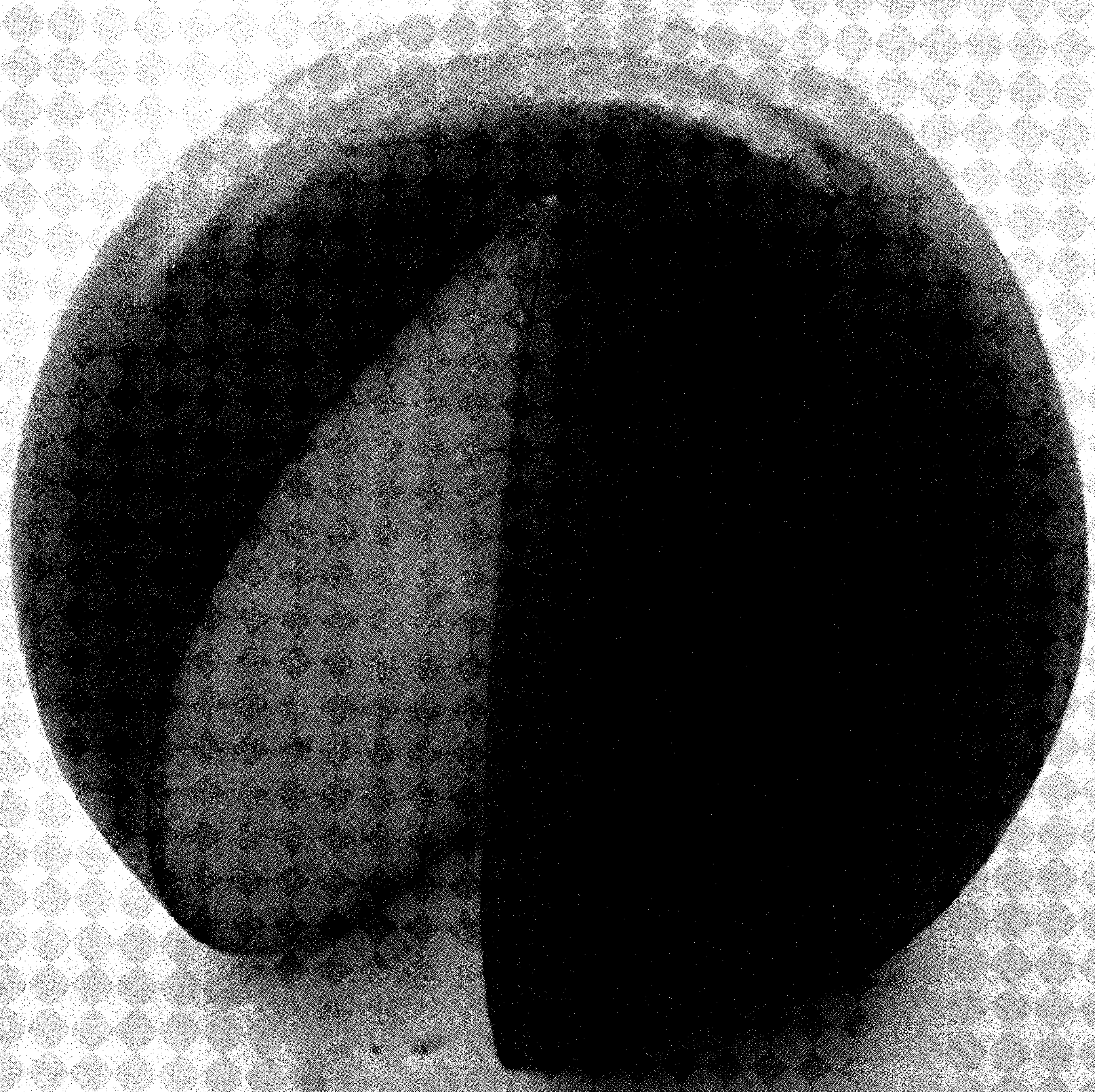

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balancing are her occasional would-be satiric thrusts. These take the form of plummy names like Nuttall Blake and Debenham Bleu, which, given to various artistic jackanapes, merely embarrass the reader. Miss Charles' prose is neither light nor graceful, but it fits her vision. Zold, in speaking of his own work, aptly describes this vision:

> Other writers . . . serve . . . greater purposes. They expose the follies of war. Or the temptations of power. Or the depths of crime and evil. Or the betrayals of passion. Or the social structures of society. I deal with none of those things. . . . My country is the region of everyday hurt; the things everyone seems agreed are trivial and even ridiculous. To me they are not trivial at all. Though in attempting to show them as not I might render *myself* as ridiculous. Well . . . this is a risk I have to take. I have counted the cost—in terms of my own human dignity. And I am prepared to pay.

THOSE who tend to regard the Irish as the Funniest People Alive often die laughing when they write of them—a mode of storytelling that instantly cramps the reader. At least that's what happened to this reviewer after the first three sentences of Honor Tracy's new novel, "The First Day of Friday" (Random House), which starts, "Michael Duff lay in his creaking four-poster bed and harkened drowsily to the rain as it drove with vehemence against the windows. His room was a vortex of draughts this April morning. There was the familiar gust that moaned down the chimney, bringing flurries of soot with it, and the one that whistled under the door, causing the threadbare old carpet to balloon excitedly, and the one that made its way in almost furtively through a cracked panel in the door that led to his dressing room." Novels that begin in bed in the morning, like novels that begin at open graves in the rain, suggest that their authors wish to get a fast, paralyzing half nelson on the reader, but what is even more aggressive about Miss Tracy's first sentences is the way their key comic words and phrases—"creaking," "harkened drowsily," "vortex of draughts," "moaned," "whistled," "balloon excitedly," and "almost furtively"—blot out what she is saying. Never mind those other words, they seem to warn; look at us, and *laugh*. But we don't, and neither do we laugh much during the rest of the two hundred and forty-six pages Miss Tracy takes to unburden her farce. Her characters—or, better, caricatures—have been around a long while and we know them too well: Duff, who is young, unmarried, and black-browed, and who

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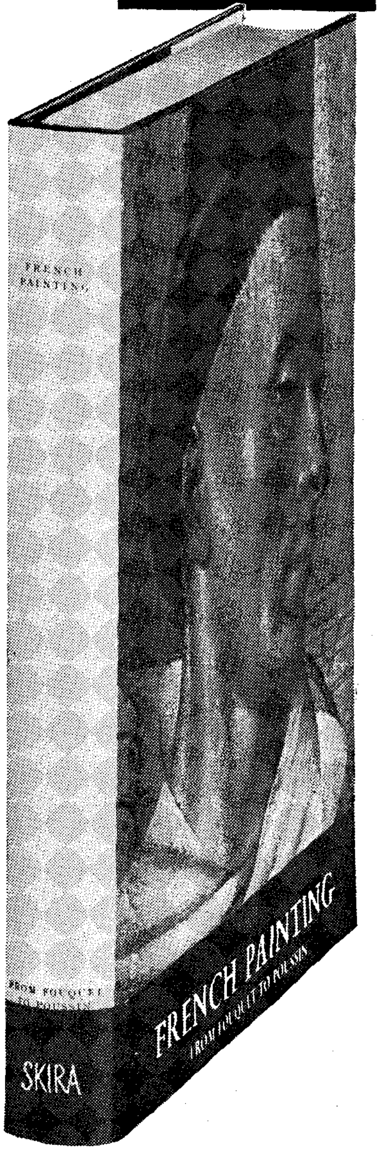

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struggles to keep his addled old mother's estate afloat despite ruinous taxes; Atracta Smith, Duff's stupid, windy slattern of a housekeeper, who guzzles Guinness in the kitchen and alternately beats and coddles her illegitimate triplets; Dulcie Browning, Duff's sweetheart and a brisk, bright, pretty girl, who is hopelessly fastened to a domineering antiquarian father; and Duff's friend Father Behan, whose liberality and struggles with the Divil eventually unhinge him. Add to these such comic pastoral flourishes as a faulty dial-telephone system, a television set whose picture "rains" continually, and a bull who wanders into a kitchen. At the close, Miss Tracy equably blesses the comic Irish gentry and the comic Irish peasantry. She also exits laughing. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE COUNTESS, by Hans Habe, translated from the German by Catherine Hutter (Harcourt, Brace & World). This is an interesting story, but Mr. Habe's style, which is hectic and insinuating, is so at variance with his heavy, episodic arrangement that the characters never do more than flicker into life for a minute or so at a time. The story is based on what facts are known of the adventures and personality of Countess Maria Nikolaevna O'Rourke Tarnovska, known as the Marquise de Sade in some of the circles of her time, who was born to a noble family near Kiev in 1877 and died no one knows where or when. In 1907, in Vienna, the Countess was arrested and charged with the murder of one of her lovers. In 1910, after a long storm of publicity, she was convicted, and in 1915, after serving most of her sentence, she was released from prison and disappeared. She was beautiful and pathetic and apparently not very strong mentally, and it is a pity that Mr. Habe could not have communicated more of his own enthusiasm for her to his readers.

THE GREAT AUK, by Allan W. Eckert (Little, Brown). Mr. Eckert has built a sympathetic and informative book, very lightly fictionalized, around the great auk, a North Atlantic bird that once travelled in huge flocks from Eldey Island, near Iceland, to North Carolina and back each year. This big, amiable bird, thirty inches tall and related in appearance

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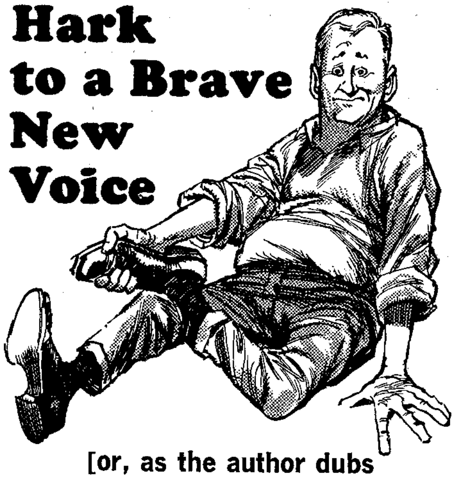

[or, as the author dubs himself, "A warped hedonist-humorist-whiner type"]

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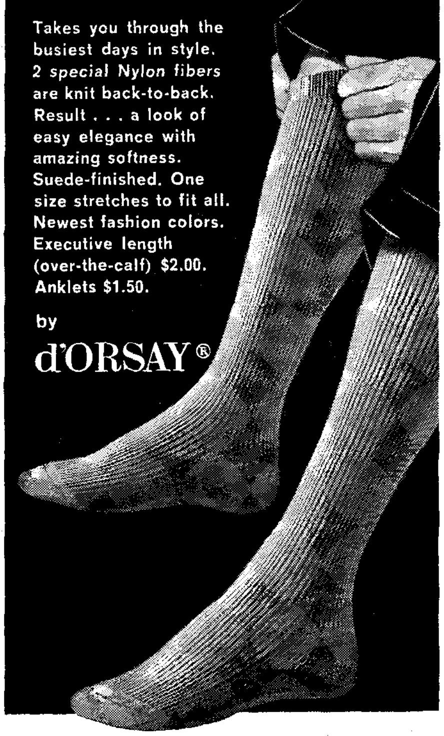

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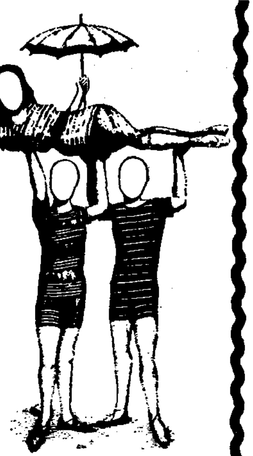
to the penguin, had such tiny wings that it could not fly, and the flocks would swim the three thousand miles between their northern home and the south. They used to be the last of the migrants to arrive on Eldey Island, and, according to Mr. Eckert, the smaller, earlier arrivals (puffins, egg birds, sea pigeons, and others) could see the great auks a good while before they actually reached shore, because the big birds' shining white fronts flashed as if in a signal as the Atlantic waves lifted them high and then let them down again on the last lap of their long and devoted journey home. The great auk no longer swims the Atlantic, and neither does it waddle happily about on Eldey Island, because it has been extinct for over a hundred years, thanks mainly to the murderous instincts of hunters in search of exotic meat and downy, feathered skins. Mr. Eckert is not a very good writer, but with all he has to say, style hardly matters. His book, which is beautifully produced, would make a fine Christmas present.

GENERAL

PEKING AND Moscow, by Klaus Mehnert, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Putnam). A studious, reliable, low-keyed, informative comparison of the two big Communist powers. Mr. Mehnert, a German political-science professor who has spent years in Russia and China, sees their obvious similarities, such as their economic backwardness and the harshness of their rulers' techniques, but the dissimilarities he notices may be more important. The two nations' traditions have nothing in common: one is Christian, the other Confucian; one belongs to Europe, the other has only been invaded by Europeans. Though Communism came to Russia after a period of chaos, China was in a worse mess when it came there; in 1949 she had an even smaller and more fragmented industrial base than Russia, not to mention scars from a longer series of wars and the relics of roughly a century of social disintegration. Like a divorce lawyer, Mr. Mehnert meticulously examines old, pre-Communist quarrels between the nations; both have claimed great sections of Asia for themselves, and neither has really yielded a square foot to the other. Since Communism, Mr. Mehnert thinks, the grounds for disagreement have multiplied. The Chinese Communists have wanted more help and

All right, all right, you don't have to go to the beach!



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SUN YAH

less advice from the Soviet Union. The Russians, for their part, were furious at the "Great Leap Forward;" they were sure it would fail and leave the Chinese broke and begging for more of Russia's short supplies. Lately, the Chinese have been furious at Russia's interest in coexistence, because China needs a continuous world-war scare to keep her people toeing the line. The split, in Mr. Mehnert's view, is serious. He recommends—no easy prescription—that the West take advantage of it by being strong, successful, and united, and by doing all it can to tempt the Russians to ditch the Chinese.

Medieval History: The Life and Death of a Civilization, by Norman F. Cantor (Macmillan). A majestic, thoughtful, engrossing history for the layman. Professor Cantor's style is easy—no academic jargon. He is far beyond just knowing his period; he understands it, and so he can explain, without oversimplifying, the variety and complexity of this great section of the West's past. A marvellous book.

The Book of the Dance, by Agnes de Mille (Golden Press). Nearly everything Agnes de Mille has written about the dance has been worth reading. This time, she appears not in the role of wry observer and wit but in that of a scholar, and the book, magnificently illustrated, is less a formal history than a series of essays on dancing in general, its mystique, its probable origins in primitive societies, and its growth from a folk art pursued for the enjoyment of its participants to a fine art performed by professionals and enjoyed by large audiences. Practically every dancer of prominence in the history of the art receives a lively going over, and the international ups and downs of the art itself are considered. The great choreographer Michel Fokine is given special place as the initiator of modern ballet, and the work of the five principal revolutionists of the modern dance—Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Mary Wigman, Martha Graham, and Doris Humphrey (all Americans but one)—is analyzed by a perspicacious mind. Fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

Land of Tempest: Travels in Patagonia, 1958-62, by Eric Shipton (Dutton). Mr. Shipton, the discoverer in 1951 of the ultimately triumphant South Approach to Mount Everest, is nearing sixty now,

THE DRAWINGS OF EDWIN DICKINSON
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Luxuriously designed in a square format, this book reproduces 58 works ranging in date and place from Paris in 1920 to Greece in 1962. Published for The Drawing Society, this book displays the artist's delicate and subtle technique. Special price $12.50; after January 1, 1964 $15.00

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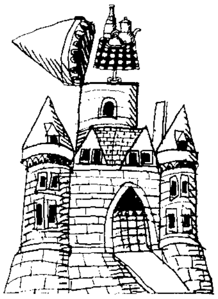

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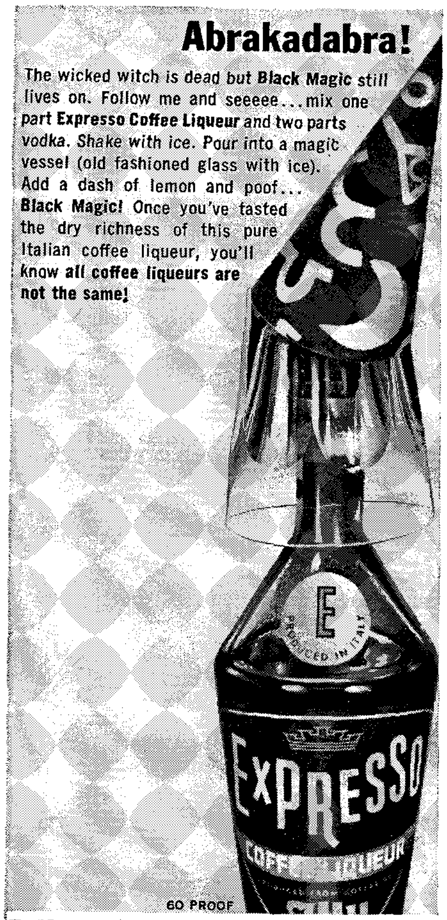

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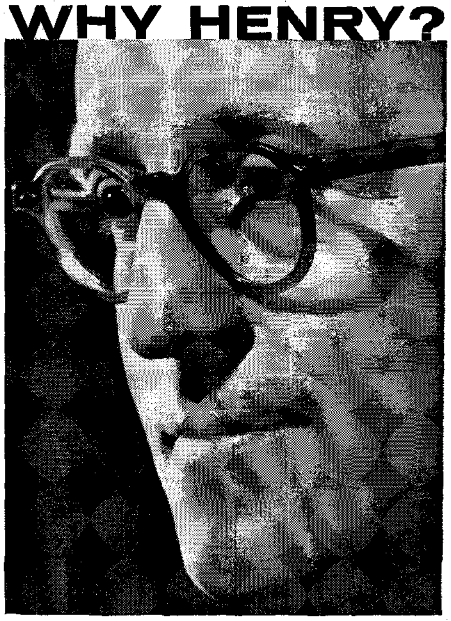
but he is still climbing mountains. In this book, he enthusiastically describes four expeditions that he recently led into the pristine desolation of the southernmost Andes. The chief of these, and the one he chronicles in most detail, was a fifty-two-day hike with three companions across the almost perpetually gale-swept icecap that towers between Chile and Argentina—a journey during which he sprained an ankle and scalded a foot, and the sun shone only twice—but it is obvious that he enjoyed every minute of it. ("Part of the fascination of mountains lies in combating the elements that surround them.") At the end, he achieved what he calls the highest reward of any mountaineering venture—"I now felt myself to be on terms of intimacy with this wild region." Enthralling. Illustrated with photographs and maps.

ART OF THE BYZANTINE ERA, by David Talbot Rice; THE ART OF THE RENAISSANCE, by Peter and Linda Murray; ART OF CHINA, KOREA, AND JAPAN, by Peter C. Swann; and A CONCISE HISTORY OF RUSSIAN ART, by Tamara Talbot Rice (Praeger). In a period of elephantine and exorbitantly priced art books, it is a pleasure to come across these excellent volumes, each written by a noted authority, each beautifully illustrated, and each available in paperback at the modest price of three dollars and ninety-five cents. The volume on Russian art does much to fill a conspicuous gap in the knowledge of most cultivated Westerners, and the others, though their subject matter is more familiar, cover their fields with a fresh eye.

THE ARTS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, by Jean Guiart (Golden Press), and NIGERIAN IMAGES, text by William Fagg, photographs by Herbert List (Praeger). These are among the most distinguished books on primitive art to appear recently, and will greatly appeal to those interested in the ritual sculpture of tribal peoples. Both are large, exhaustively illustrated volumes, with texts by highly regarded authorities. Twenty-five dollars and seventeen dollars and fifty cents, respectively.

A VISION OF PARIS: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF EUGÈNE ATGET, with an introduction by Arthur D. Trottenberg (Macmillan). Not the Paris that has permitted the Place Vendôme to be used as a parking lot but that other one, to which the homesick returned expatriate returns



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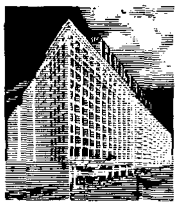

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

The Most of A. J. Liebling (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

These samples of the various kinds of pieces that Mr. Liebling has written over the past twenty-five years or so add up to a composite portrait of their composite author. Here on exhibition, then, are Liebling the war and postwar correspondent; Liebling the Francophile; and Liebling the Wayward Pressman, the scholar, and the pugilists' friend, with broad strokes of the hearty, though picky, feeder, and perhaps a touch of the poet.

Telephone Poles, by John Updike (*Knopf, $4*).

Light verses of sense or sensibility, or both, by a poet whose obliging muse springs into action at his every command.

Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour an Introduction, by J. D. Salinger (*Little, Brown, $4*).

Two further chronicles of the Glass family—the first about Seymour's wedding day, the second about Seymour during the years he grew up on 110th Street and Riverside Drive—as recalled and set down, with scrupulous attachment, by his brother and erstwhile roommate, Buddy Glass.

Sorry, Lady—This Beach Is Private!, by James Stevenson (*Macmillan, $3.95*).

An album of cartoons that is a blend of comedy and satire in about equal proportions. Mr. Stevenson has staked out as his territory human fatuity wherever it shows, and he pins down, in pictures and captions, the bland inanities that get by the rest of us.

Our Man Stanley, by Philip Hamburger (*Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50*).

Our Mr. Hamburger, comfortably masquerading as Stanley (with cap and bells), pauses briefly to drop off a sheaf of notes on some of the events he has covered for the Talk of the Town since 1948.

Fly and the Fly-Bottle, by Ved Mehta (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95*).

A report on the intellectual climate of England in a set of conversations with some of its leading philosophers and historians. Mr. Mehta records the sunny weather of agreement (among the linguistic philosophers at Oxford) and the storms (Bertrand Russell vs. Professor Gilbert Ryle; Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper vs. Arnold Toynbee) that erupt in tight-lipped letters to the daily press or in savage reviews in monthly magazines.

Passwords, by Alastair Reid (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5*).

A volume of verse, essays, and reports, the last principally from Spain, where the citizens, still convalescent from events of a generation ago and still living under a dictatorship, manage to carry on individual lives, and even air some highly individual opinions.

The Unnatural Enemy, by Vance Bourjaily (*Dial, $5*).

Memoirs of a bird-hunting man. The birds—pheasants, duck, geese, and crows—are game. As for the happy, contemplative hunter—up before dawn, baked in the sun, or half drowned in mud—he is pretty game himself.

Selected Writings of Truman Capote (*Random House, $5.95*).

This anthology of Mr. Capote's stories and articles includes three reports that originally appeared in this magazine. They are a brief description of an incident aboard a train in Spain, an account of a visit to Russia with the "Porgy and Bess" company, and a Profile of Marlon Brando, much of it based on his conversations with the author in a hotel room in Kyoto.

My Dear 500 Friends, by George Price (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

Mr. Price's dynamic lowlifes on display, their fierceness unabated whether they are racketing around town or lapsing into unbuttoned ease at home or in the nearest saloon.

Cliffs of Fall, by Shirley Hazzard (*Knopf, $3.95*).

Ten short stories, most of them considerations of the bittersweet nature of love—the hit-and-run kind and the incurable kind whose symptoms keep recurring no matter what home remedies are applied.

Letters from Vatican City, by Xavier Rynne (*Farrar, Straus, $3.95*).

Scenes of clerical life, specifically in Rome during the meetings of the Ecumenical Council last winter. The author introduces the clergymen involved, defines their positions—hierarchic and religious—and clears up, for the benefit of all non-Councillors, the issues they discussed.

The Great Wondering Goony Bird, by Calvin Kentfield (*Random House, $3.95*).

Ten short stories, six of them set aboard the freighter Lever's Wife, where, in apparently rambling conversation, the third mate and an old seaman named Blades gently gang up on a young seaman named Davy in the hope of taking him down a peg or two.

Eichmann in Jerusalem, by Hannah Arendt (*Viking, $5.50*).

This philosophical inquiry into the trial of Adolf Eichmann opens and closes in the courtroom, with an appraisal of the prisoner and the men who prosecuted him, judged him, and bore witness against him. In between, Miss Arendt probes into his life and into the history of his Nazi masters and their allies, opponents, and millions of victims to expose the nerve of guilt itself, and to present, finally, a summary of the causes and effects of a decadent movement that it took a global war to crush.

Vertical and Horizontal, by Lillian Ross (*Simon & Schuster, $4*).

Many of the vertical characters in this series of stories are physicians professionally and socially on the make (the hand on the pulse, the eye on the main chance). Chief among the horizontal ones is the book's anti-hero, Spencer Fifield, M.D., an eager but stumped beaver who pours his troubles from the couch into the tin ear of his psychoanalyst, Dr. Blauberman.

Christmas in Bethlehem, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $4*).

A report from headquarters, so to speak, on the official observance of Christmas among Catholics, Protestants, and members of the Greek Orthodox and Armenian churches, with notes on the rituals of the Coptics, Syrians, and Ethiopians. Mr. Rand also includes an account of a visit to the Greek monasteries on Mount Athos during Easter week.

The Fate of the Edsel and Other Business Adventures, by John Brooks (*Harper & Row, $4.50*).

Mr. Brooks continues to mind the business of businessmen—a venturesome lot, he submits, who occasionally go for broke. Among those presented in this set of six reports are the executives at General Electric who winked at price-fixing (until the law nabbed them) and the group in Dearborn, Michigan, who launched the Edsel and stood by to watch it go down.

The Even Temperature in the Cave, by Mary Nash (*Little, Brown, $4.50*).

Short stories about shrewd, worldly adolescents, their naïve elders, and other citizens.

The Fire Next Time, by James Baldwin (*Dial, $3.50*).

A letter about being a Negro here and now, written from that corner of Mr. Baldwin's mind where recollections, feelings, and observations fuse.

Here To Stay, by John Hersey (*Knopf, $5*).

Eight reports on disasters of assorted sizes and on some of the men and women who came through them alive. Mr. Hersey has provided—by implication, at least—a handbook for survival, citing such first and permanent aids as courage and toughness of spirit, plus, of course, a little bit of luck and the wit to make use of it.

Balanchine, by Bernard Taper (*Harper & Row, $8.95*).

Mr. Taper has greatly expanded his Profile of George Balanchine, co-founder, choreographer, and master of the New York City Ballet, and here traces his life and activities, stopping off at St. Petersburg (Imperial Ballet), Paris (Diaghilev), London (C. B. Cochran), Broadway (Rodgers and Hart), and all the other bases Mr. Balanchine touched on his way to the City Center. Illustrated with many photographs.

The Highway and the City, by Lewis Mumford (*Harcourt, Brace & World, $1.65*).

Mr. Mumford continues to champion the rights of man—especially of that much put-upon subspecies, urban man—in these critical pieces on architecture and related topics.

The Hat on the Bed, by John O'Hara (*Random House, $5.95*).

O'Hara's men and women go right on leading their own lives and, as often as not, making their own appointments in Samarra. This time, some of them do get the breaks and some, to be sure, do not. The twenty-four stories here gathered hit every stop on the social or professional scale.

The Enameled Wishbone, by Robert Henderson (*Macmillan, $4.95*).

Personal, informal stories that in each instance refute Euclid by demonstrating that the shortest distance between two points can be the circuitous route that a man's thoughts take when he sets them free and lets one connect with another.

Mrs. de Peyster's Parties, by Geoffrey T. Hellman (*Macmillan, $5.95*).

A more or less chronological arrangement of casual essays and of Profiles and other reports that, taken together, reflect Mr. Hellman's lifelong interest in artists and art collectors, museums and their curators, birds and bird-walking, editors and publishers, and the intricacies of social demeanor. In many of the reports, the reporter appears in his self-assigned role of *agent provocateur* at gatherings of the well-born and well-heeled, tasting everything and swallowing nothing.

Not Bliss

"I never read a book before reviewing it," said Sydney Smith, the clergyman-wit of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; "it prejudices a man so." Presumably he was joking, although there undoubtedly have been reviewers who have commented on books without reading them first.

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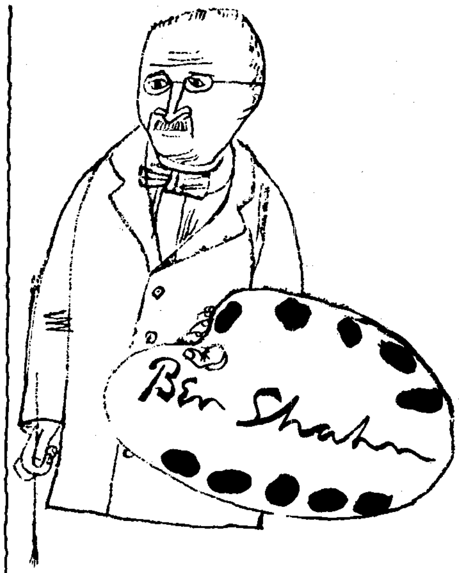
every night of his life in his dreams. The photographs are in the beautiful brown tone that was fashionable at the beginning of the century, and the book itself makes all other books of photographs of Paris, whether in black-and-white or in color, seem slick and stale. Atget was born in Bordeaux, orphaned at an early age, and brought up by an uncle who was a stationmaster. After going to sea as a cabin boy and then as a sailor, he became an actor with a company that toured the provinces and the environs of Paris. At forty, he moved to Paris and tried to become a painter and failed. In 1898, when he was forty-two, he turned to photography. "Rising almost always before dawn, to avoid the blur of traffic in his negative," Mr. Trottenberg says, "and armed with his cumbersome camera, tripod, and heavy bag of glass plates, Atget became a curious and familiar figure of the Paris streets: a bent silhouette always dressed in an immense threadbare coat, hands blackened by chemicals, and the whole topped by an archaic round hat." In short, the usual old-fashioned photographer, except that this one had an *idée fixe*, which was to record in more than a superficial way the city of Paris and its people. The first photograph in the book is of the photographer himself, sitting on a stool in that threadbare coat. He has the face of an elderly saint. Atget supported himself—just barely—by selling photographs of statues, fountains, churches, and so on to the Paris museums. Sometimes artists (Braque, Utrillo) used his prints as an aid to memory. His prints stopped selling at the beginning of the First World War, and he lived on into the late twenties, with no public recognition whatever until a year before he died. He left more than ten thousand negatives. Among photographers, only Man Ray and Berenice Abbott (from whose collection the hundred and eighteen pictures in this book were taken) seem to have been aware of him. On the page facing each photograph is a snippet from "Remembrance of Things Past." Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

•

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a blue silk dress and hat and carried a missile and white orchid.
—*Darien (Conn.) Review.*

A far cry from the old shotgun ceremony.



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Ben Shahn's own book about what the alphabet is doing in art. LOVE AND JOY ABOUT LETTERS comes in a horizontal shape; and it is not only huge (13¾" x 10¼"), it's unlike any other book you've ever seen. Color printing as only Swiss craftsmen can do it. The book has sixty-two pages of art and Shahn text throughout. It is bound in a cover of many colors and outfitted with a handsome slipcase. Fifteen dollars at all stores.
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FANNY'S
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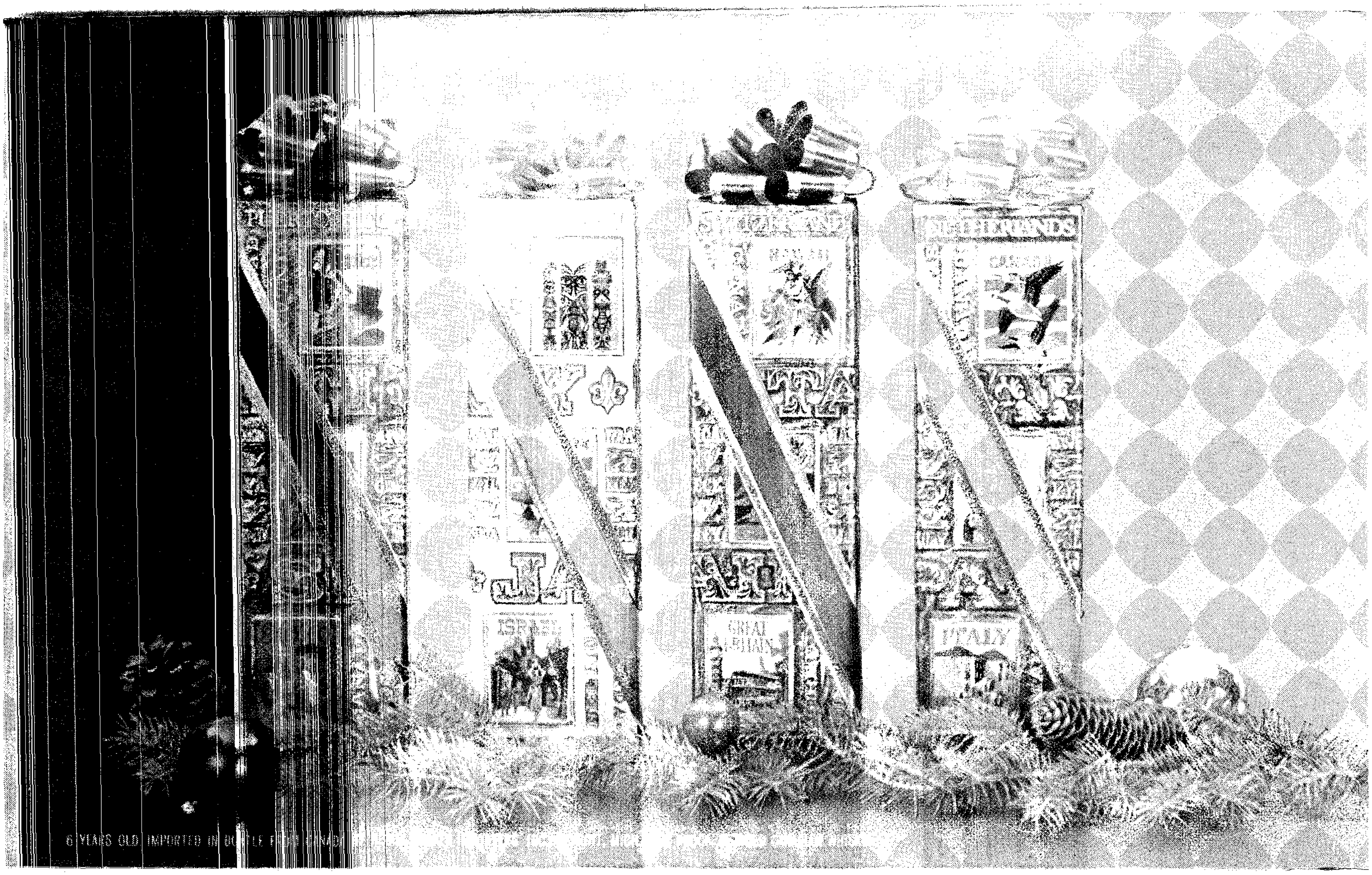
PUERTO RICO
SWITZERLAND
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6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA

Your choice of gift w[illegible] no extra cost.

4 wonderful ways to say "Merry Christmas"

HW
IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

...and a fifth for you

By this time you've probably found out that everyone (well-l-l, *practically* everyone) would be simply delighted to get Canadian Club for Christmas.

That shouldn't surprise you. After all, Canadian Club *is* the world's most wanted gift whisky. So why not give your favorite people what they want? Canadian Club comes lavishly gift-wrapped in rich foil, sprightly ribbons and hand-tied bows.

And, while you're buying Canadian Club for your friends, don't forget to pick up an extra bottle and wish *yourself* a happy holiday, too. With discriminating taste like yours, you certainly deserve Canadian Club!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Canadian Club

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROL SEGHERS II

The roar of traffic goes clip clop

In Nassau it's hush hour all afternoon. Clop around town in a fringe-topped surrey. The streets are dappled with shops bulging with duty-free bargains in perfume, liquor, china and woollens. The winding roads are like garden paths. Even the horses wear flowers. As day ends the goombay drums start over the hill, and the very international set dances till dawn.

But Nassau is on just one of more than 700 Resort Islands in the Bahamas. All of them offer year-round weather that's just like June. And they're gently splashed by the clearest water in the world. You'll find thousands of talcum-soft stretches of beach to stretch out on. So come on down and unpack your bags in a great hotel or an intimate guest house. You may just want to set up housekeeping here for good.

Your Travel Agent will help you pick out the island that's perfect for you. Or, for further information, write to Dept. EB, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20. Or call us at PL 7-1611.

Nassau
AND THE
Bahamas

BY SEA: Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassa
The M.S. Italia sailing from New York Saturdays at 4 P.
January 11, 18, 25 at a special rate of $155 up. Eve
Saturday thereafter, 7 days $175 up. Home Lines,
Broadway, New York 4.

Three-day, all-expense cruises (two days and a night
Nassau). The S.S. Bahama Star sailing from Miami eve
Monday and Friday at 5:00 P.M., from $54. Eastern Stea
ship Corp., Miami 1.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hour
Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Flor
cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.